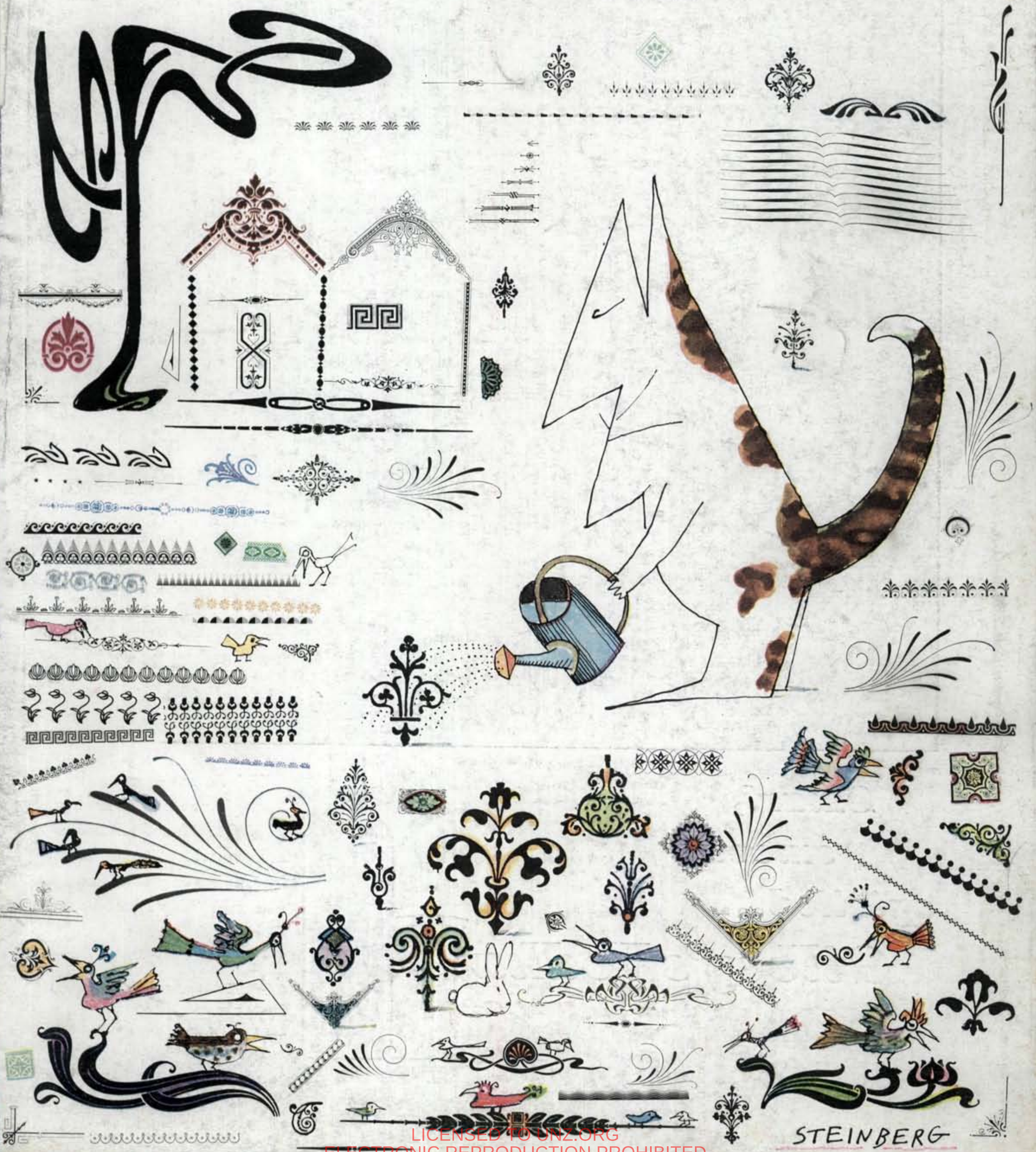
AUG 1 0 1993
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRARY

May 16, 1964
Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



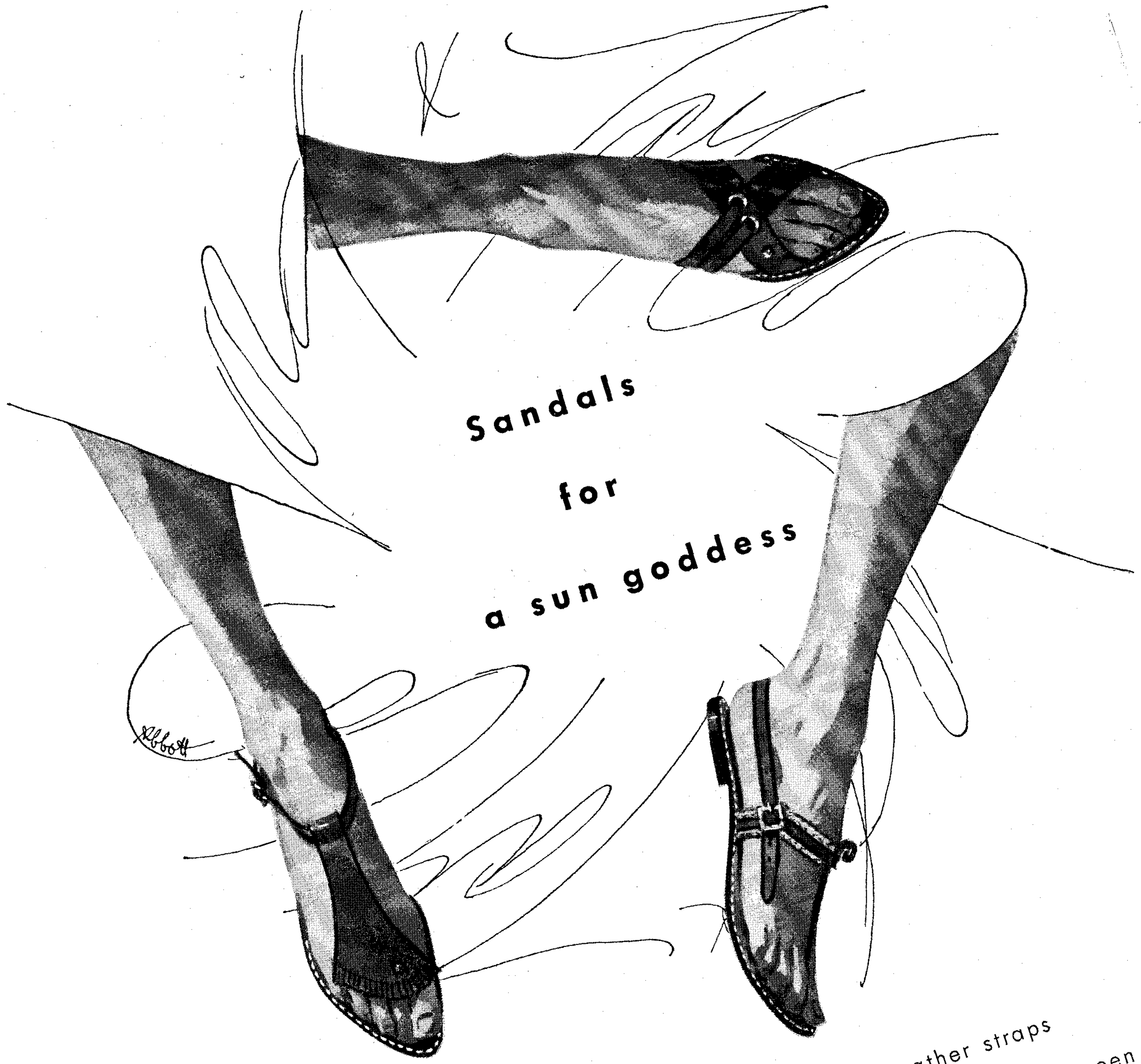
Vodka 80 Proof. Dist. from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Dist. London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin., O. Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Prod. Co.

Smart,
smooth,
spirited...
Gilbey's Vodka
by the makers of Gilbey's Gin

GILBE
VODKA
GILBEY'S
VODKA

Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes the flavor of your mixers. It imparts delightful spirit and delicious smoothness . . . yet it never, never imposes itself on your drink. No wonder Gilbey's has become the newest fashion in vodka. Sensibly priced, too.

GIMLET—*4 parts Gilbey's Vodka,*
1 part prepared lime juice.
Stir with ice and strain into glass.


Sandals
for
a sun goddess

When Aigner crosses antiqued leather straps
or runs them around the foot and drops a thong between
your toes—devastating sandals emerge! 11.00
Sixth Floor, Lord & Taylor—and at all suburban stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—The title of this disaster derives from a record designed to teach parakeets how to talk. Neither the parakeet nor the three other actors on view (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and James Costigan) seem to get the hang of the language. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given his play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar, who were directed by Mike Nichols, are very diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. The play, originally encompassing five acts, has been abbreviated here to two, but most of its telling moments are included, and even if the verse structure is occasionally ramshackle, the cast, headed by Jeremy Brett, does right well by the enterprise. Emlyn Williams portrays Pius XII. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A very virile portrayal of the Prince of Denmark by Richard Burton and a very remarkable depiction of Polonius by Hume Cronyn distinguish this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also in it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 17.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe 1964:** A new edition of the show, fortified with fresh material and performed by Daniel Bly, Robert Cessna, Ted D'Arms, and James Valentine. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinée it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 16.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Sunday Man—A comedy by Louis S. Bardoly, adapted from a Hungarian original by Ferenc Dunai. Vivienne Martin and David Brooks head a cast directed by Alexander Doré. Presented by Cornelius Productions. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	203
THE CURRENT CINEMA	191
LETTER FROM PARIS	170
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	193
MUSICAL EVENTS	167
THE RACE TRACK	201
THE SPORTING SCENE	178
THE THEATRE	165

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

MUSICALS

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and lavish musical numbers staged by Carol Haney. The production was supervised by Jerome Robbins and directed by Garson Kanin; along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

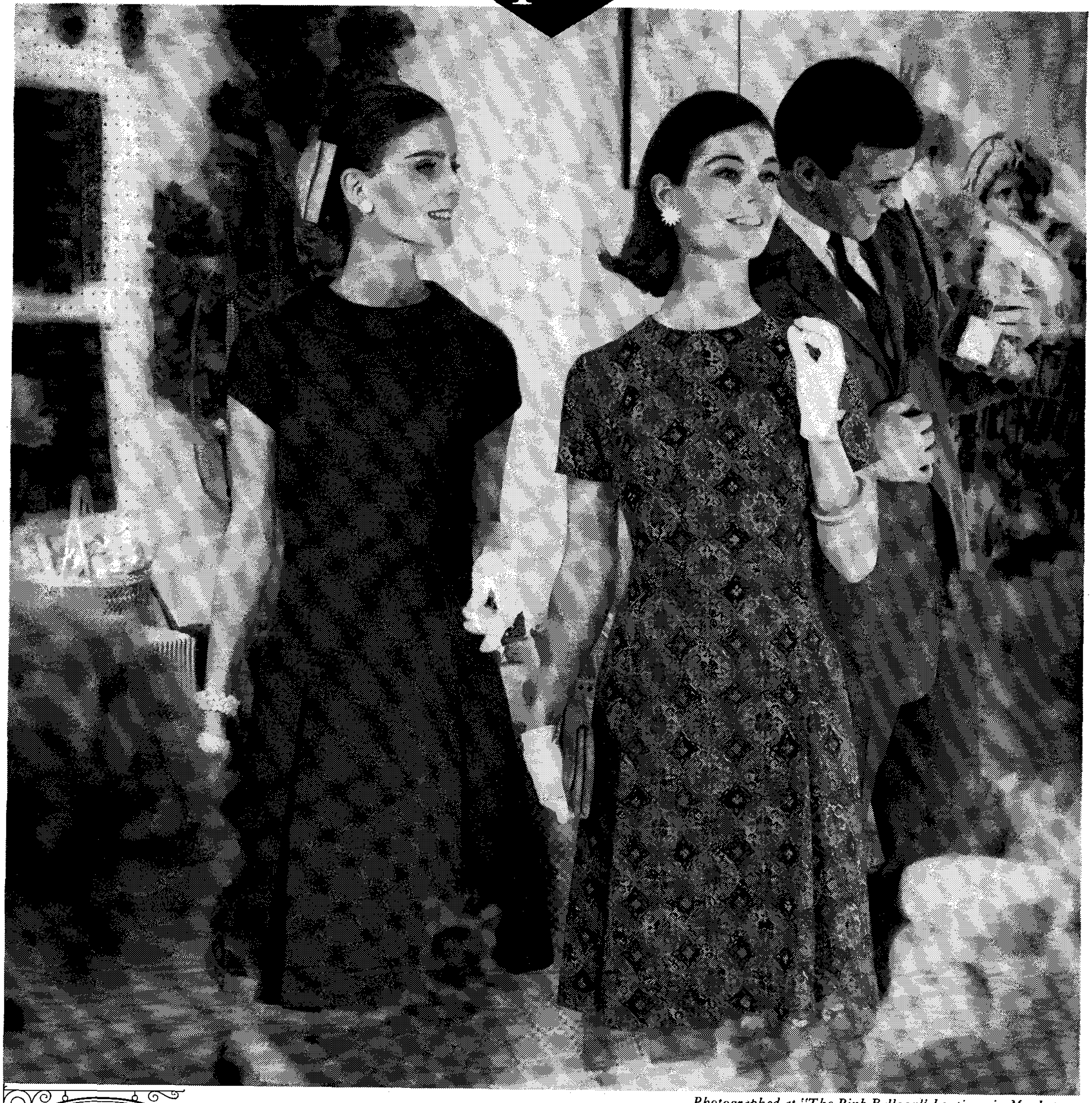
What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" set to music. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Mati-

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 13, May 16, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

Peck & Peck



Photographed at "The Pink Balloon" boutique in Manhattan.

HABERDASHER
At Peck & Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl summers in Haberdashers

Important elements for a fashion look: the young shaping of the A-line skimmer, with front kick pleats for walking ease...and the meticulous finishing that is Haberdasher. *Left:* crisp rayon with a rolled collar, in bottle green or skipper blue, 8 to 16, *25.00* Rayon/linen, *right,* lovely in a stained glass print of emerald and blue, 5 to 15, *23.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The White House—Helen Hayes, Fritz Weaver, and James Daly in a play by A. E. Hotchner. Directed by Henry Kaplan and produced by Gilbert Miller, Helen Bonfils, and Morton Gottlieb. Opens Tuesday, May 19. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Roar Like a Dove—A comedy by Lesley Storm, imported from London, with Betsy Palmer, Jessie Royce Landis, Charlie Ruggles, and Derek Godfrey. Staged by Cyril Ritchard and presented by Fryer, Carr & Harris, with John Herman. Opens Thursday, May 21. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performance Thursday, May 14, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Performances Friday, May 15, at 8:30; Saturday May 16, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 19-21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those happily present. Performances Sunday, May 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 22, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—The troupe from Stratford-on-Avon in a three-week repertory that will run through Saturday, June 6. "King Lear," with Paul Scofield, opens on Monday, May 18, at 6. Subsequent schedule: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ "The Comedy of Errors," with Ian Richardson and Alec McCowen, opens on Wednesday, May 20, at 7:45. Subsequent schedule: Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield and Veronica Tyler (Irving Barnes and Barbara Smith Conrad at the matinées) will play through Sunday, May 17. . . . ¶ "My Fair Lady," with Myles Eason, Marni Nixon, and Reginald Gardiner, will be the last in a series of three shows. Preview Tuesday, May 19, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 20. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Tuesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Arms and the Man—A flat and feeble revival of Shaw's play. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, May 24.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

The Awakening of Spring—A new adaptation, by Arthur A. Seidelman and Donald Levin, of Frank Wedekind's play. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious and tricky drama that is more than redeemed by the performances of the two actors who appear in it. James Earl Jones is wonderful as a South African Negro, and J. D. Cannon is good, too, as his half brother, who is also half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

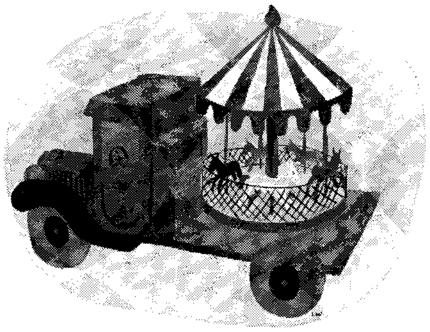
The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an appealing company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a lively, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doubletalk—A pair of shoddy one-acters. Even Franchot Tone's splendid performance in the second play cannot disguise the sleaziness of his role. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and The American Dream—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Home Movies—A musical with book and lyrics by Rosalyn Drexler and music by Al Carmines. A play by Miss Drexler, "Softly, and Consider the Nearness," is the curtain-raiser. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, May 14.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Life Is a Dream (La Vida Es Sueño)—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 7:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 2:30 and 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

The Place for Chance—Dramatized excerpts from poems, letters, journals, and the like, dealing with American history from Colonial times through Lincoln. Opens Thursday, May 14. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain at 7:20; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

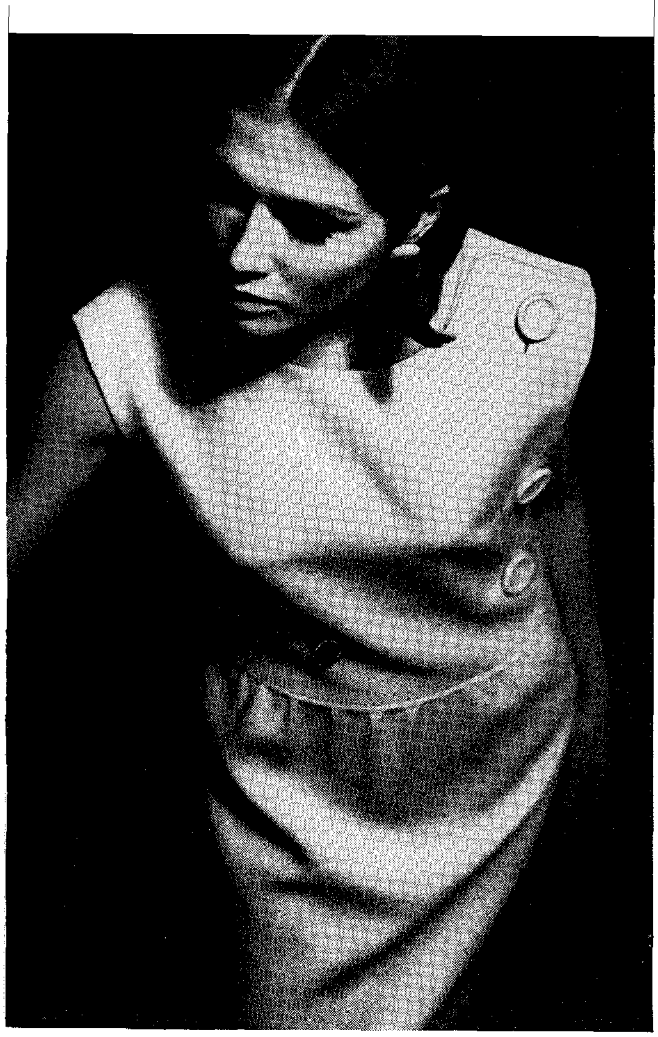
Six Characters in Search of an Author—The Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

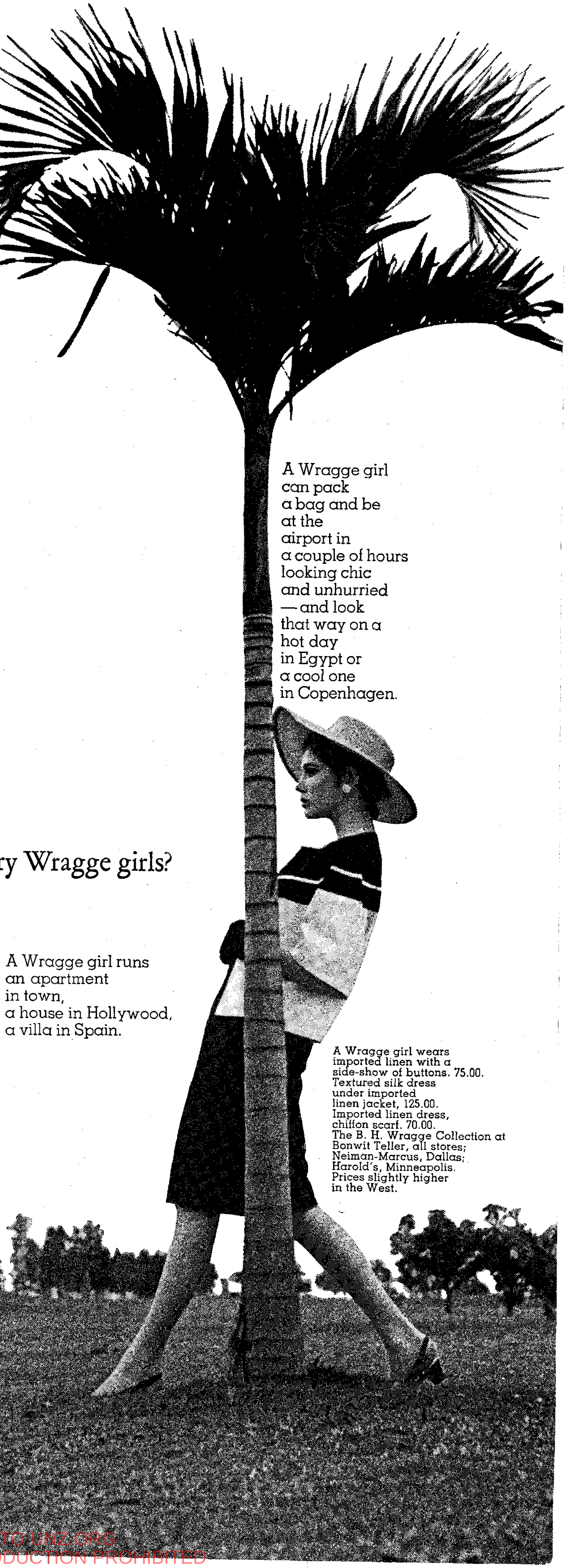
Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems by James Weldon Johnson with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at



A Wragge girl loves to party—
loves theatre—would wear this dress to
the Abbey Theatre in Dublin or
to dinner at La Groceria in New York.

Why do TV producers marry Wragge girls?

A Wragge girl runs
an apartment
in town,
a house in Hollywood,
a villa in Spain.



A Wragge girl
can pack
a bag and be
at the
airport in
a couple of hours
looking chic
and unhurried
— and look
that way on a
hot day
in Egypt or
a cool one
in Copenhagen.

A Wragge girl wears
imported linen with a
side-show of buttons. 75.00.
Textured silk dress
under imported
linen jacket, 125.00.
Imported linen dress,
chiffon scarf. 70.00.
The B. H. Wragge Collection at
Bonwit Teller, all stores;
Neiman-Marcus, Dallas;
Harold's, Minneapolis.
Prices slightly higher
in the West.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

The World of Kurt Weill—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 8:30 and 11; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—*Tentative schedule of* final performances—Thursday evening, May 14: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantella," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Ivesiana," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Dim Lustre," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Raymonda Variations," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Quatuor," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 17: "Quatuor," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Clarinade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 17: "Donizetti Variations," "Episodes," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

Olé Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Little Fox Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, 10:30, and 12:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Lipizzaner Horses—Twenty white stallions from the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, directed by Colonel Alois Podhajsky, performing the classic dance maneuvers for which they are famous. A one-week engagement that starts on Tuesday, May 19, and will end *with a benefit, at which Felix Popper will* conduct the New York Philharmonic, on Monday, May 25. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesday through Thursday, and Monday, at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The vasty Royal Box becomes a right little, tight little, snug little island when Peggy Lee, a great white goddess from *over a mystic sea, begins chanting about the* basic things in life. Dinner and supper are greatly moved by her presence; there is dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the dining room, whose walls are covered with flora never before seen by the eye of man. In the midst of this astonishment, George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. Sundays, the band is there from one to three as well. The musicians stay home on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This community playhouse has acquired an almost completely new cast of performers, but they, too, are imbued with the idea that the show simply *must* go on. Freddy Alonso's and Freddie Jagels' dance bands keep up a perpetual chatter. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as *Perona's is active, and the dance music is* the sound of Muzak.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The new name of one of our friendly neighborhood Longchamps, now that it has been done over into the red plush public rooms of a quite splendid night boat to Albany, Providence, or Nepenthe. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do drinking tunes (from six o'clock on) and dancing tunes (from eight o'clock) every night but Sunday, when a pianist is in charge.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—does the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the plan.

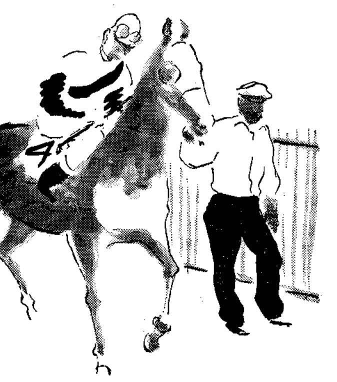
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Phyllis, Christine, and Dorothy McGuire, who by the grace of Godfrey were such busy, busy girls on television all those years, are now delivering their ballads in person and in concert at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. On Wednesday, May 20, they will give way to Eartha Kitt, who loves to play at being *formidable* or just feline, with precisely the songs to suit. Dancing occurs to the hummings of the Emil Coleman band and Mark Monte's small assemblage of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ At eight, a lavender moon suffuses the Palm Court, which instantly becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. The moon sets at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The band of Peter Duchin, young man-about-town, throbs in the Maisonette, which—like his music—is highly ornamental. Quintero's *Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone* who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos' tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—If the sphinxes that guard this reincarnation of the old Cairo hostelry could only talk, what tales they could tell of the midnight revels staged by youths and maidens entwined in folk dances that Little Egypt herself might have eschewed. The music, simultaneously created by both machinery and mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.



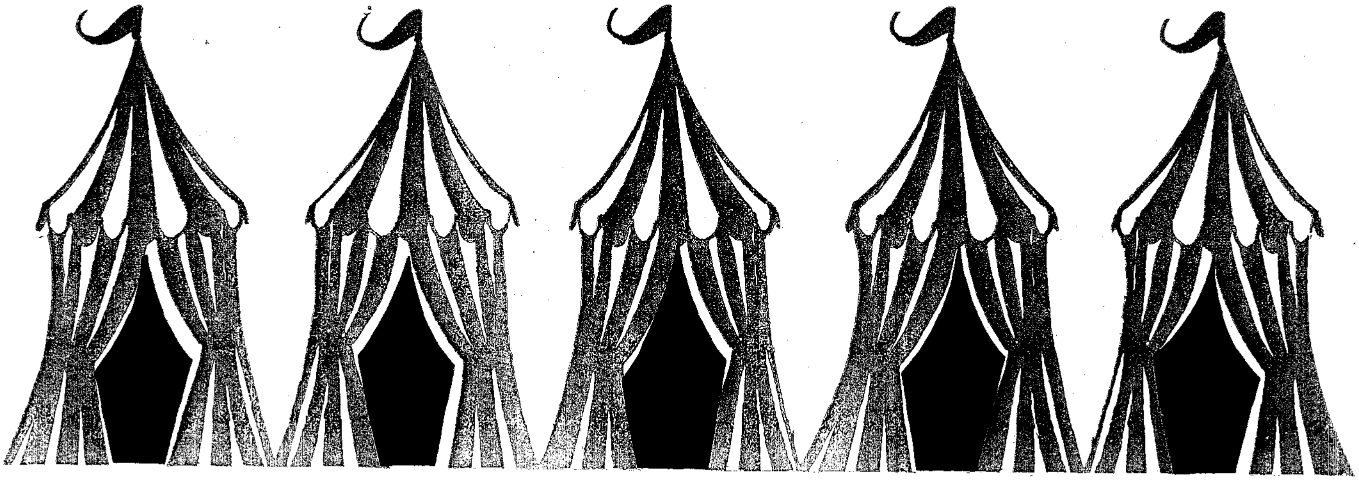
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tripping in the Embassy Club is light and fantastic, to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Electronic music fills in, rather hollowly, when the Shaws take their cat naps. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patti Page, diligent, resolute, and resonant, spends most of her dinner and supper time in the Empire Room singing as best she can, dispensing with all folderol, and leaving her audience with absolutely nothing to complain about. A perky orchestra ushered by Emery Davis and the small band of Horace Diaz are always on deck. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps fairly steady hours at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence where a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) comfortably reënact, in song and story, the scenes of their crimes. The tiny opera company is under the baton of Aldo Bruschi, a pianist who often joins in with his choristers. There is leisurely dancing, too, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 20 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, who has always dreamed he dwelt in marble halls, now wakes up at ten-thirty to find that he is in one, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. The ensuing song and cavorts are as life-giving as anything in town. Otis Clements, who begins as a cocktail pianist, stays on through dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem, love life, are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, held only Fridays and Saturdays, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, *dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Forrest* Perrin strolls with judicious calm up and down his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): *A further exposition of King* Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with life in Iberia. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are beginning to seem imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in an East Side translation, full of small and large talk. The perambulating



Estée Lauder

SUN SOUCI

Bronzing Foam is a new during-and-after *cream* to use during sunning for the most glorious tan ever—and after sunning to maintain it. Press the spray-button, then foam on Sun Souci all over. It absorbs in seconds, smoothly and greaselessly. It keeps your skin in-the-silk of condition while it prevents burns, dryness, peeling. 6 oz. Aerosol, 2.50 plus tax.

Our cotton velour is the outdoor type

Our plush long sleeve shirt is made exclusively for us in Switzerland and handsomely tailored with a notched open collar and side vents. In eight handsome colors; red, royal blue, beige, maroon, yellow, bottle green, black, or white. Sizes S, M, L. **13.95**

Men's Store, Street Floor

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

corps of violinists are under the wing of the mighty Herman Honigsberg, and a lesser troupe of guitarists falls in behind. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCK'S COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Participants (j.g.) in the performing arts use this as an evening community hall. The dining and music facilities (the latter is a pungent jazz threesome) are available every night of the week. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer and his leisurely piano are on duty from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Total recall of a Budapest that is now only a memory is the primary occupation of the zimbalonists, fiddlers, sopranos, and tenors (Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, to name one) who are on hand every night but Monday. Dancing. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She and piano and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue, i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop does her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League hollow oak. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard *work of Steven Weltner, international* traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Non-stop but nonobtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner by Kurt Maier's trio, to which one can dance a little. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. No music Sundays.

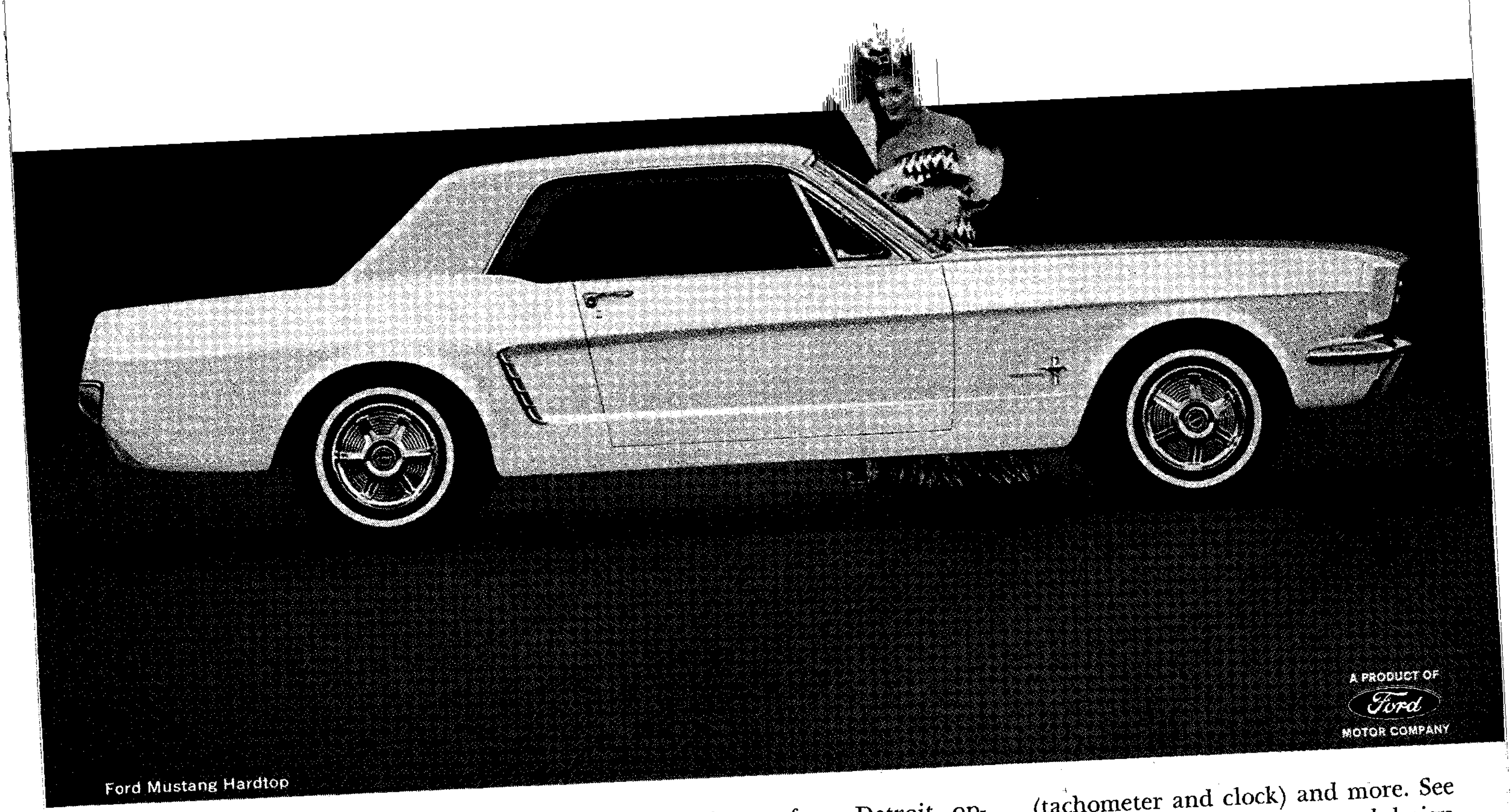
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Lovely womanhood stooping to lovely follies is the dominant theme of "Diamond Fair," an opulent pageant that has thirty sterling examples of l. w. on its staff. Among the other starters are the customary excellent European variety acts, not to mention Los Trovadores, a new assortment of Spanish troubadors and gallopers. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Commanding performances are the specialty of Ella Fitzgerald, who can deal conclusively with ballad, bop, and banter. Her assistance is the trio of Roy Eldridge. Wild Bill Davis's quartet is there, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Hoofing (not loafing) on the job is the order of the evening, which is devoted to a revue, "Vive les Girls," made up almost entirely of very tall young ladies and very small bikinis. The peak of the splendid cast of singers, prancers, and acrobats is Jeanie Stevens, a soubrette upon whom permanent citizenship of this town should be conferred. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): It's graduation time even at the Copa, wherefore Bobby Rydell is doing his sheep's-eyes singing for the boys and girls who no longer have homework to do at night. Other delicacies are on hand, as well, such as the eight-girl Copa ballet, which still does have a certain amount of homework to do. Dancing.

CABARETS

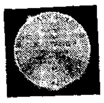
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the current Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Delphi Harrington, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, celebrated for his habit of thinking thrice before he speaks, is offering the comic results of this distillation. On Sunday, May 17, Godfrey Cambridge, an urbane and outgoing actor, returns from a brief holiday to continue making a set of fine-to-middling jokes seem better than they are. Mr. Bean *stays on. The entertainment* begins right after dinner and goes on through supper. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales



Ford Mustang Hardtop

New Ford Mustang
$2368* f.o.b. Detroit



This is the car you never expected from Detroit. Mustang is so distinctively beautiful, it has received the Tiffany Award for Excellence in American Design . . . the first time an automobile has been honored with the Tiffany & Co. Gold Medal.

You can own the Mustang hardtop for a suggested retail price of just *$2,368—f.o.b. Detroit, not including destination charges from Detroit, options, state and local taxes and fees, if any. Whitewall tires are $33.90 extra.

The Mustang hardtop *does* include, at no extra cost, luxury features unavailable—or available only at extra cost in most other makes of cars: bucket seats; padded instrument panel; wall-to-wall carpeting; all-vinyl upholstery; full wheel covers. Also standard: floor shift; curved side glass; sports steering wheel; front arm rests; 170 cu. in. Six, and much more.

In addition, Mustang is designed to be designed by you, with options like power brakes and steering; Cruise-O-Matic transmission; air conditioning; vinyl-covered roof; 260 or 289 cu. in. V-8's; 4-speed transmission; Rally-Pac (tachometer and clock) and more. See your Ford Dealer today . . . and design your own Mustang!

For an exciting, authentic scale model of the new Ford Mustang, send $1.00 to Mustang Offer, Department J-1, P.O. Box 35, Troy, Michigan. (Offer ends July 31, 1964.)

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Mustang · Falcon · Fairlane · Ford · Thunderbird

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Luxury has a new name: Corfam®

CORFAM* is the new man-made poromeric material created by Du Pont—a breathable, beautiful, totally different shoe upper material that keeps the new-shoe look longer.

It pampers you with luxury. Outside and in.

Outside: your shoes keep their fresh-from-the-box look longer. CORFAM scoffs at scuffs, mars, and most spots or stains. It winks at weather, resists everything from rain and snow to blazing sun without cracking, stiffening, or losing its shape. And CORFAM is wipe-and-wear. Just a quick swish with a damp cloth brings back that new-shoe look.

Inside: CORFAM gives comfort. It is soft, pliable, breathable. Weighs up to one-third less than traditional material. And a properly fitted shoe of CORFAM needs no breaking in—holds your foot gently and pleasantly... flexes with it.

CORFAM is like nothing you've ever worn on your feet before.

That's why an elite group of American shoe designers have been inspired to make fine shoes of CORFAM. This care-free, always-in-style pump by Hill and Dale is one example—ready to put your best foot forward wherever your summer takes you.

You'll find shoes of CORFAM now... at your kind of store.

CORFAM®

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*

*CORFAM is Du Pont's registered trademark for its poromeric shoe upper material.

"Coronado" spectator by Hill & Dale at: CITY OF PARIS, San Francisco; DAYTON'S, Minneapolis; FONTIUS SHOES, Denver; THE HALLE BROS. CO., Cleveland; HOFHEIMER'S, Norfolk; IMPERIAL SHOE STORE, New Orleans; LORD & TAYLOR, New York; NORDSTROM'S, Seattle; ROBINSON'S, Los Angeles; SAKOWITZ, Houston; STIX, BAER & FULLER, St. Louis; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D. C. About $20.00.

de España are crooning, mooning and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of splendid flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing.... ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. ... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The Muffled Report," No. 3 of the series of dissenting opinions filed by the mask-and-wiggers who call themselves The Establishment, is a complete explanation of how to succeed in government (anywhere in the English-Speaking Union) without trying at all. The script, in which Peter Cook has had quite a hand, is by turn blithe and bludgeoning; the performing is left to the very nearly priceless John Bird, Eleanor Bron, and Jeremy Geidt, assisted by the handsome Carole Simpson (her words are set to music) and David Battley, a new and adroit outfielder. There are shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Marian McPartland's up-and-at-'em progressive trio appears both onstage and after the second showing, in the very Piccadilly bar. Closed Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," the new revue put forth by the Second City company, is a block-by-block search of our town that brings to light a number of situations, both lighthearted and lugubrious, that no one else seems to have noticed. Contributions beyond the call of duty are made by Severn Darden and Jack Burns; excellent work is appended by Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, Bob Dishy, and Dick Schaal. The music that surrounds these players is composed and performed, on a variety of instruments, by Tom O'Horgan. Beginning time is eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): High is the gear into which Felicia Sanders puts her cantatas, and tense are the lyrics, none of them run-of-the-mill; cheerful are the songs of Andy Thomas. Miss Sanders gets tremendous uplift from the pianos of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn; Closed Mondays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A small Cuba Libre, with cuisine to match and a great deal of music, all of it Latin, too. The brief floor show is of little consequence except when Libertad Lamarque, who has served a long term as cinema and stage *grande dame*, is singing and talking to her volatile constituency. There is also dance music for the customers, not only every night but on Sunday afternoons.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, putting his thoughts into the sombre bleeps that issue from his horn, leads a quintet whose pet sport is bury-the-melody. Blossom Dearie, whose baby-doll voice has extraordinary effects on *her* melody, presides over a trio as amusing as she is. Sundays, there is an extra session, from four-thirty to seven; Mondays, the house is dark.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Judy Henske, a big, rangy girl, gives folk music its due or the devil, in accordance with her gleeful whim; the Red Onion Jazz Band is her background. On Tuesday, May 19, the cast will be augmented by Woody Allen, none of whose pearls of wisdom and whimsey are artificial, and by the Modern Folk Quartet, a just about average outfit of singers. Mondays other musicians are in possession.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore and original wit. The squadron of Jim, Jake, and Joan, though young and venturesome, take ample care of the wit's end of the entertainment; Leon Bibb, velvety but vigorous, takes care of the folklore. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then the Gene Krupa quartet and the Cozy Cole quintet commence a different sort of uproar. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. On Monday, May 18, the Krupas and the Coles will be replaced by Woody Herman's overwrought herd.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will be moving out of the old homestead on Thursday, May 21, so that John Coltrane and his foursome can move in next evening. Anything for the sake of modernity is the watchword in this tiny hero-sandwich foundry. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Dave McKenna like to work out on a fast track, but are willing to diminish the pace whenever someone feels inclined to dance. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sonny Rollins, carefully measuring and flavoring his sturdy notes, is running his brood of fellow-thinkers through a set of noteworthy paces: Jay Cameron's fivesome fills in. The Rollinses stay home Mondays, the Camerons stay home Tuesdays. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, are assigned to droppers-in.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. On the stand is the quartet of Jonah Jones, which can cope with whatever competition is offered from the floor. Recess is declared at midnight on week nights, ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturdays, and ten-thirty on Sundays so that Tessie O'Shea, a British music-hall song-and-story hand, can do her bland, cozening turn. Fill-in musicians take care of the rest of the Sunday work.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) in residence here may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum.... **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave. at 47th St. (PL 2-0160): On Monday, May 18, the quartet of Terry Gibbs is due in this establishment, an undertaking that may well be fiction, since it is definitely stranger than truth. Every Sunday, Benny Powell's quartet is the whole deal.... **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Only a reporter with second sight can be certain of what goes on here, but it is reasonable to suppose that the quartet of Stan Getz, now supported by the magnificent guitar work of João Gilberto, the Brazilian *bossa-nova* man, is on hand, to say nothing of Tobi Reynolds, that handsome and conscientious soprano, and Adam Keefe, an almost Grand Guignol humorist.... **GOLD BUG**, 85 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9654): Edgar A. Poe sleeps here, but only Monday nights, when the boys do not play. Right now, the boys are the quartet of Chico Hamilton, but on Tuesday, May 19, Cannonball Adderley's sextet will replace them.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARY HOOVER AIKEN—Landscapes and portraits; through Wednesday, May 20. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings; through May 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN BELING—Semi-abstract figurative sculp-

Saks Fifth Avenue
White-on-white—
S.F.A's pique separates
plan from the Young
Elite® Shops, 26.00.
We form a breeze-cool alliance of double-breasted overblouse and pleated skirt—to wear as one or to wear in separate ways. Of crisp, white pique textured Arnel® triacetate that washes easily, dries band-box neat; 8 to 16 sizes. Young Elite® Sportswear.

BONWIT TELLER

MISS BONWIT'S SUMMER SOFTNESS, 23.00

From our annual collection in crispy chevron-weave rayon...a lovely little V-neck dress gently gathered at the hips, softly tied at the V. Green, lemon, black or cocoa brown. By Adele Martin for 6 to 16 sizes. Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT CAREER DRESSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures in bronze and in plastic resin; through May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Arbit Blatas—Portraits of his artist friends in France, together with examples of their works; through May 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Paintings with geometric forms; through Saturday, May 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Gandy Brodie—Cityscapes; through May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Modest Cuixart—Paintings by a Spanish artist; through May 28. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank di Gioia—Figures, and figures in landscapes; through May 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norris Embry—Works in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, May 16. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Philip Evergood—A benefit exhibition of figurative paintings; through Saturday, May 23. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils and watercolors, 1906-55; through Saturday, May 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Francis—Abstract lithographs by this American, who works in Paris; through Saturday, May 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Gardner—Paintings and drawings; through Monday, May 18. (D'Alessio, 8 Henderson Pl., at 86th St., east of York Ave. Daily, 2 to 7, and Friday and Sunday evenings until 11.)

Estelle Goodman—Bronze figure sculptures; through Saturday, May 16. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—Maine landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, May 23. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jacques Hnizdovsky—Still-life paintings and drawings and watercolors of plant forms; through May 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Margo Hoff—Collage paintings; through Saturday, May 23. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Huot—Hard-edge Purist paintings; through May 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Jacobs, Tal Streeter, and Bernard Langlais—Sculptures; through May 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jennette Lam—A new series of chair paintings, these with beach umbrellas added; through June 4. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Peter Lanyon—Abstractions by the English painter; through Saturday, May 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Boris Margo—Sculptured canvases; through June 6. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Albert Marquet—Landscapes, still-lifes, and flowers; through May 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Jean Messagier—Abstract landscapes by a School of Paris painter; through Saturday, May 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Piet Mondrian—Previously unexhibited landscape drawings and paintings (1905-8); through Saturday, May 23. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)... ¶ A show called "Mondrian, De Stijl, and Their Impact," consisting of nearly thirty paintings by Mondrian, along with twice as many by other members of the De Stijl group and their followers; through Saturday, May 16. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Ortman—Paintings, painting-constructions, drawings, and prints; through Saturday, May 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Gorman Powers—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 23. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Impressionistic nudes and landscapes; through May 30. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Ednah Root—Abstract paintings of nature; through May 29. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Schanker—Charred-wood sculptures by a painter lately turned sculptor; through Saturday, May 23. (Granite, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raphael Soyer, Joseph Hirsch, and Joseph Floch—Drawings; through Saturday, May 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jack Squier—Abstract wood sculptures; through May 29. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Walter H. Stevens—Watercolors; through May 29. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Graham Sutherland—Semi-abstract paintings done within the past two years by this English artist; through June 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Paul Suttman—Figurative bronzes; through Saturday, May 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Takal—Lithographs of nature and of man; through May 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Georg Tappert (1880-1957)—A retrospective of paintings by the German Expressionist; through May 30. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Reva and Terry Thomas—Paintings, collages, and sculptures; through Tuesday, May 19. (Di Bellardo, 486 Sixth Ave., at 12th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

George Tooker—Paintings; through Saturday, May 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Hugh Townley—Wood reliefs and sculptures; through Saturday, May 16. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St.)

Robert Wiegand—Hard-edge paintings; through May 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Neil Williams—Geometric paintings; through May 30. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Cityscapes; through May 30. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 23. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—Selected oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred in all; through May 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 16, from 1 to 5.)

National Sculpture Society—The thirty-first annual of sculptures, medals, and bas-reliefs; through May 25. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **Aegis**, 89 E. 10th St.: Composite paintings by Ken Kadish, Art Bevacqua, Walter Gutman, John Connell, and Törjen Jüulli, plus individual paintings by the gallery group; through May 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **Bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Paintings, objects, and so on, by Mel Ramos, Lucas Samaras, Jerry Foyster, and others; through Saturday, May 16.... **Castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Pop artists Dick Artschwager (furniture), Christo (a store), Alex Hay (appliances), and Robert Watts (food); through May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **Feigen**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Indiana, Marisol, and Roy Lichtenstein (to mention a few), lent from the collections of other artists; through May 30.... **Janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Larry Bell, Chuck Hinman, Robert Whitman, and four other new artists; through May 29.... **Lewison**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 27. (Closed

Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Representative works by ten artists, among them Peter Agostini, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andy Warhol, whose paintings and sculptures decorate the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair; through Saturday, May 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, drawings, and watercolors of the nineteenth and early-twentieth century, and sculptures of various periods, by, for example, Frederick J. Waugh, Arthur B. Davies, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through May 30. . . . **IOLAS**, 15 E. 55th St.: Bernard Pfriem, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Jean Tinguely are three of the dozen participants in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and constructions; through June 6. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by Simeon Solomon, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin Austin Abbey, and other artists closely associated with the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; through Saturday, May 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by such twentieth-century French masters as Picasso, Léger, and Dubuffet; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A benefit exhibition of old-master paintings (by Titian, Caravaggio, Rembrandt, and others), mostly on loan from the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Hagerstown, Maryland: through May 27. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Ladies, as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17.

Greek Art—Some thirty painted Greek vases, dating from the seventh to the fifth century B.C.; through May 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Japanese Art—Old wood-block prints of Japanese theatrical subjects; through Saturday, May 16. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints. . . . ¶ "The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until May 27, while the Museum completes its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty watercolors by the English romantic painter Joseph Mallord William Turner, on loan from the British Museum; through May 31. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through June 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—On permanent exhibition is the Huntington Hartford collection of paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein. . . . ¶ About three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew; through May 24. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of English painters, founded in 1848; through May 31. . . . ¶ Sculptures

From our large collection of china flower arrangements
TIFFANY & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST STREET
NEW YORK
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L. BANK BLDG.

I. MAGNIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND
PALO ALTO • SANTA CLARA • CARMEL • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • BEVERLY HILLS
LOS ANGELES • PASADENA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA ANA • LA JOLLA • SANTA BARBARA • PHOENIX

I. MAGNIN & CO
LIKES
THIS
LOOK...

WHITE WHIPCORD CHESTERFIELD...ALL WEATHER COAT BY TELLSHIRE, WITH WELT SEAMING, BLACK VELVET COLLAR, WATER REPELLENT LAMINATED RAYON AND ACETATE, 6 TO 16 SIZES 46.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and drawings by the French formalist artist Antoine Bourdelle; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. . . . ¶ Environmental sculptures by the architect, designer, and sculptor Frederick Kiesler; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times: through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 30. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6. During the archaeological exhibition, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through June 19. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Sixty-four Treasures for the Sixty-four Fair," comprising such items as the first copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought to America, a letter written by Christopher Columbus, and a 1500 manuscript of Aesop's Fables; through July 12. (Mondays through Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings purchased during the past five years by members of the Friends of the Whitney Museum for their private collections. A few of the artists are Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Andrew Wyeth, and William Zorach. Through June 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"La Forza del Destino," the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 16, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concerts of the regular season. Performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, May 14, at 8:30; Friday, May 15, at 2:15; Saturday, May 16, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 17, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; Norman Scott, bass; and the Juilliard Chorus). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Sunday, June 14. A varied program on Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, and Sunday, May 24, all at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano; Norman Walker and Cora Cahan, dancers; and Joan Sena, soprano); and a program of Italian music on Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Frank Porretta, tenor; and Patricia Wilde's dance company).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Van Cliburn, piano. The last in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.)

PITTSBURGH POPS ORCHESTRA—The usual sort of thing, conducted by the mononomic Strini. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 19, at 8:30.)

"NOYE'S FLUDDE"—The last three in a series of performances of Benjamin Britten's musical setting for the Chester Miracle Play, performed by a cast of about two hundred children, with Marie Powers, contralto, and Norman Riggins, bass-baritone. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, May 16, at 5:30 and 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 5:30. For tickets, call GR 5-0830.)

RECITALS

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano, with a chamber ensemble conducted by Alexander Schneider. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, May 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

HELGE ROSVAENGE—Tenor. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, May 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call LO 4-4786.)

MISCELLANY

FOLK-BLUES AND GOSPEL MUSIC—Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, Muddy Waters, Otis Spann, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the Reverend Gary Davis, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Duke Ellington by himself and with rhythm accompaniment (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Wednesday, May 20, at 8. For tickets, call CI 6-3530.) . . . ¶ Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, May 14, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, May 15, at 8; Saturday, May 16, at 2; and Sunday, May 17, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, May 19, at 8, and Wednesday, May 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday, May 22, at 8, and Saturday, May 23, at 2.

BOXING—José Torres vs. Wilbert McClure, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 16.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 16.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 16.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Acorn, Saturday, May 16, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 23. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; last day Saturday, May 30. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 16, at 1.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, May 14, through Wednesday, July 29.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING: "Puss in Boots," Saturday and Sunday, May 16-17. . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper," Saturday, May 23. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Afternoons at 2 and 3:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding

Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.... ¶ "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays at 4. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30.) ... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Captives of the Planets," deals with the satellites in our solar system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) ... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

MOVIES—"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 16, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Wednesday, May 20), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. Starting Monday, May 18, tours will keep going until 8:45 each evening.

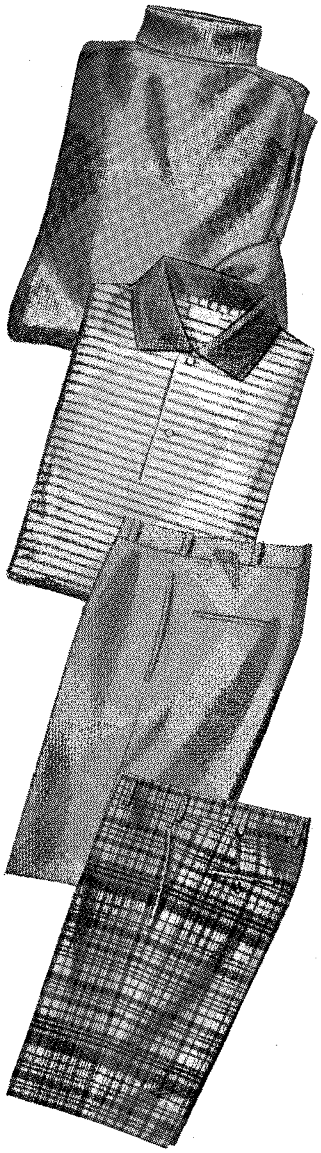
PROSE READINGS—Alberto Moravia in a program called "Crisis in the Novel Today." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 14, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of spring flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 20, from 12:30 to 4.)

ARMED FORCES DAY PARADE—Nine thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 94th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 16.... ¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the carrier Saratoga and the heavy cruiser Newport News at Pier 90, W. 50th St., as well as the guided-missile destroyer Semmes at Pier 86, W. 46th St., on Friday through Sunday, May 15-17, from noon to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 1:45: French furniture, bronze *doré*, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, Meissen and other old porcelain, French silver, paintings, bronzes, and Oriental rugs; the property of Mrs. Arthur Kleinman and others.... ¶ Tuesday, May 19, at 8: Incunabula, first editions, and other literary material, and watercolors by Arthur Szyk; from the collection of the late Alfred Hopkins and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, May 20, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Buffet, Laurencin, Modigliani, and Toulouse-Lautrec; from various owners, among them Mr. and Mrs. Patrick B. McGinnis. Exhibition starts Friday, May 15.

OUR BERMUDA LENGTH SHORTS
AND COLORFUL KNIT SHIRTS
made on our own good-looking models



TOP TO BOTTOM

Long sleeve turtleneck pullover of Tycora® (texturized nylon) in navy, white, burgundy, black, green, maize or camel, $12. Same material in short sleeve pullover with sport collar, 3-button placket, in white, navy, medium blue or yellow, $9

Short sleeve cotton knit shirt in red, navy, light blue or mint green stripings on white; solid color ribbed collar, $8.50

Dacron® polyester and cotton poplin Bermuda length shorts in khaki, navy, olive, tan-grey, light blue or charcoal grey, $12.50

Bermuda shorts of authentic cotton India Madras plaids, handwoven in predominantly blue or red colorings, $14.50

Knit shirts in small, medium, large, extra large. Shorts in even sizes 30 to 44.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 16.)

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. Gore Vidal wrote the knowledgeable screenplay. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 19. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through May 19, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 20.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—makes a very loud noise indeed. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; May 14. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 20.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Purlie Victorious—A sort of minstrel show, dedicated to uprooting minstrel-show notions of Negro life. With Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 19.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through May 19.)

The Silence—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (In English at the Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795. . . . ¶ In Swedish at the 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—An exceptionally attractive film, in which Alberto Sordi does his gentle best to find out if it's true that Swedish girls dote on Italian lovers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 20.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, every one of them first rate. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900. . . . ¶ Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through May 20, tentative.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 16-18.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 19. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 19.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 19.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 19.)

Carefree (1938)—With some bright Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers moments. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 19.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 15-18.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 15-18. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through May 15.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 14.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting May 15.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 20.)

Love at Twenty (1963)—A portmanteau picture that looks at young love in France, Italy, Japan, Germany, and Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 19.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 19, tentative.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Potemkin (1925)—The celebrated Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 14.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 17-19.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 19.)

The Seven Samurai (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through May 20.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—From the Astaire-Rogers series, this one with Gershwin music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 15-18.)

Sparrows Can't Sing (1963)—A comedy of London lowlife, directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 15-18. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 14.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 19.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 17-19.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 16-18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen on May 28.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE BEST MAN.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Globe, B'way at 43rd. (LO 5-9889)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Windjammer," revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
May 14: "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.
From May 15: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 20 (tentative): **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"South Pacific," revival, Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through May 20: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** (in Japanese), revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 19: **PURLIE VICTORIOUS.**
From May 20: "All the King's Men," revival, Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
May 14: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
May 15-18: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**, revival.
From May 19: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT; and "The Perfect Furlough," revival, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 19: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**
From May 20: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 19 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From May 20: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
May 14: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From May 15: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through May 19: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**
From May 20: "Black Like Me," James Whitmore.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
THE BEST MAN.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Don't Tempt the Devil" (in French), Marina Vlady, Bourvil.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MODERN TIMES, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"South Pacific," revival, Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 19 (tentative): **MAYERLING** (in French), revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From May 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 19: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).
From May 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 19: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and "The Eyes of Annie Jones," Richard Conte.
From May 20: "Black Like Me," James Whitmore; and "The Hands of Orlac," Mel Ferrer.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 15: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
May 16-18: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
From May 19: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages), revival; and **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 16: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
May 17-19: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From May 20: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 19: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra.
From May 20: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 19: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and "The Eyes of Annie Jones," Richard Conte.
From May 20: "Black Like Me," James Whitmore; and "The Hands of Orlac," Mel Ferrer.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 19: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and "The Gentle Art of Murder," Pierre Brasseur.
From May 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 19: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark; and "The Ceremony," Laurence Harvey, Sarah Miles.
From May 20: "The Brass Bottle," Tony Randall, Burl Ives; and "Battle Hymn," revival, Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Grand Olympics," an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through May 19 (tentative): **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and "The Gentle Art of Murder," Pierre Brasseur.
From May 20: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
May 14: Theatre closed.
From May 15: **HENRY V**, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CHILDREN OF PARADISE (in French), revival.

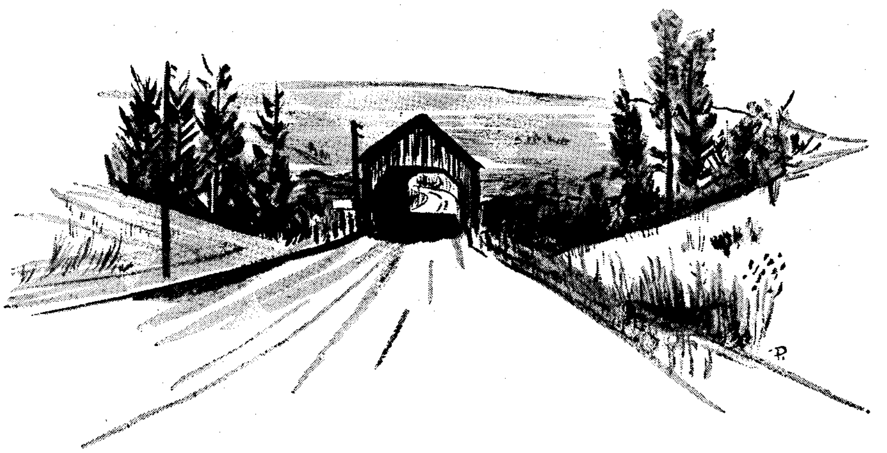
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 19: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and "The Eyes of Annie Jones," Richard Conte.
From May 20: "Black Like Me," James Whitmore; and "The Hands of Orlac," Mel Ferrer.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 14: **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival; and **THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE**, revival.
May 15-18: **SHALL WE DANCE?**, revival; and **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival.
From May 19: **SWING TIME**, revival; and **CAREFREE**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 19: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From May 20: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 14: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "The Inspector General" *(in Russian)*, revival.
May 15-18: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
From May 19: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 19: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).
From May 20: To be announced.



THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M.... ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) or in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (fifty cents for the first two hours, twenty-five cents each additional hour).... ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes; fifteen cents each way. World's Fair signs in all stations.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; $1 each way.

Boats—Berths in Flushing Bay Marina for 865 boats; twenty-four-hour service, with Laundromat, showers, dressing rooms.... ¶ Circle Line ferries leave from Pier 80, at the foot of West 40th Street, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.; return at 11:45 A.M. and 4 P.M. Fare $2.25 outward bound, $2 inward bound; run takes about an hour and three-quarters.... ¶ Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way). Newark Airport ($12.60), La Guardia Airport ($5.25), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip.... ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes.... ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day.... ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair; adults $6, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Boxes—Friday, May 15, is Rigid Paper Box Day.

Indonesia—Indonesia's national day will be celebrated on Saturday, May 16.

Michigan Day—Monday, May 18, is State of Michigan Day at the Fair, and there will be suitable festivities in the Pavilion, in the Industrial Area, between 6 P.M. and 10 P.M.

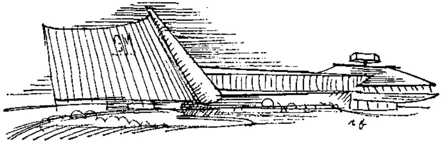
Females—Wednesday, May 20, is Association for the Relief of Respectable, Aged, Indigent Females in the City of New York Day.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Alaska—In the Alaskan Village, a totem pole is being carved; two sled dogs, a sled, a dugout canoe, and two small bears are on display; and jade, baskets, fifteen-cent Eskimo pies, and World's Fair souvenirs are on sale.



Automobile Companies—The Ford Pavilion features a ride in a convertible past Disney's animated cavemen and into the future.... ¶ General Motors provides a comfortable free ride in contour chairs past scenes on the moon, at the South Pole, and underwater, and then through jungle, mountain, desert, and metropolitan settings, where the emphasis is on modern highways. The narration, heard through speakers built into the chairs, is completely comforting.... ¶ At the Chrysler exhibit there is a half-hour show presented almost continuously on a stage that revolves through four separate auditoriums. The first act, a movie, introduces a young man named Joe Jones who thinks that carburetors talk and has dreams of designing a great car. A puppet show set in a car-assembly plant proves he is right about carburetors, and his dream car turns out to be the Chrysler Turbine Car, which appears onstage in person in the last act, along with a soft-spoken pitchman and the talking carburetor. According to a song sung throughout the show, "Imagination Is a Magic Dream," and "thinkin' " rhymes with "Abraham Lincoln."

Du Pont—A live narrator and four singers and dancers coöperate with cartoons and actors on film in a musical history of chemistry, in which there is a natural but irritating emphasis on Du Pont slogans and products. The second half of the show is a series of chemical demonstrations by three actors in laboratory jackets. The whole thing, called "The Wonderful World of Chemistry," goes on about forty times a day, and there are almost always long waiting lines.

Billy Graham Pavilion—In a 70-mm. Todd A-O film, the evangelist explains what he calls "the fifth dimension—the dimension of the spirit," and says that neither God nor a mother's love can be put in a test tube. Multilingual spiritual counsellors are located behind the screen and may be consulted after the film, which is shown hourly.

Hawaii—At the entrance to a series of displays meant to show what Hawaii is like, a girl hands out leis and says "Aloha." Admission twenty-five cents.

Indonesian Pavilion—Overlooking a beautiful display of Indonesian musical instruments is a large photograph of President Sukarno and, nearby, a painting of Dr. Sukarno's mother.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Maryland—The exhibits include a short film about the composing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and a photograph of Governor J. Millard Tawes.

Missouri—The exhibits include paintings by Thomas Hart Benton, a display by the Vendo Company, of Kansas City; Charles Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis;" a Gemini space capsule; and an eating place called the Missouri Snack Patio.

Pakistan Pavilion—In addition to a small restaurant and displays of art, carpets, shoes, and surgical equipment, there are badminton rackets for sale, with a label explaining why they are "most suitable for Bengal climate."

Singer Bowl—In one of the windows of the display section of the Singer Company's stadium there is a girl sewing an American flag on a sewing machine.

Spanish Pavilion—It costs a dollar to see paintings by Picasso, Dali, Mirò, Goya, El Greco, Velásquez, Murillo, and several present-day Spanish painters. The glass covering the Goyas reflects everything in sight, and the glass on the El Greco reflects the Velásquez.

United Arab Republic Pavilion—The exhibits include a model of the Nefertiti-Sheraton, a hotel being built on a bank of the Nile in Cairo, and a photograph of President Gamal Abdel Nasser.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Caribbean Pavilion—The three-dollar minimum will buy two Scotches, one and a half rum punches, or four Barranquitas pineapple juices. The acoustics and the view of the stage show are better from outside the pavilion.

General Cigar—A machine that (if it is fixed) blows ten-foot smoke rings, and a magic show that (unless the computers that operate the curtains break down) goes on every fifteen minutes.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Les Poupées de Paris—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated," featuring an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra, is supposed to open this week. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2.50; children $1.25.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. Allegedly saluting American musical comedy, its members, wearing blackface masks, start out by singing "The Old Folks at Home" and "Dixie." Each decade of music is announced on a moving sign over the stage and preceded by film clips intended to establish the historical background. For the First World War act, a voluptuous lady sings "Over There" while films of fighting and graveyards are projected onto the screen behind her. At 3 P.M., 7 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. Admission $2 to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—The museum's inhabitants include Ed Sullivan, Louis XV, and George Washington Carver. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

"Wonder World"—A mammoth stage show, with music by Jule Styne and choreography by Michael Kidd, featuring a fleet of Alfa-Romeos, water lilies that turn out to be trick divers, and a girl-astronaut number. Shows at 1:30, 4, 7, and 10, in the Amphitheatre; $1 to $3.50.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to be in the right one at the right time. Because most of the places we have tried to get into have been either too crowded or closed, the following observations are the only ones we feel qualified to make so far.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort, are the most likely places to get something to eat—e.g., twenty-five-cent hot dogs and thirty-five-cent hamburgers. The coffee—fifteen cents a paper cupful—is pretty good.

Greek Pavilion—The Hermis restaurant serves the usual Greek dishes à la carte. Shish kebab costs $3.75, Scotch and ouzo cost a dollar, and spotlights shine down on the tables from every angle.

Top of the Fair—A large restaurant with a large bar and expensive food in the Port Authority Heliport, overlooking the entire Fairgrounds. The helicopters heading for a landing on the roof look as though they are about to come straight through the restaurant window, but though the building vibrates when they land there is not much noise.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.

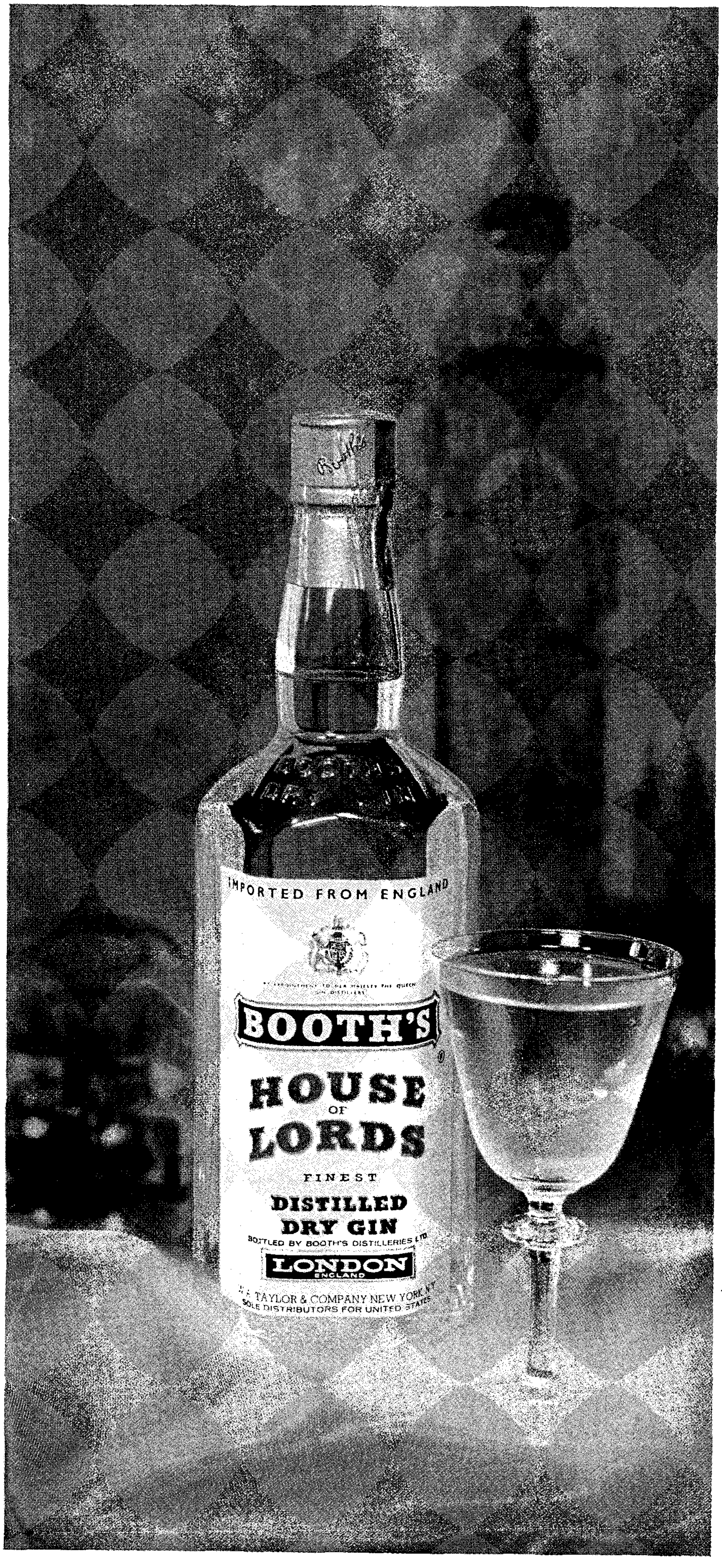
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS—
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND

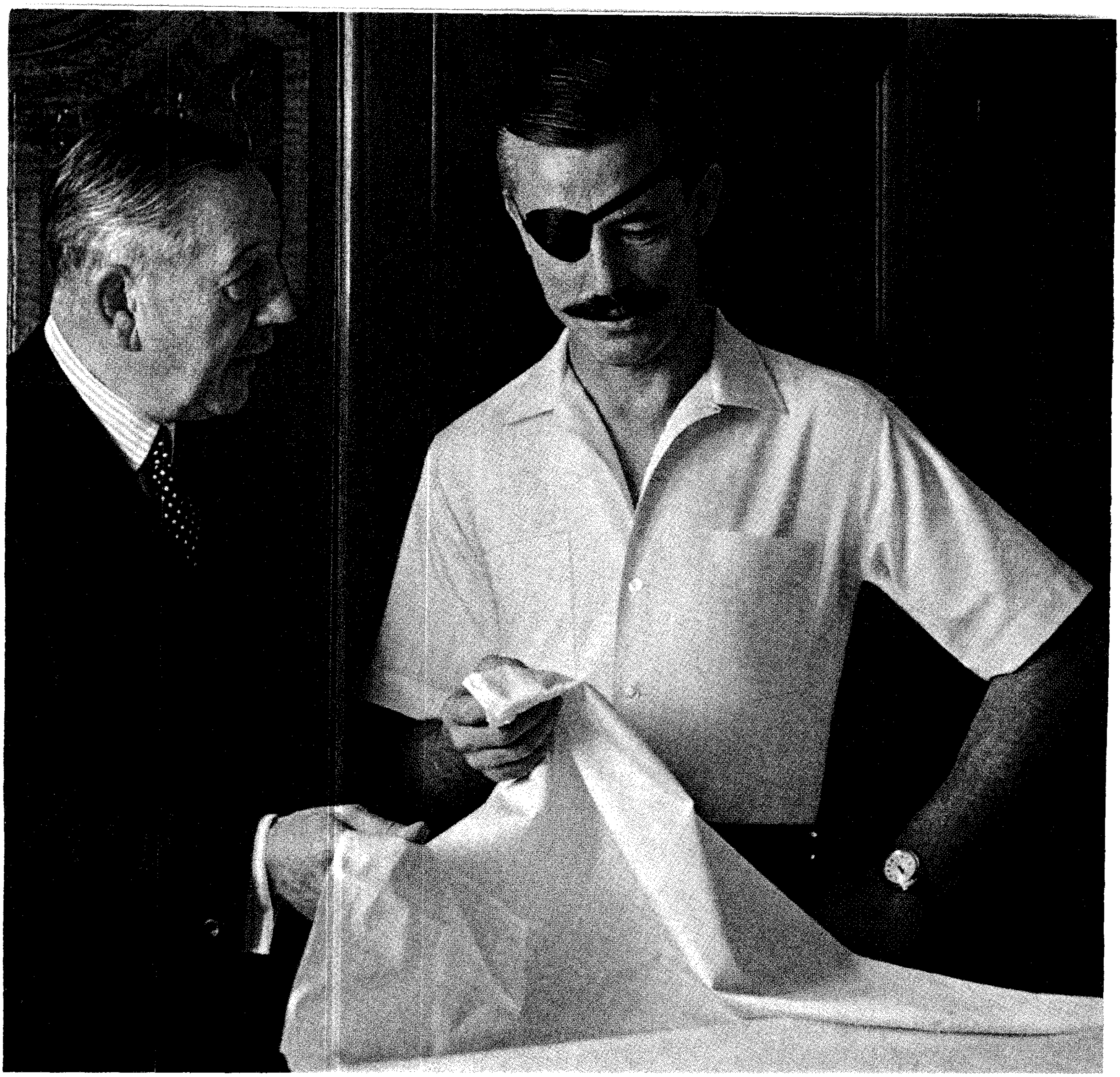
This is Britain's Finest

In England, an order for a gin drink made with "the finest" can only mean Booth's. That's why your order for a House of Lords martini means you get the finest gin that England sends us, and the world's costliest to produce. It has a unique difference in color, in flavor and bouquet—a subtle difference, but you can tell it in the dark. And it will tell you why there is no gin in all the world like Booth's House of Lords.

BOOTH'S
HOUSE
OF
LORDS
GIN

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF
IMPORTED BY
W.A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y., N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.


IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED DRY GIN
BOTTLED BY BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD
LONDON ENGLAND
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES



THE COLOR IS HATHAWAY'S INDIA LEMON—A REFRESHING NEW YELLOW THAT DOESN'T DAZZLE.

"This is the only drip-dry fabric that has my blessing"

—says Hathaway's finicky Chairman, who blesses the Dacron® that's in it.

ON the left is Ellerton M. Jetté, Hathaway's Chairman—an absolute stickler for perfection. Before he gave his blessing to this drip-dry fabric, we had to test *dozens* of others.

All of them flunked. Either they pilled. Or they puckered. Or they didn't drip dry smoothly. Or they felt sticky on the back. So out they went.

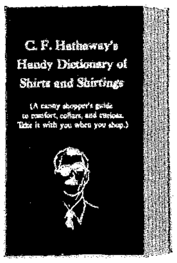
Then, after six years, our weavers found it. An inspired blend of 65 percent Dacron* polyester fiber and 35 percent Batiste cotton which we christened *Hathaweave.*

This amazing stuff stays crisp for at least 24 hours. Won't wilt or crease even in heat waves. And feels blessedly cool and silky.

In the tailoring, our cutters display their usual cunning and finesse. The short-sleeved masterpiece above, for instance, has a trimly *tapered* body. This gives you an impeccably smooth fit around the chest and midsection—with no bagginess.

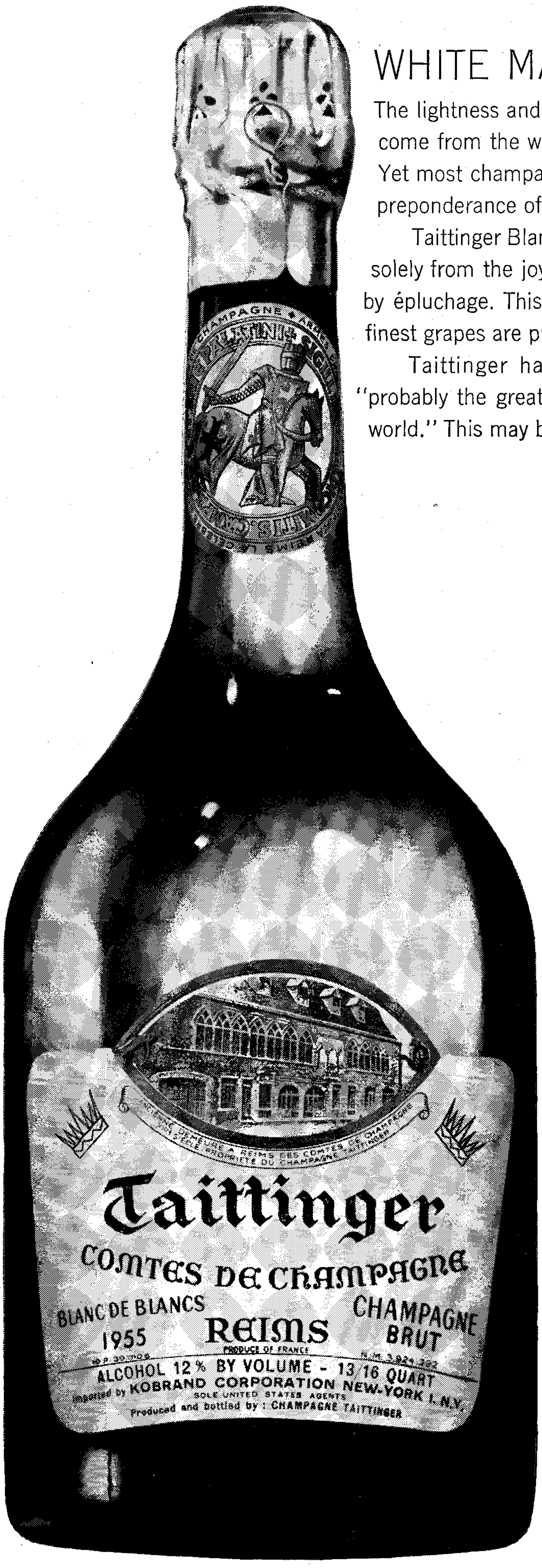
Price? About $7.95—and you can choose from 5 crisp colors.

For store names and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings,* write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.



*Dacron is Du Pont's trade mark

"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

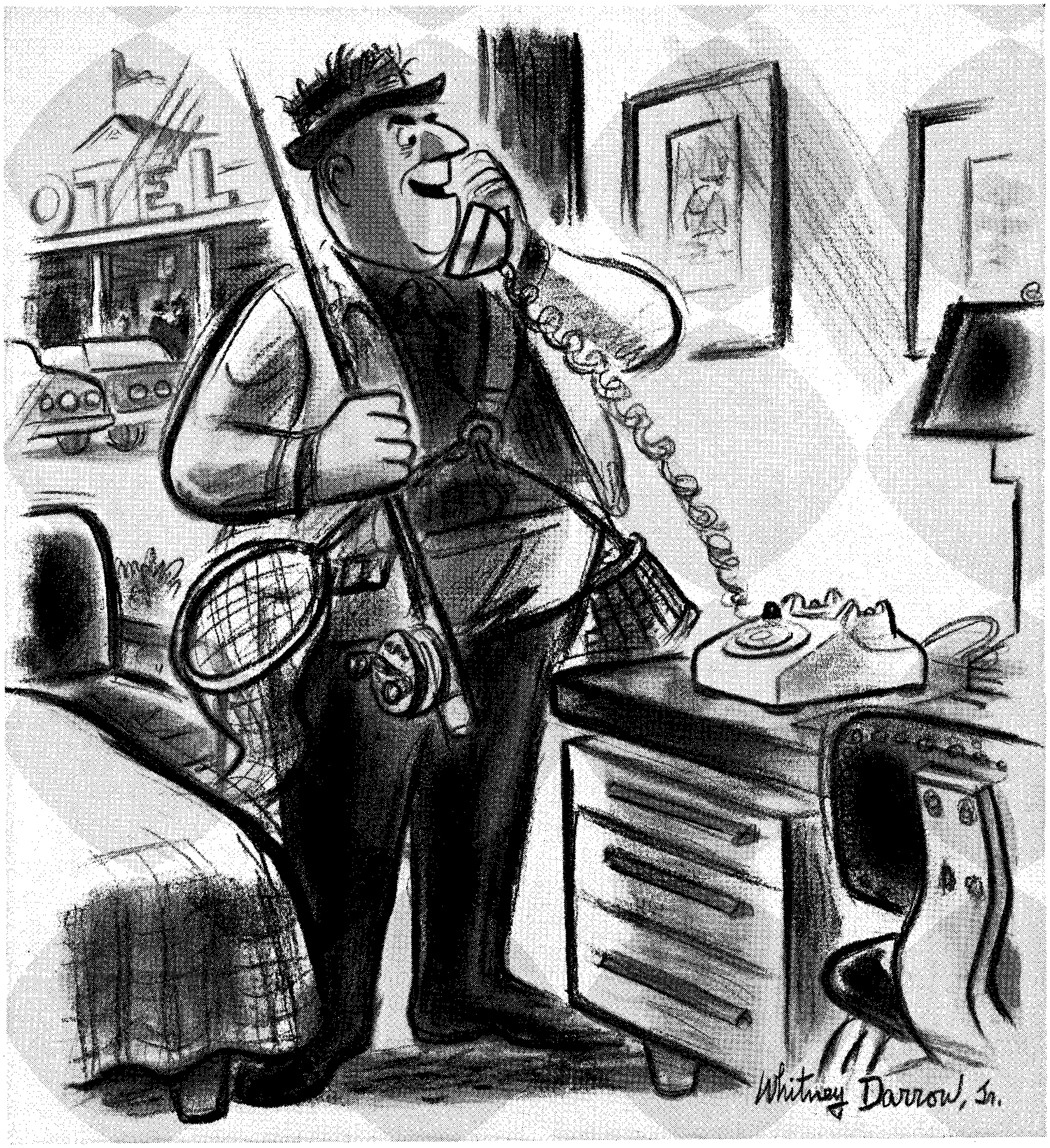

CHAMPAGNE ✦ ARMES
Taittinger
COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE
BLANC DE BLANCS
1955
REIMS
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
ALCOHOL 12 % BY VOLUME - 13/16 QUART
Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW-YORK I. N.Y.
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
Produced and bottled by : CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

WHITE MAKES LIGHT

The lightness and the fun of champagne come from the white Chardonnay grape. Yet most champagnes are made from a preponderance of black grapes.

Taittinger Blanc de Blancs is created solely from the joyous white Chardonnay by épluchage. This ensures that only the finest grapes are pressed.

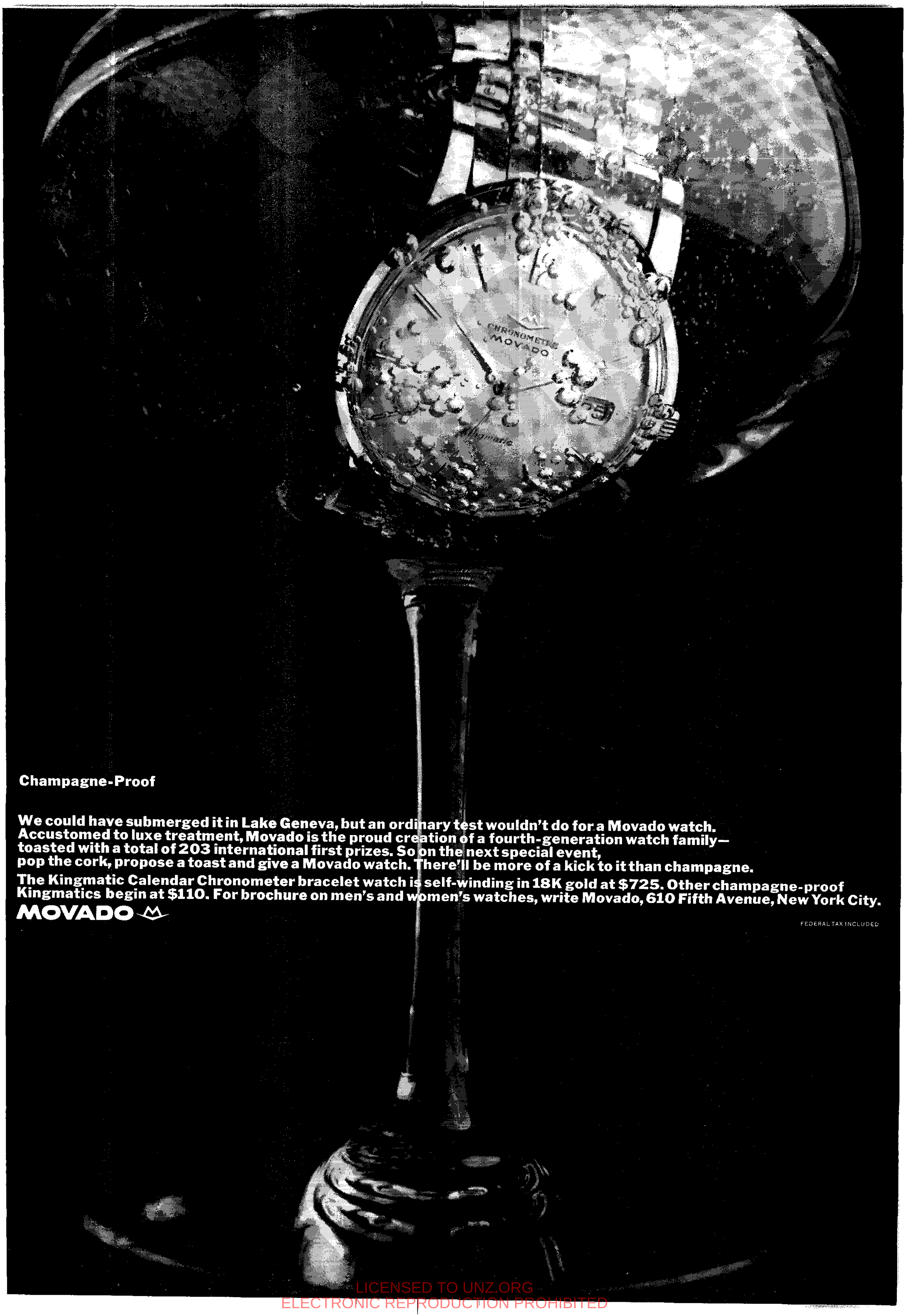
Taittinger has been described as "probably the greatest champagne in the world." This may be an understatement.



". . . you say the customer likes to golf?"

When there are details to check and things to do quickly, foresighted businessmen prefer lodgings with **Guest-Dial Phone Service.** Travelers dial local calls direct, reach Long Distance with a spin of the dial. **Room-to-Room Dialing** saves steps, insures privacy. **Portable Phones** are handy for taking and making calls . . . and **Guest Reservation Service** confirms accommodations by Long Distance or teletypewriter. A good prospect on your next trip is a motel or hotel with **Guest-Dial Phone Service.**

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Serving you



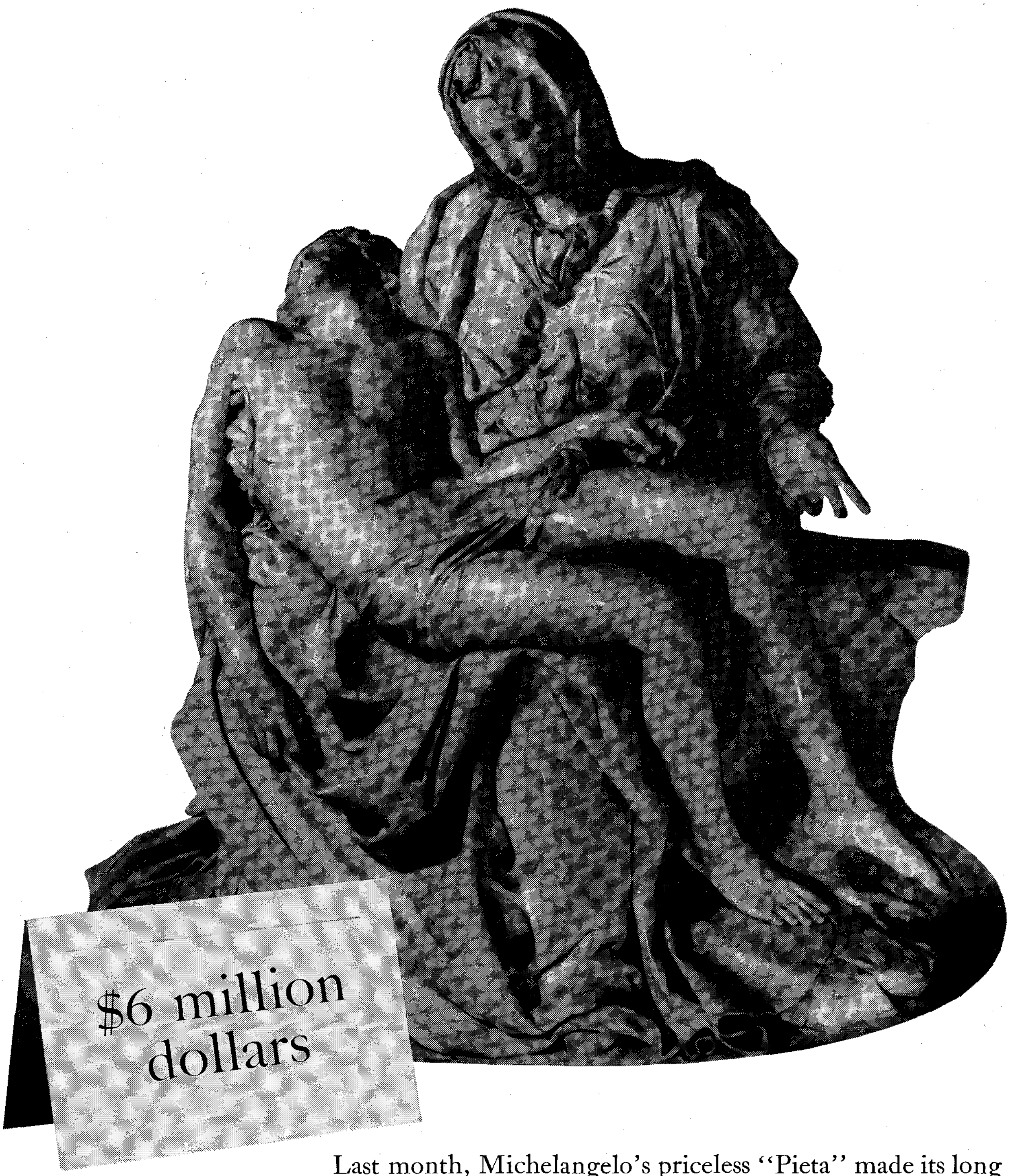
Champagne-Proof

We could have submerged it in Lake Geneva, but an ordinary test wouldn't do for a Movado watch. Accustomed to luxe treatment, Movado is the proud creation of a fourth-generation watch family—toasted with a total of 203 international first prizes. So on the next special event, pop the cork, propose a toast and give a Movado watch. There'll be more of a kick to it than champagne.

The Kingmatic Calendar Chronometer bracelet watch is self-winding in 18K gold at $725. Other champagne-proof Kingmatics begin at $110. For brochure on men's and women's watches, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOVADO

FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED



Last month, Michelangelo's priceless "Pieta" made its long trip to the Vatican Pavilion at the Fair. The risk of damage in transporting this 6,700-lb., 465-year-old masterpiece was immense. Fireman's Fund American formed the syndicate which wrote a $6,000,000 policy to cover the risk.

The Fund underwrote the cruise of the new "Bounty," the launching of Telstar and the construction of the new Dodger Stadium. No other insurance company in America insures as many unusual risks.

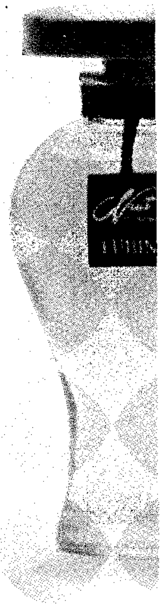
Most people's insurance needs run to common everyday items such as automobiles, homes, life insurance, etc., but everyone gets the same individualized attention at Fireman's Fund American—the same resourceful, dependable service based on over a century of experience and a billion dollars in assets.

FIREMAN'S FUND AMERICAN INSURANCE

The finest protection available for you, your family, your property and business through more than 25,000 independent agents and brokers, from coast to coast.

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT

FIREMAN'S FUND AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

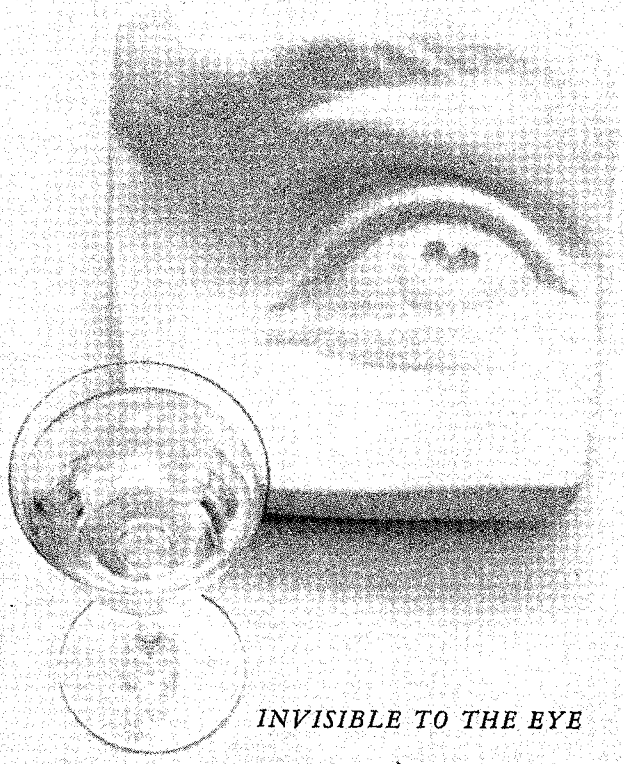


Nuit de *what?*

Nuit de Longchamp. By Lubin. For years it's been the quiet secret of a small clique of fashionable women. They never talk about it. They just wear it. You should too.

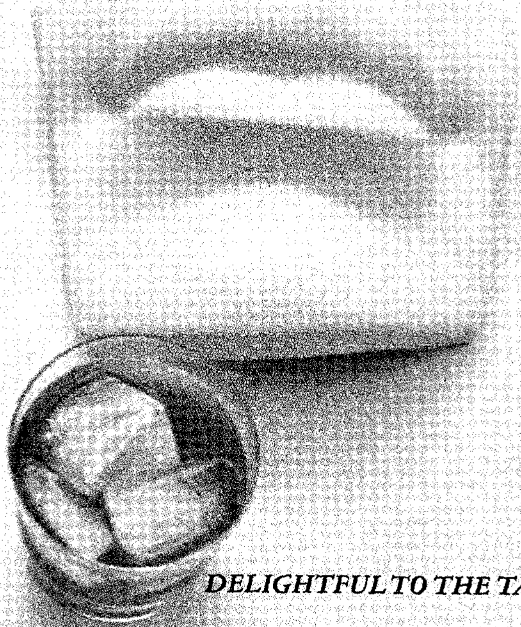
Of course, you run the risk of becoming addicted to Nuit's classic jasmine scent. But then you'd be in the best of company. Or do you prefer crowds?

Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat



INVISIBLE TO THE EYE

The French—invisible in your gin or vodka—but the extra dry flavor of Noilly Prat French Vermouth is there to make your Dry Martinis really civilized.



DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

The Italian—somewhat less than sweet, and something more—it's delightfully Bittersweet! The correct Italian Vermouth, for smart Manhattans or on the rocks.

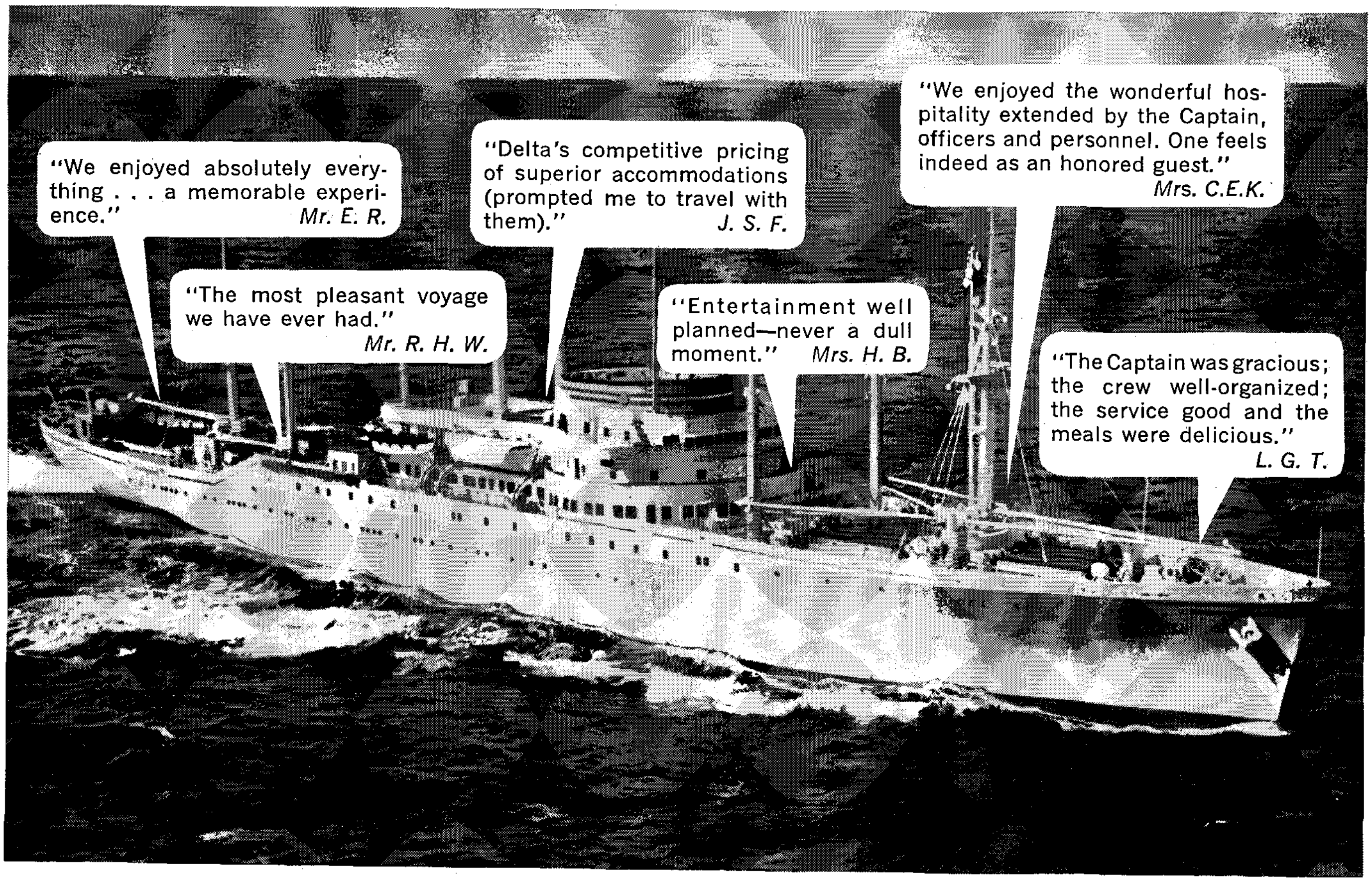
NOILLY PRAT
NOILLY PRAT

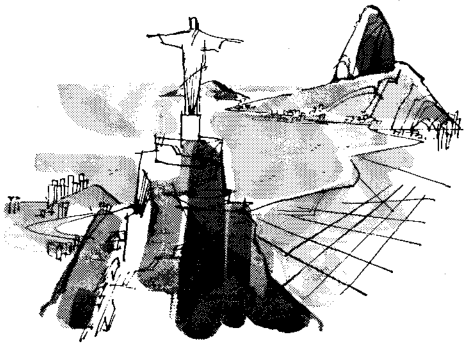
When you ask for Noilly Prat your French is perfect—and so is your Italian!

NOILLY PRAT IMPORTED VERMOUTH

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

Our passengers write the best DELTA LINE CRUISE ADS*


"We enjoyed absolutely everything . . . a memorable experience." Mr. E. R.
"The most pleasant voyage we have ever had." Mr. R. H. W.
"Delta's competitive pricing of superior accommodations (prompted me to travel with them)." J. S. F.
"Entertainment well planned—never a dull moment." Mrs. H. B.
"We enjoyed the wonderful hospitality extended by the Captain, officers and personnel. One feels indeed as an honored guest." Mrs. C.E.K.
"The Captain was gracious; the crew well-organized; the service good and the meals were delicious." L. G. T.

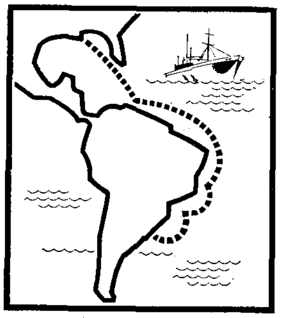


You will agree when you've forgotten your troubles and let your tensions unwind on a Delta cruise to South America via Caribbean ports. All we can add is that you'll also enjoy every minute ashore—particularly in Brazil and Argentina where the dollar exchange is remarkably favorable. Enjoy the full cruise to exciting South America and romantic Caribbean islands. Or, if you're pressed for time, a two or three week cruise can be worked out on an air-sea combination.

Ask your travel agent.

You will visit:

BARBADOS: *popular resort island*
RIO: *breathtaking scenery*
SANTOS: *world coffee capital*
MONTEVIDEO: *beaches, parks, art*
BUENOS AIRES: *Paris of America*
CURACAO: *shopper's paradise*

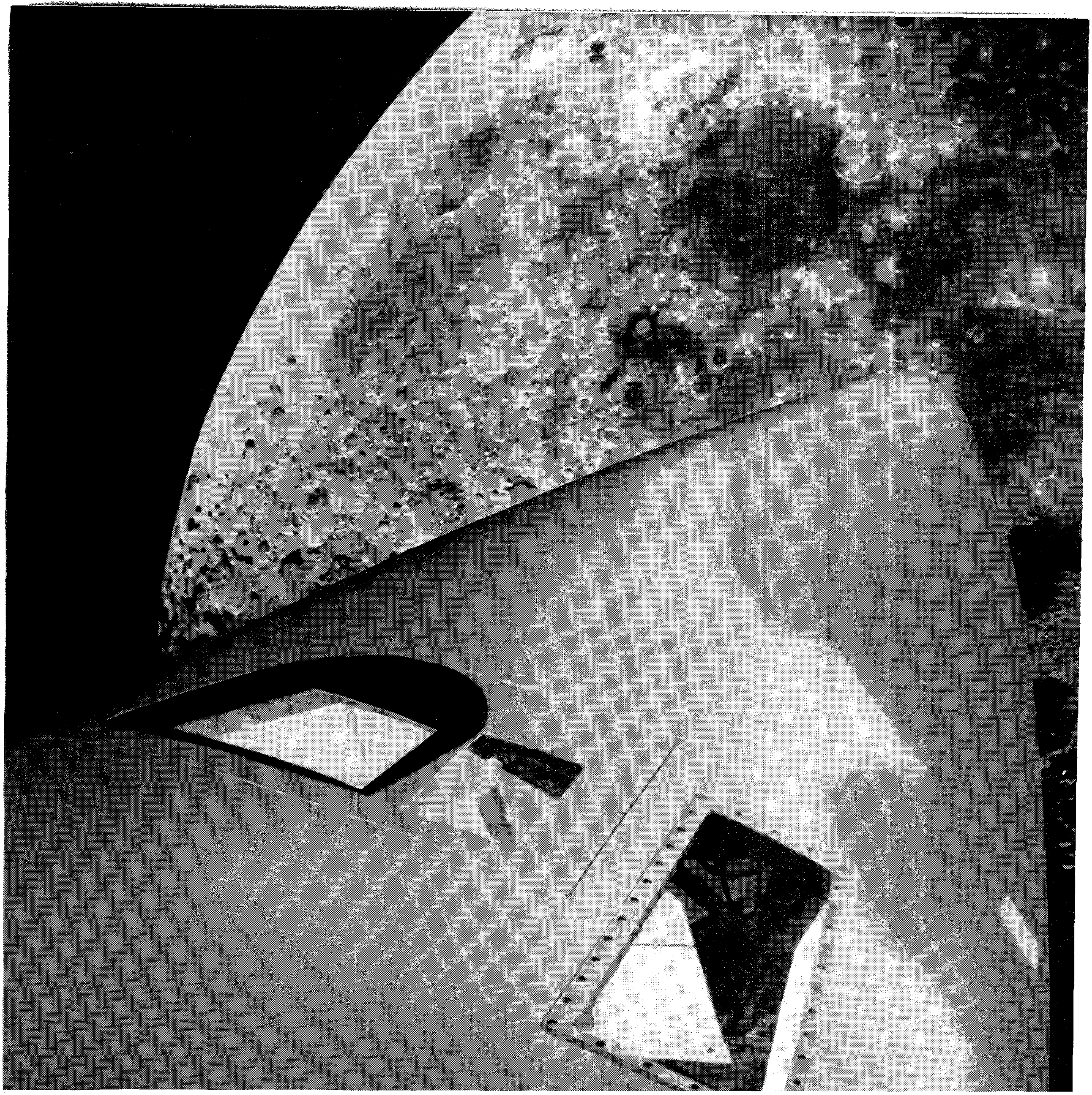


Delta Line

DELTA STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.
P. O. Box 50250, New Orleans 50, La.
17 Battery Pl. • Phone Digby 4-8277 • New York

*Excerpts from thousands of letters on file.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ST. LOUIS • HOUSTON • WASHINGTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES



Report on space travel:

IBM computers "land" a man on the Moon

A STUDIOUS young scientist name Dr. Bret Charipper recently fle to the moon.

For Dr. Charipper it was a routin trip. He made it in a spacecraft mock up at IBM's Space Guidance Center i Owego, New York.

While his colleagues—and an IB computer—monitored his controls, Dr Charipper blasted his spacecraft out o a simulated orbit around the moon an watched the lunar mountains grow bi on his viewing panel.

Six minutes later, he eased his craf down toward the designated landin area—the center of a large crater.

Though "simulated," these flights ar of the highest scientific importance t

Men, with the help of IBM computers, are solving the problems of travel in outer space without leaving the ground.

nan's future in space. Thousands of hem have been made by scientists at esearch centers studying space travel.

For instance, IBM computers are ow helping engineers understand the omplex problems that Project Gemini stronauts will encounter in space. Three inutes after each simulated flight, the omputer prints out a record of the ilots' performance, including space-raft control and landing accuracy.

Simulation—the science of testing events before they occur

pace travel is only one of many fields ow being diligently explored by IBM omputers, with the help of special mulation programs.

A simulation program actually supplies a computer with a mathematical "model" of a project *while it's still on the drawing board.*

The computer can then predict in great detail how that project will function under hundreds of different—or changing—circumstances.

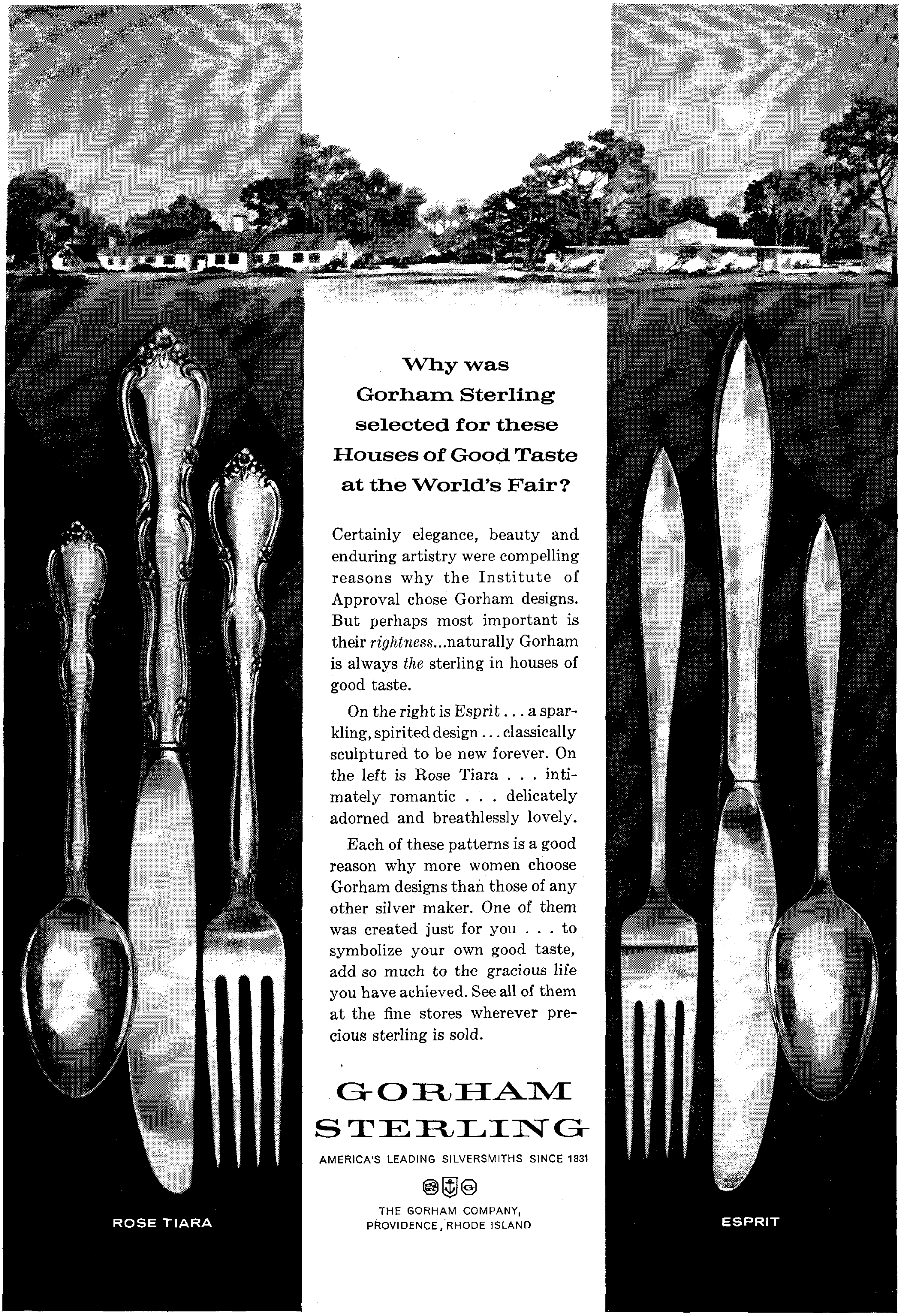
IBM simulation programs are helping engineers find out how new highways will cope with different traffic conditions—before spending a dollar for their construction.

Other simulation programs are helping the U.S. Weather Bureau investigate ways to forecast weather months in advance. This research could someday lead to actual weather control.

Computer simulation is testing out the designs of tomorrow's passenger planes, the types of stores we'll be shopping in, and hundreds of new ideas that will improve our daily life in the years to come.

Computers don't think. They are only machines. But thinking men use them to analyze more things at once than the mind can possibly grasp. With the new simulation programs, computers are helping man's most daring dreams become a reality, including that eventual landing to explore the moon.

IBM®



Why was Gorham Sterling selected for these Houses of Good Taste at the World's Fair?

Certainly elegance, beauty and enduring artistry were compelling reasons why the Institute of Approval chose Gorham designs. But perhaps most important is their *rightness*...naturally Gorham is always *the* sterling in houses of good taste.

On the right is Esprit . . . a sparkling, spirited design . . . classically sculptured to be new forever. On the left is Rose Tiara . . . intimately romantic . . . delicately adorned and breathlessly lovely.

Each of these patterns is a good reason why more women choose Gorham designs than those of any other silver maker. One of them was created just for you . . . to symbolize your own good taste, add so much to the gracious life you have achieved. See all of them at the fine stores wherever precious sterling is sold.

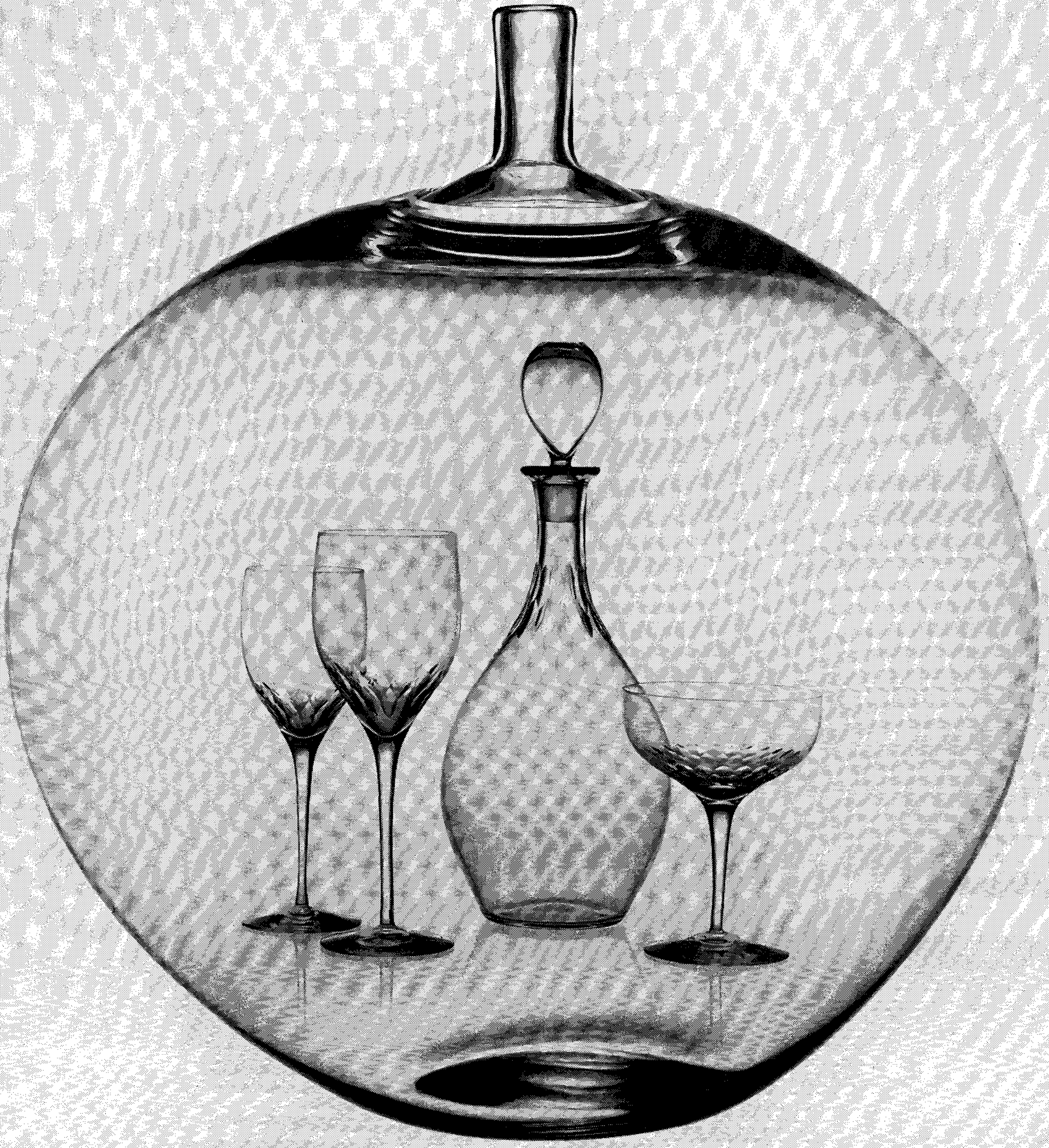
GORHAM STERLING

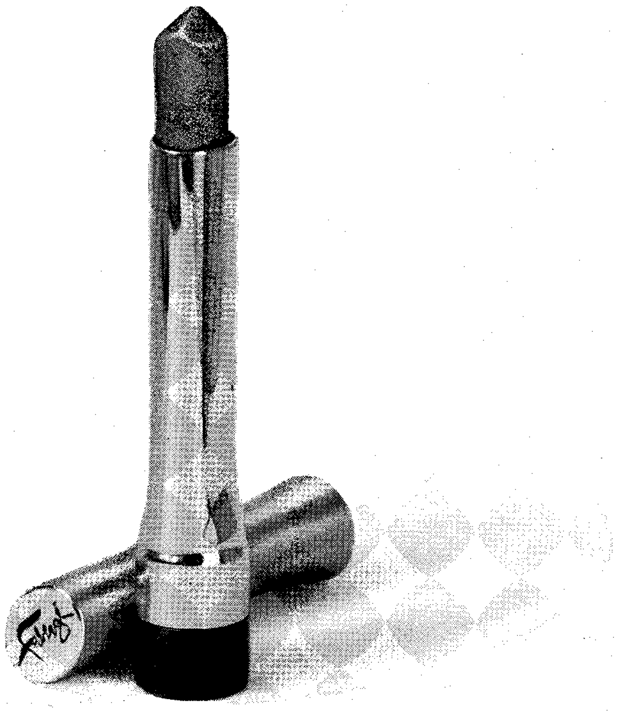
AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831

THE GORHAM COMPANY,
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

WRITE FOR BOOKLET • U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVES: EAST—FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.; WEST—ZACHO, 3157 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

ORREFORS
CRYSTAL





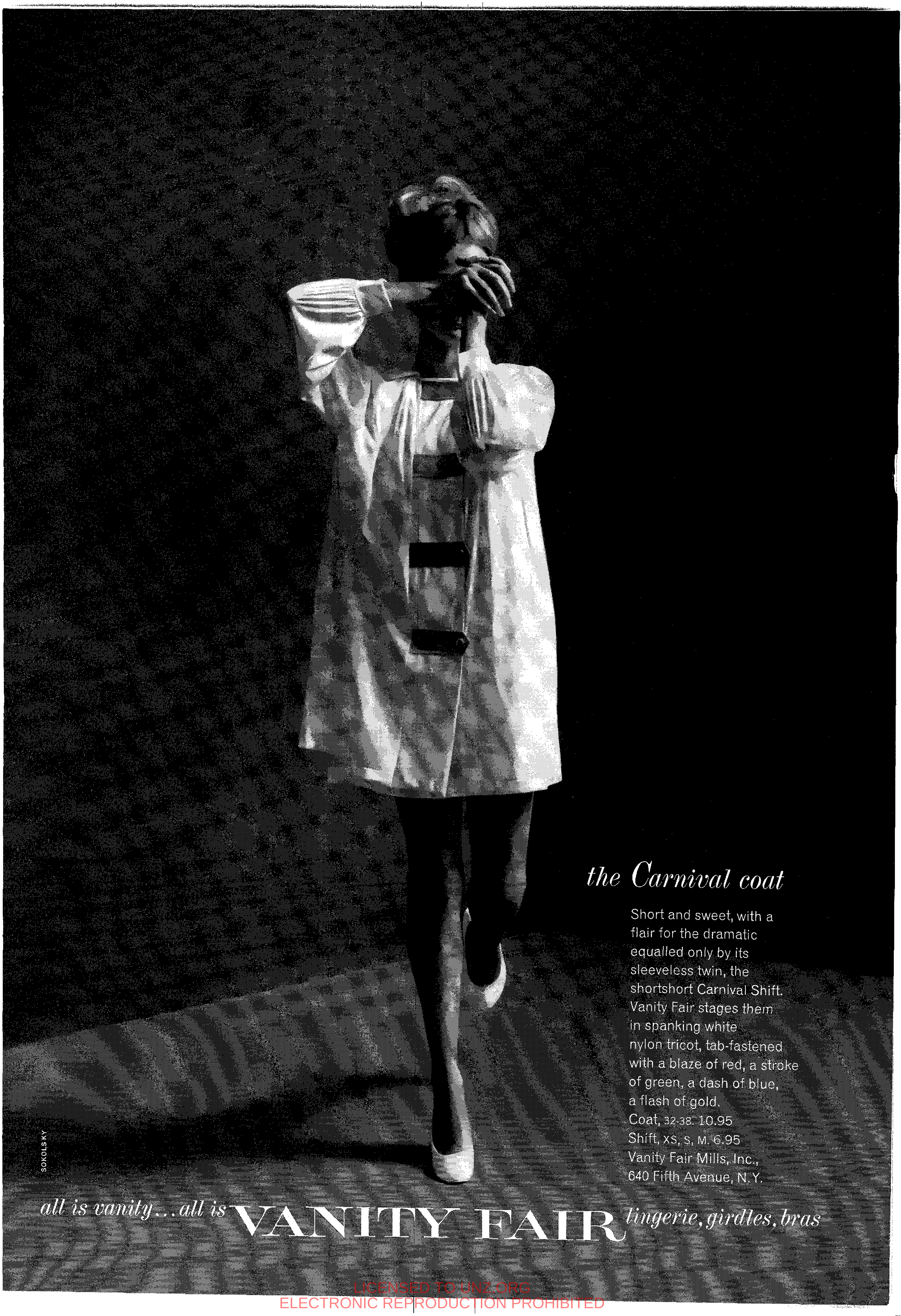
Pistachio Lip Glacé. What will Fabergé think of next?

Don't panic – it isn't as nutty as it sounds. Just slick Faberge´s delicious *Pistachio Lip Glacé* over your regular lipstick...then you'll see why it's such a beautiful idea!

Because green and red complement – or 'gentle' – each other, this veil of green over red – or pink ...orange...coral – creates the most melting mutations you ever saw! Soft, soft, soft. Not pale, not chalky, not colourless – but soft. Misty. Muted. Marvelous.

Pistachio Lip Glacé is only *one* of the most artful hues ever fashioned for lips and fingertips. Fabergé also dreamed up glistening Lip Glacé in *Caramel* (to sweeten your mouth with honeyed tones) and *Graype* (to cast a cool shadow).

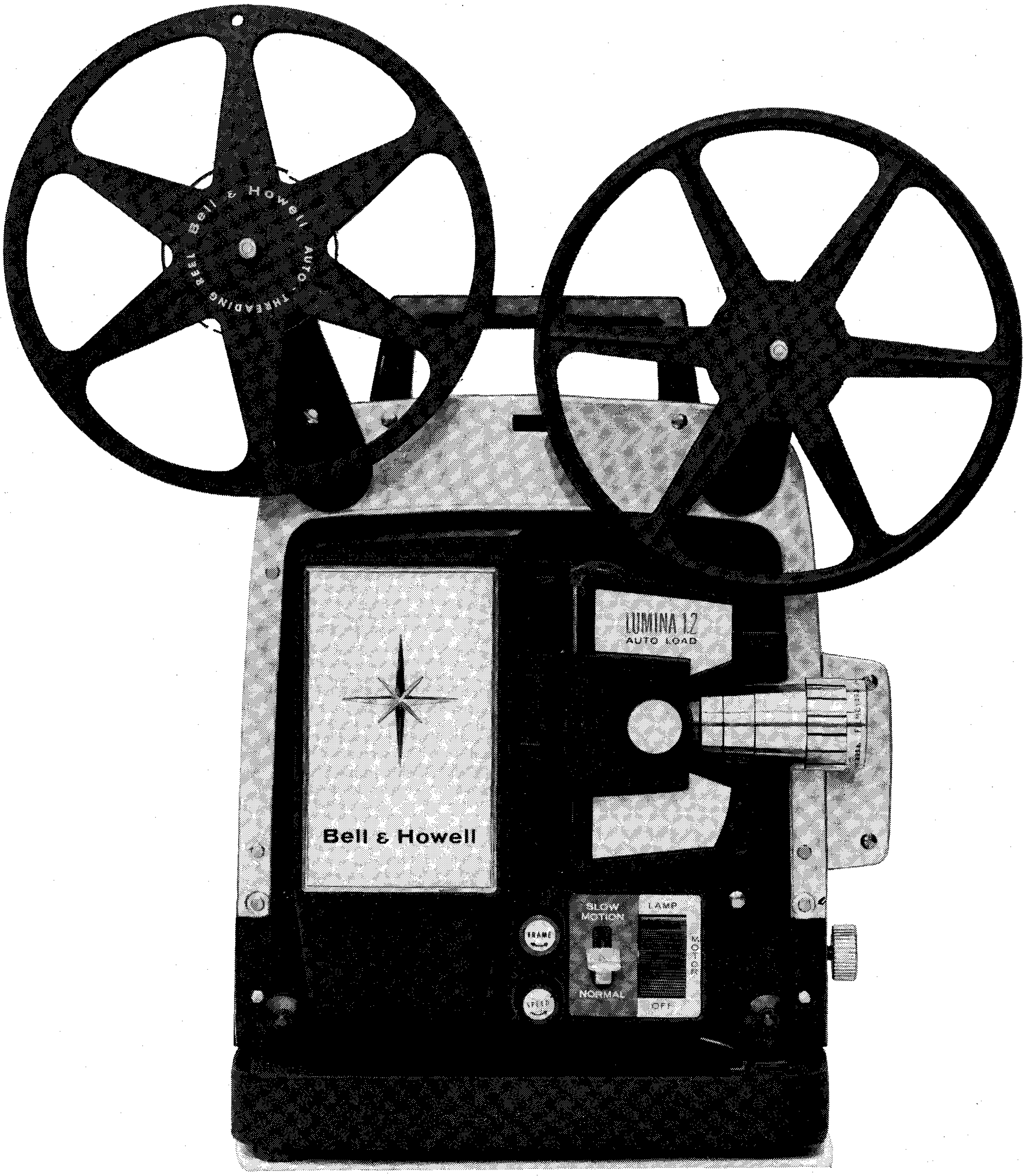
What will Fabergé think of next? Just you wait and see...


SOKOLSKY
all is vanity…all is VANITY FAIR lingerie, girdles, bras

the Carnival coat

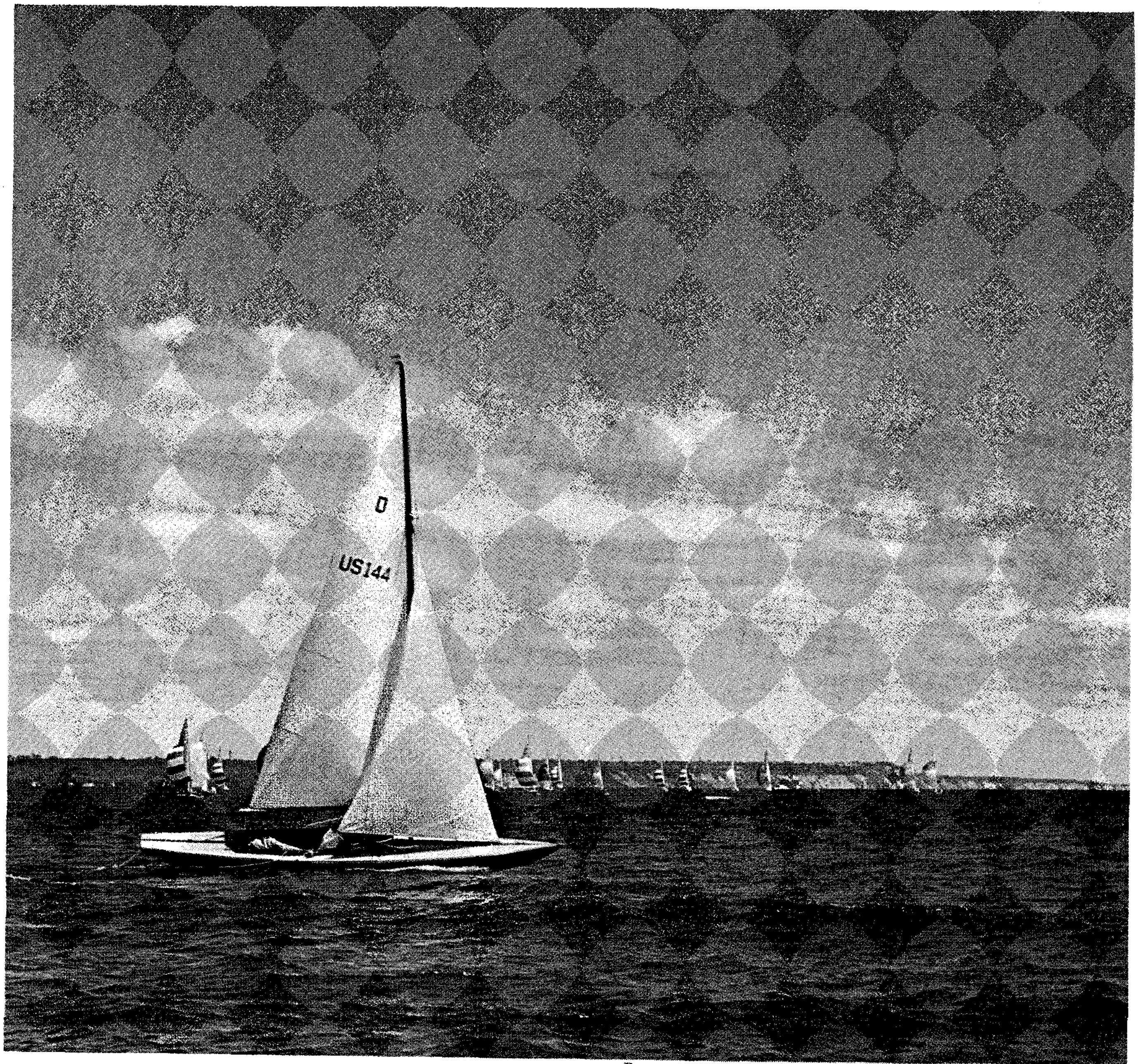
Short and sweet, with a flair for the dramatic equalled only by its sleeveless twin, the shortshort Carnival Shift. Vanity Fair stages them in spanking white nylon tricot, tab-fastened with a blaze of red, a stroke of green, a dash of blue, a flash of gold.

Coat, 32-38. 10.95
Shift, XS, S, M. 6.95
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.,
640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.



Improve your golf swing \$200.00*

You don't play golf? Improve your bowling score \$200.00. You don't bowl? Improve your traverse \$200.00. You don't ski? Improve your lob \$200.00. You don't play tennis? Improve your sailing technique \$200.00. You don't play golf or bowl or ski or play tennis or sail? Watch travel movies \$200.00. You don't travel either? Collect movie projectors—starter kit \$200.00. Anything you can do with a movie projector, you can do better with our Bell & Howell 383Y. Have some movies of your golf swing? Run them in slow motion and analyze away. You have some old film you like to look at? Fine. This projector will make them look practically new. (You can even run them in slow motion. But if your 16-year-old objects to his baby pictures being in slow motion, don't say we didn't warn you.) You don't have to shout to make yourself heard, either. This projector is very quiet. (We hate noise ourselves.) It's self-threading too. But it's not so automatic that you can't push some buttons and click some levers and things, if you want something special to happen. After all, the projectionist needs something to do once in a while. (*Give or take a few dollars)



Regatta on Lake Ontario off the Scarboro Bluffs, Toronto, Canada

Name your pleasure—you'll find it in Canada

Sports loving Canadians have a ready welcome for fellow enthusiasts be it sailing, skin diving, swimming, or water skiing on warm Canadian lakes. Golf on championship courses, fish, hike, there's great sport everywhere in Canada. You'll enjoy fine restaurants in modern cities, featuring international cuisine and top entertainment. The only difficult thing about a Canadian Holiday is deciding what you want to do most. To help you plan send for your Canadian Holiday Kit listing many events to add spice to your vacation.

Fireworks at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Canada.

CANADA
Invitation to
CANAD

TRAVEL BONUS: Your dollar goes further in Canada

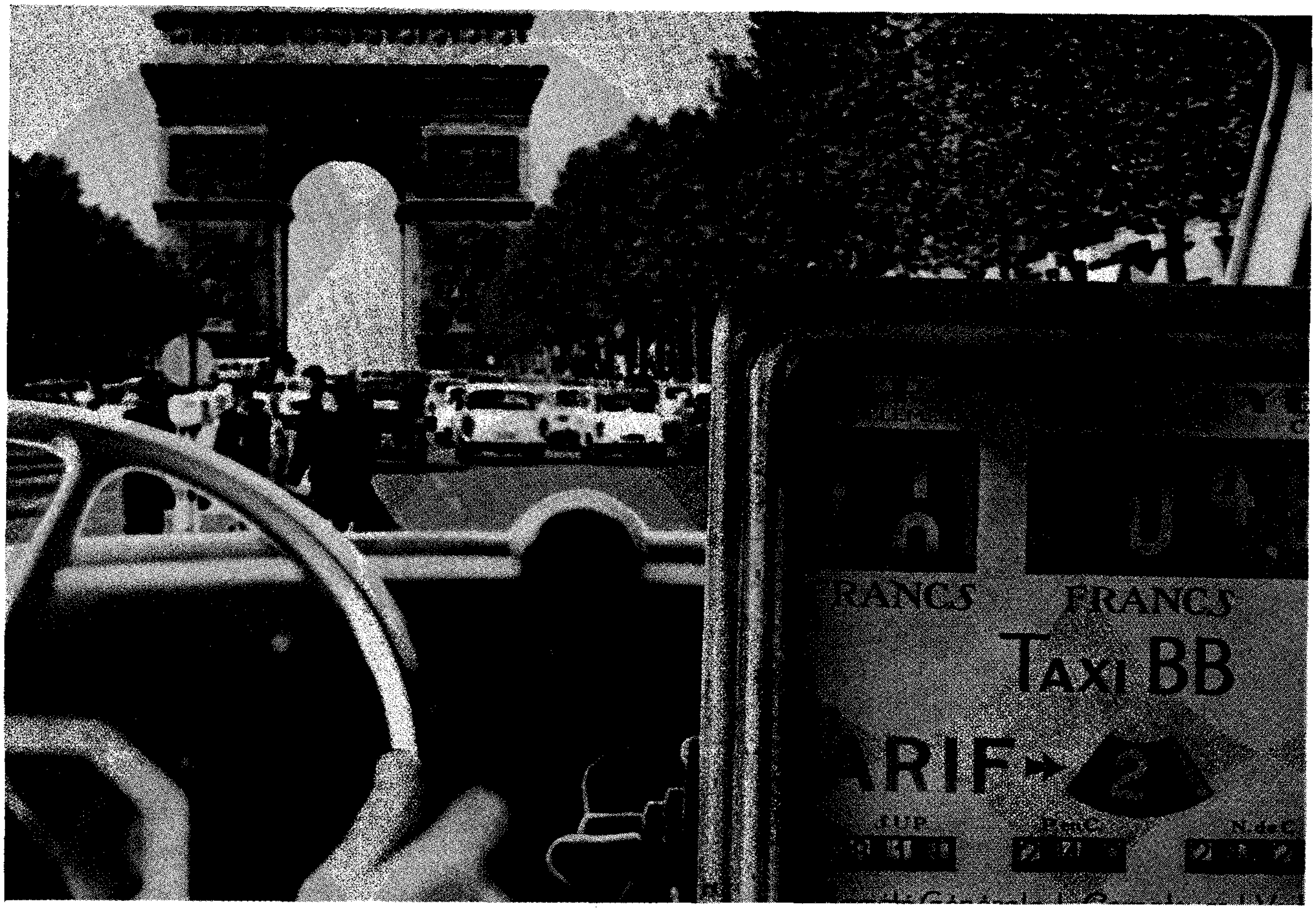
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please Send the Invitation
to Canada Vacation Kit to:—

Name____________________________
19 (please print) C-05-04
Address____________________________
City__________________State________
Zip Code________________

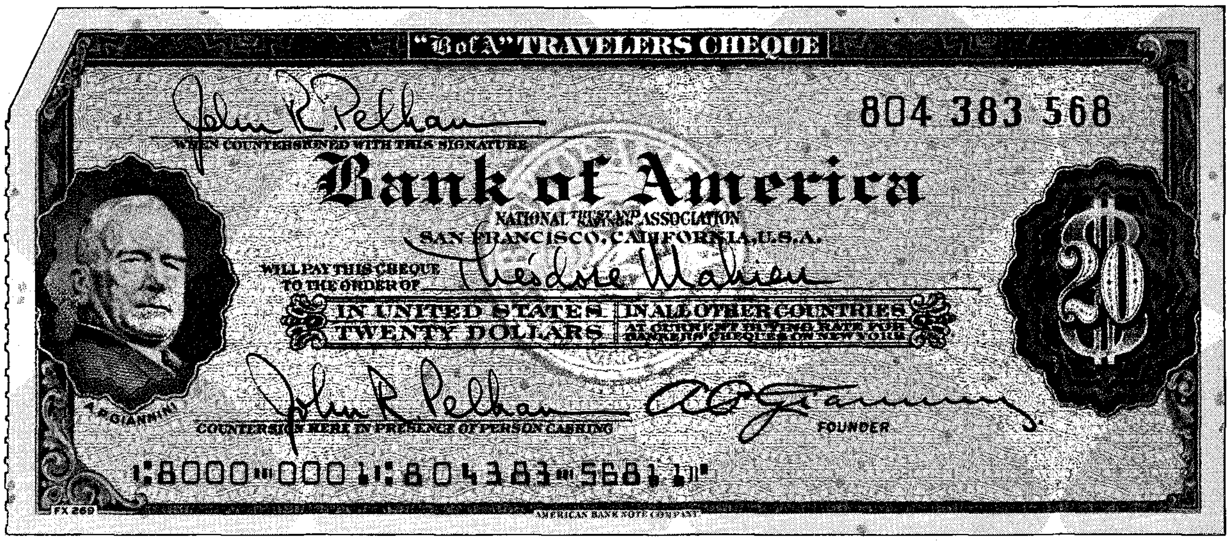
HOLIDAY IN CANADA

the wonderful world at your doorstep



The franc is local currency in France.

So is this.



"B of A" TRAVELERS CHEQUE

John R. Pelham
WHEN COUNTERSIGNED WITH THIS SIGNATURE

804 383 568

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

WILL PAY THIS CHEQUE TO THE ORDER OF Theodore Mahieu

IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS
IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS CHEQUES ON NEW YORK

John R. Pelham
COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING

A.P. Giannini
FOUNDER

A.P. GIANNINI

20

8000 0001 804383 5681

FX 269

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

Paris or Poughkeepsie—wherever you go, you'll travel more safely with Bank of America Travelers Cheques. They're known and accepted the world over. And our money-back guarantee ensures prompt replacement of lost or stolen cheques—anywhere. Ask for them by name at your bank—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Come home with us to Nice

(You can also visit our neighbors: Antibes, Cannes, Monte Carlo, St. Tropez)

Here's a glittering way to start your European trip: Fly Air France to Nice, gateway city to the Riviera. There's never a dull moment in this fabulous chain of beaches, fishing villages, restaurants, casinos, museums and chapels along the Mediterranean. Swim, sun, sightsee. Give in to your appetite. Try your luck at baccarat. Rub elbows with Europe's "Jet Set." Then show off your tan while you tour France, Spain, Italy. Air France offers daily direct jet flights to Nice from New York and convenient flights by way of Paris from Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston (starting June 3), Washington, D.C., Montreal and Mexico City. Transatlantic fares in all classes have been reduced considerably. Even in Economy Class, you can expect the meals aboard your Air France Boeing 707 Jetliner to be masterpieces, the atmosphere France at her finest. Nobody knows European travel like Air France. Nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent.

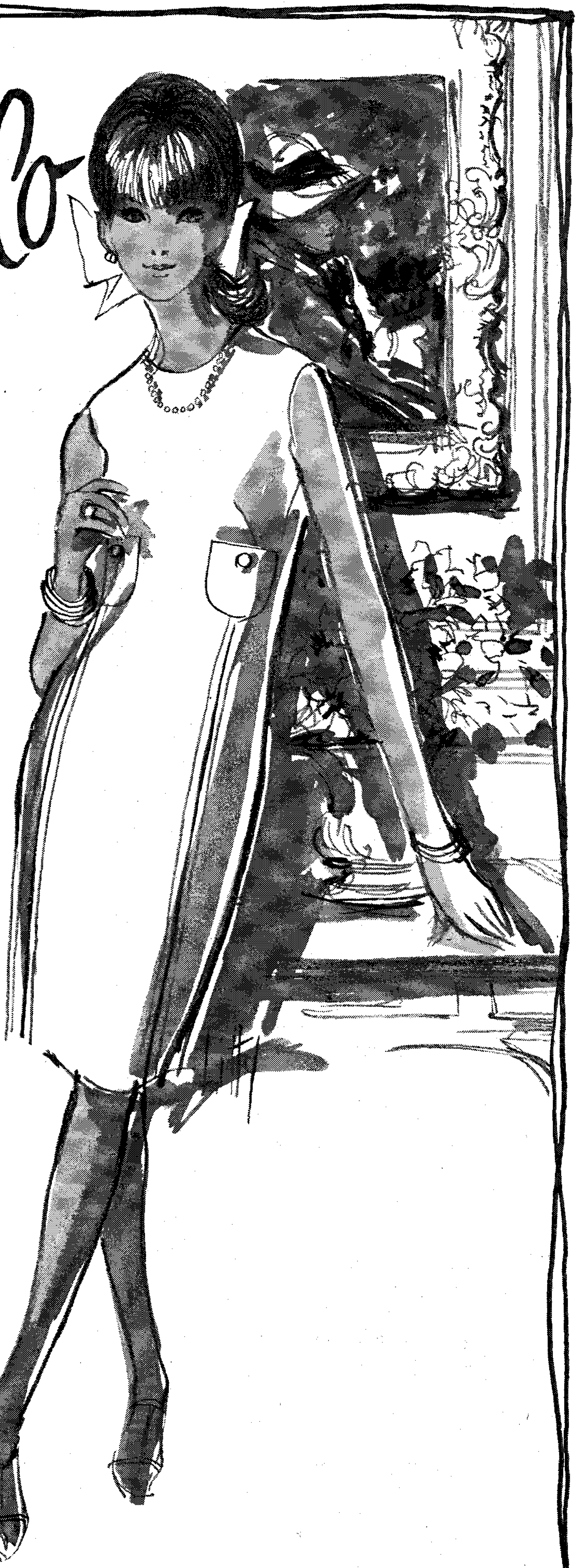
Let him help you plan your trip.

AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

B Altman & Co

Young Colony says:
look irresistible . . .
in Summer linen! Slender as a willow wand . . . with seams and pockets as accents. Lemon, aqua, navy or black . . . 5 to 13. Third floor Young Colony® dresses, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **35.00**

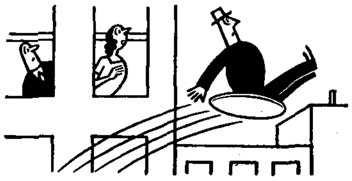


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

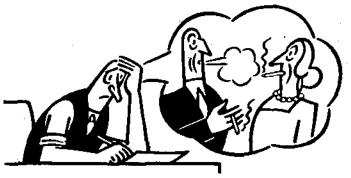
Notes and Comment

THE *World-Telegram* jolted us recently with the pithy hundred-point announcement—timed for the edification of out-of-town visitors to the Fair—that Forty-second Street was "buckling." The word was evocative of sudden disaster, as if a twig had snapped in a dark, Indian-infested forest. We know now that what really happened was that a small part of Forty-second Street sagged, or depressed itself, a little closer to the tracks of the Forty-second Street shuttle, but one can't cram such refinements into a headline, and the headline writer conveyed the impression that the entire length of Forty-second Street might collapse into the Manhattan schist by nightfall as a result of a crack between Madison and Vanderbilt Avenues. What the headline lacked in accuracy, however, it made up for in metaphysical truth. Somewhere in the minds of New York's inhabitants, the city streets have been buckling for years. We trust we are not alone in the assumption that someday we will find ourself sailing through the air on top of an exploded manhole cover, or dropping into the cellar of a supermarket, or flattened to the sidewalk under a steel girder blown from the skeleton of a building under construction. Who among us has never felt, while viewing from offshore the cluster at Manhattan's lower tip, that it seemed destined to topple in the last reel, like a precarious set designed for Cecil B. deMille, or to splinter beneath the scaly paw of the Thing from Outer Space. We would be only mildly surprised to hear one day that the Battery had worked loose from its moorings and, turning the tables at last, had rammed into a Staten Island ferry. Nevertheless, as we go to press, Forty-second Street is intact.



HOW steep is the way of the penitent! What so brave and admirable as his public proclamation of error and self-reform! What so predictable, so ignoble, and so sensible as the irreverent curiosity, the joyful skepticism, with which the rest of us greet his shining announcement! This spring garden of exclamation points burst into bloom about us the other day when we read that the cigarette industry had drawn up and agreed to a stiff code of advertising self-regulations that will, most notably, bar advertising campaigns directed at persons under the age of twenty-one, diminish the habitual youthfulness and muscularity of cigarette ads, and do away with some of those perverse "health" claims that irritate the smoker's tolerance while presumably soothing his trachea. The code is an encyclical of formidable length and sobriety, which concludes with an audible swish of the whip—a paragraph entitling the code administrator to sock violators with a fine of a hundred thousand dollars. The clauses that excited our imagination were those that sketched out, however dimly, the shape of cigarette ads to come; e.g., "Cigarette advertising shall not represent that cigarette smoking is essential to social prominence, distinction, success, or sexual attraction," "Natural persons depicted as smokers shall be at least twenty-five years of age and shall not be dressed or otherwise made to appear less than twenty-five years of age," "Cigarette advertising may use attractive, healthy looking models . . . provided there is no suggestion that their attractive appearance or good health is due to cigarette smoking," and "Cigarette advertising shall not depict as a smoker any person participating in, or obviously having just participated in, physical activity requiring stamina or athletic conditioning beyond that of normal recreation."

Once we had unravelled these startling proscriptions, our concern for the nation's health and for the problems of the cigarette industry gave way momentarily to an entirely new anxiety—an anxiety about the sanity of advertising copywriters, those unfortunates now forced to block out cigarette campaigns featuring a cast of attractive but aging men and women of inexplicable social success, limited sexuality, blurry distinction, and poor physical stamina. We spent a couple of hours brooding over this challenge, and we think we have it licked. We're just spitballing, of course, but here are a few roughs we'll hand along to any executives assigned to the Newcode Cigarette account:



Picture: A birthday party in a happy but distinctly middle-income home. The celebrants, who are smoking cigarettes, look like bank tellers and garage attendants and their wives, all in the early prime of life. The women's dresses are out of style by a year or two, and are a little tight in the midriff, for these ladies have been too busy in the kitchen and at the P.-T.A. to get out on the golf course as often as they would like. The birthday boy, an attractive, well-fleshed door-to-door salesman, is being razzed by his guests, for he has succeeded in blowing out only three candles on his birthday cake after making his wish. There are twenty-eight candles on the cake. *Caption:* "Be Your Age! Light Up a Newcode!"

Picture: A Marine training camp. Two conscientious objectors, both twenty-five years old, are smoking cigarettes while enjoying a break from their leaf-raking. In the background, a platoon of young Marines is struggling through an obstacle course demanding extreme stamina. *Caption:* "Enjoy the Courage of Your Convictions! Slack Off with a Newcode!"

Picture: A big-league ballpark, where a veteran relief pitcher with an attractive but leathery visage has just been bombed from the mound. Clearly, he has been having a terrible season, for the spectators are showering him with old fruit and debris. As he approaches the dugout, however, one kind, mature fan in a front-row box leans forward and offers him a cigarette, and the old hurler's face shines with gratitude. *Caption:* "Ready to Hang Up Your Spikes? Break Training with Newcodes!"

This demanding literary exercise did not quite exhaust our speculations about the cigarette code. As we reread its wise restraints and pondered the severity of its punishment for any yielding to temptation, it slowly came to us that these constituted not only a plan for the future but a confession about the past, just as a new teetotaller's pledge confirms his former drunkenness. Cigarette advertisers have now acknowledged that they did in fact attempt to convince young people, and the rest of us, that smoking cigarettes *was* an inseparable attribute of youth, attractiveness, and success. In short, they had been telling us a lie. This dismaying admission caused us to entertain one last burst of impossible fancy, and we wondered why the heart of the cigarette code could not be adopted by all advertisers—why the manufacturers of refrigerators, dishwashers, automobiles, perfume, clothing, housewares, and so forth could not agree to forswear the elegant untruths implicit in so much of their advertising and thus make it a little clearer to us all (who want so much not to believe it) that the purchase of their products has almost nothing to do with the easy joys of youth or the long, difficult search for that unphotographable possession, happiness.

•

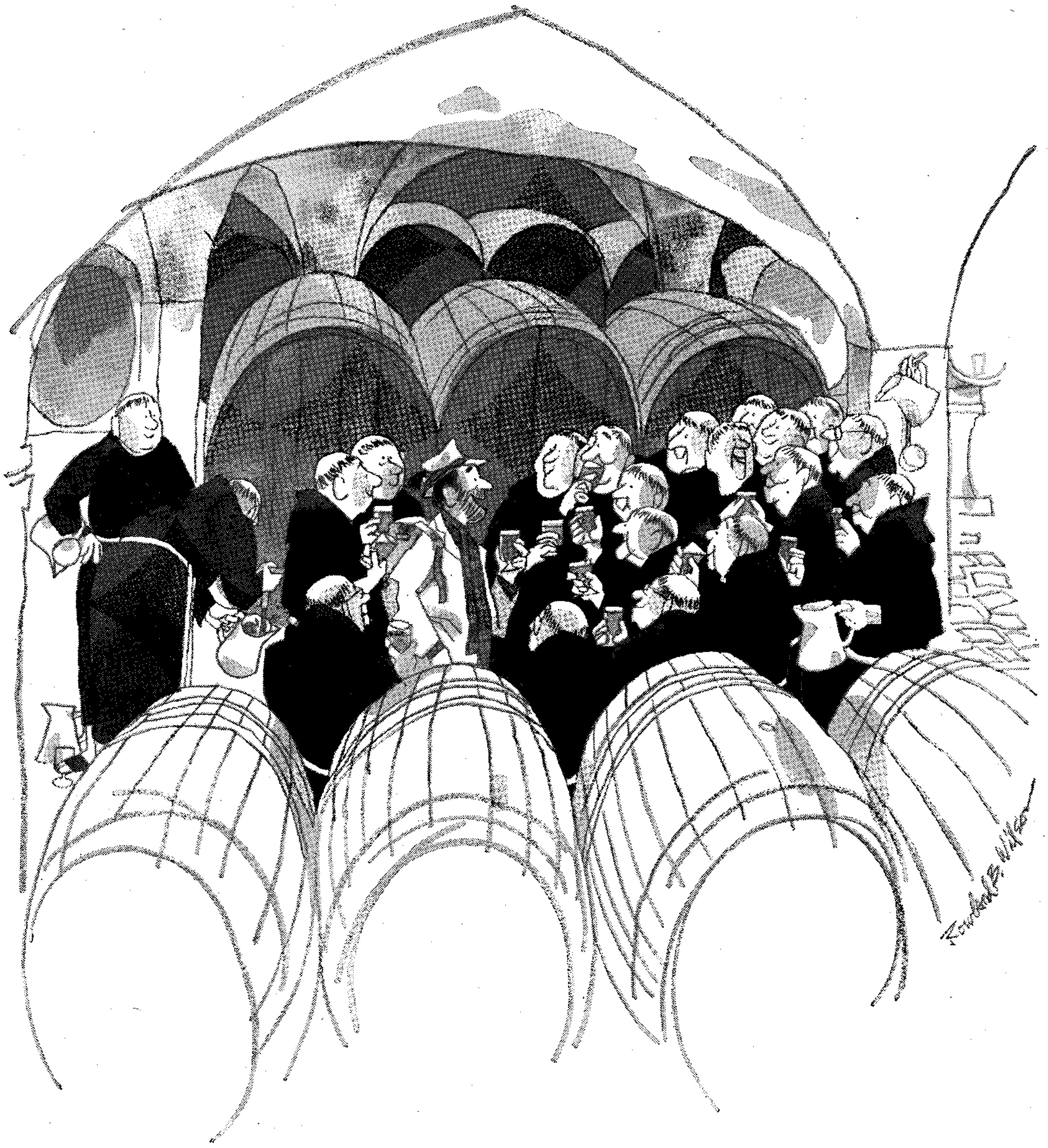
TABLEAU observed in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Lady posing for a snapshot next to a blossoming magnolia tree and clutching a large bouquet of artificial flowers to her waist.

Meetings

POSSIBLY because of the attraction of the World's Fair, there were more institutes, societies, associations, and clubs holding their annual spring meetings, conventions, Olympiads, and symposiums in midtown hotels last week than at any other time in our memory, and to get some idea of just what was going on, we looked in on what we hope was a representative sampling of all those gatherings.

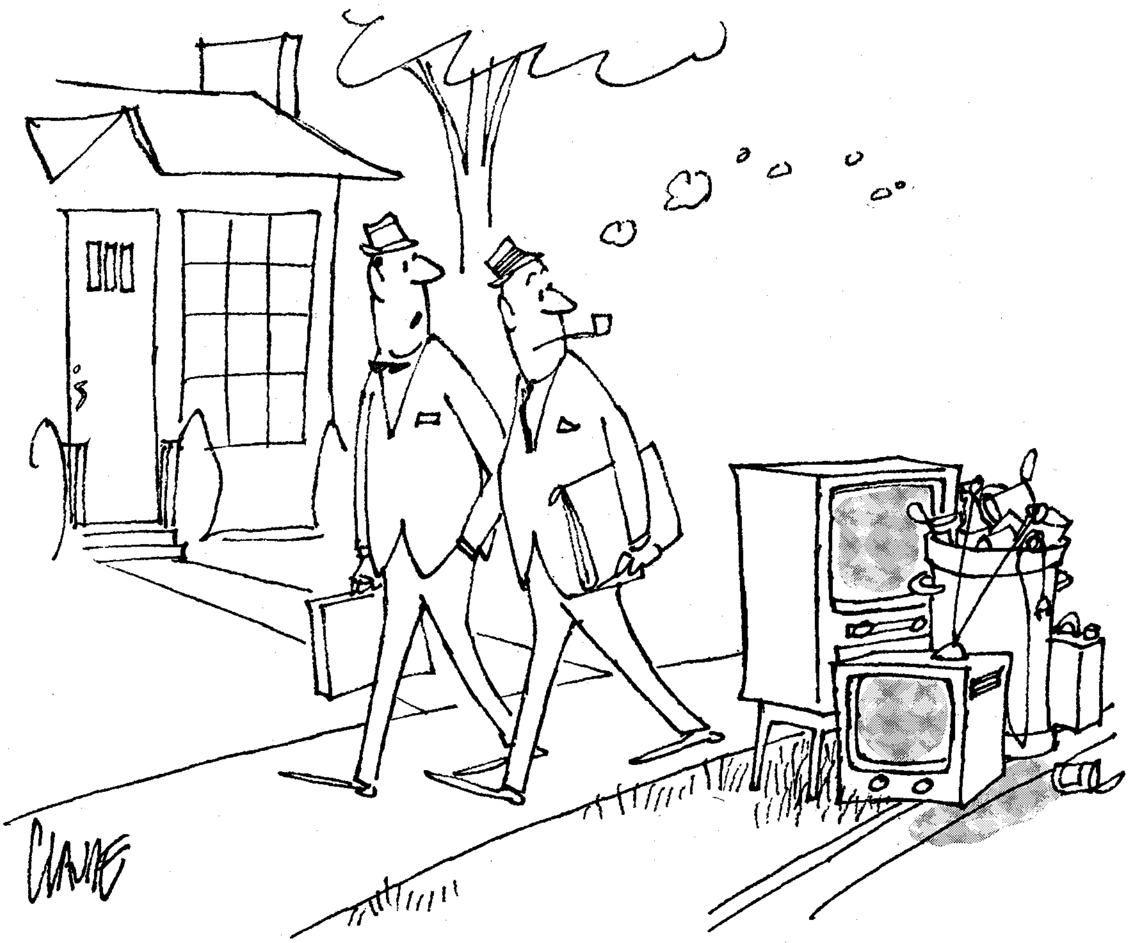
We found ourself first in the grand ballroom of the Biltmore, where the Aerospace Division of the Instrument Society of America was in the third, and final, day of its tenth annual National Aerospace Instrumentation Symposium. With the aid of beige-upholstered chairs set up in neat rows, the ballroom had been temporarily transformed into an auditorium seating three hundred or so, while the bandstand, where one would normally find Lester Lanin and his orchestra playing "Cheek to Cheek," had been fitted out with more chairs, a long conference table, and microphones. When we arrived, two men at the table on the bandstand were talking about—according to our notes—"Development of a Method to Demonstrate the Fine Pointing Accuracy of the OAO." A program lying on the chair next to ours informed us that we were sitting in on "a discussion of the development of a system to demonstrate a pointing accuracy of ±0.1 second of arc."

After listening for about ten minutes to the two men, whose names, we discovered from the program, were Val Dugandzic and Sheldon Minkowitz, and who certainly seemed to know



"I must say, you boys certainly know how to comfort a lonely wayfarer!"

what they were talking about, we tiptoed out of the ballroom and wandered down a corridor to the room in which the symposium had its official headquarters. Here we fell in with a Mr. Andrew Schneider, a cheerful, bespectacled man in his late thirties who is with Grumman Aircraft in Bethpage, and who explained to us that the symposium is held once a year so that aeronautical engineers may exchange information on specific technical problems they are encountering in their work. Some two hundred and fifty aeronautical engineers from all over the country were on hand, Mr. Schneider went on, and the symposium had gone smoothly except for one extraordinary incident. "It happened this morning, at our final breakfast meeting," said Mr. S., shaking his head. "Just minutes before he was scheduled to appear, the main speaker on the program excused himself, said he'd be back in a minute, and left the banquet room. And that's the last any of us saw of him—he never came back. He completely vanished."



"Somebody has certainly taken a giant step!"

• •

As Mr. Schneider continued to ponder the Mystery of the Vanished Breakfast Speaker, we dogtrotted over to the New York Hilton, where three hundred members of the American Astronautical Society were in the third day of a four-day annual meeting, their tenth. Edging through a crowd of the members, most of whom seemed to be youngish, jut-jawed, and vigorous, and most of whom, we learned, were also aeronautical engineers, or else scientists, in some way professionally involved in America's manned-space-flight program, we entered the Trianon Ballroom—another temporarily converted cha-cha arena, on the hotel's third floor. Here we attended a lecture by T. D. Smith, the director of the Missile and Space Systems Division of the Saturn Program for Douglas Aircraft, on "Technical Development Status of the S-IVB Stage: Saturn V Launch Vehicle." Mr. Smith's talk was somehow concerned with the launching of the Apollo space capsule into orbit. When he'd finished, to a highly appreciative round of applause, we strolled about briefly among the conventioneers, overhearing a good many twangy Southwestern accents; stopped by a bulletin board on which there were messages reading, "Dr. Whitson please contact Mr. Packin," and "Mr. Alibrando please call your Wash. office;" and then roamed into a deserted meeting room, in one corner of which a lean, ruddy-faced young man with a close-cropped crew cut was sitting alone and looking rather forlorn. The young man looked extremely familiar to us, and we had just about decided that he was a movie star when we suddenly realized that he was, of course, Commander Alan Shepard, astronaut.

Having scored eight points for seeing an astronaut in the flesh, we left the New York Hilton and taxied down to the New Yorker Hotel, where, on the third floor, the sixty-seventh meeting of the Acoustical Society of America was in full swing. Strolling into a reception room filled with Society members, most of whom were rather professorial types, we soon found ourself in conversation with the Society's secretary, a small, white-haired, pipe-smoking man named Wallace Waterfall, who told us that the Society consisted mainly of physicists, psychologists, physiologists, and musicians, and that about a thousand of them were in town for this year's meeting, which was considering such topics as underwater acoustics, electroacoustics, architectural acoustics, and physical acoustics. "But go listen to some of the papers for yourself," said Mr. Waterfall, and, taking his advice, we made our way down to the Terrace Room just in time to hear Mr. Lawrence S. Frishkopf read a report on "Excitation and Inhibition of Primary Auditory Neurons in the Little Brown Bat."

As Mr. Frishkopf finished reading his paper, and Mr. George R. Hanna stood up to read *his* paper, on "Neural-Information Processing in the Peripheral Auditory System of the Guinea Pig," we decided that it was time for us to be on our way once more, and headed for the Hotel Americana, where the World Bridge Federation's second Olympiad, an international team championship held every four years, was under way, in two series—one open, the other for women. Twenty-nine countries were participating in the open series, fourteen in the women's. Each team was represented in each match in its series by two pairs of players, competing at different tables. We took a seat at the rear of a vast, darkened auditorium dominated by a device called Bridge-O-Rama—a board that displayed bridge hands as they were played. A game in the open series was in progress between Great Britain and Italy, and a woman on our left filled us in by saying, "We're all hoping the Italians will knock the English clear out of the ring this hand. The English are first and the Italians are second, so that would give the United States, which is third, its best chance for the championship." The players themselves were nowhere in sight—we presumed that they were locked away in the bowels of the Americana—but a tableside announcer reported over a loudspeaker that the English had just bid four spades. The Italians came back with five clubs, and an excited ripple ran through the room. There followed a long silence, during which our informant explained that earlier, when this hand was played at the other table, the Italians had had the spades, and had bid them to a little slam and gone down two. "It's a tense moment," she said edgily.

Leaving the action at the Bridge-O-Rama board, we went into a large room where a number of international games in the women's series, with international kibitzers and visible players, were in progress, and pulled up at a table where two English ladies in black suits had just drubbed two American ladies in green dresses. All four wore brown-tinted glasses and were going over long cardboard score cards as if they were grocery bills. A member of the Swedish ladies' team, which had been trounced by the British ladies not long before, pointed out Mrs. Rixi Marcus, one of the two British players, to us, and said, "She is what is called in English a 'gameswoman.' She makes me very nervous. She plays rapidly and gets others to play faster than they should. I do this myself sometimes, but the trouble is she's *quicker.* I know she made your team nervous today." We then followed the two American women, who were themselves following their team captain into a conference room for a dressing down and a post-mortem of the game. "That's the first time I've seen you two make an error in your own bidding system," the captain said sternly. The two ladies, who didn't look the least bit chastened, protested vigorously, and then there was a short silence. We inquired whether there had been any excitement, any nervous moments, during the game. Mrs. Jan Stone, one of the ladies in green dresses, said, "No, except for the business over the shuffling. Mrs. Marcus didn't think I shuffled according to the regulations. I've been shuffling regulation all my life!"

ON our way out, we stopped off at the Bridge-O-Rama auditorium, where we watched the British clean out the Italians on a four-spade hand, which gave them the match, and then moved on to the fourth annual convention of the Modeling Association of America, for which over a hundred fashion models, representing ten modelling and charm schools in various parts of the country, had gathered at the Statler Hilton. We arrived at the Statler Hilton's Gold Ballroom just in time for a fashion-show contest that concluded the convention. The mannequins were all dressed fetchingly, and none of them had assumed the awkward, arms-akimbo positions to which mannequins are accustomed. Three young student models from Florida—Miss Sharon Hawthorne, who was wearing a billowing blue organza dress; Miss Jane Evans, in yellow Dacron-and-polyester; and Miss Becky Caswell, in golden raw silk—were standing near the door, and we asked them what tips they had picked up at the convention.

"Modelling is different in Florida than it is here," said Miss Evans. "We use the regular straight pivots and abrupt turns on the runway, while in New York movements are much smoother. Here, models come onto the runway with a slight kick, which we don't allow." Miss Evans demonstrated each of her statements as she made it, and her headmistress, Mrs. Pat Flesher, of the Pat Flesher Modeling and Finishing School, in Winter Park, Florida, looked on approvingly.

"In Florida, we're much *friendlier* on the runway," Miss Caswell said. "We smile more. Here it's all deadpan. We're after the healthy all-American look. In New York, models look more degenerate, like in Europe."

We fell in briefly with Mr. Richard Stember, an agent for models, who told us that one of his clients was the International Business Machines Corporation. "The modelling business is booming," he explained. "In every field, businessmen are realizing that it takes a pretty girl to sell a product these days. I.B.M. wanted some Spanish girls to advertise a new line of computers in South America. I was out of Spaniards, so I sent I.B.M. a couple of Italians and a Greek. It didn't make any difference. The point is computers are selling like hot cakes all over South America now."

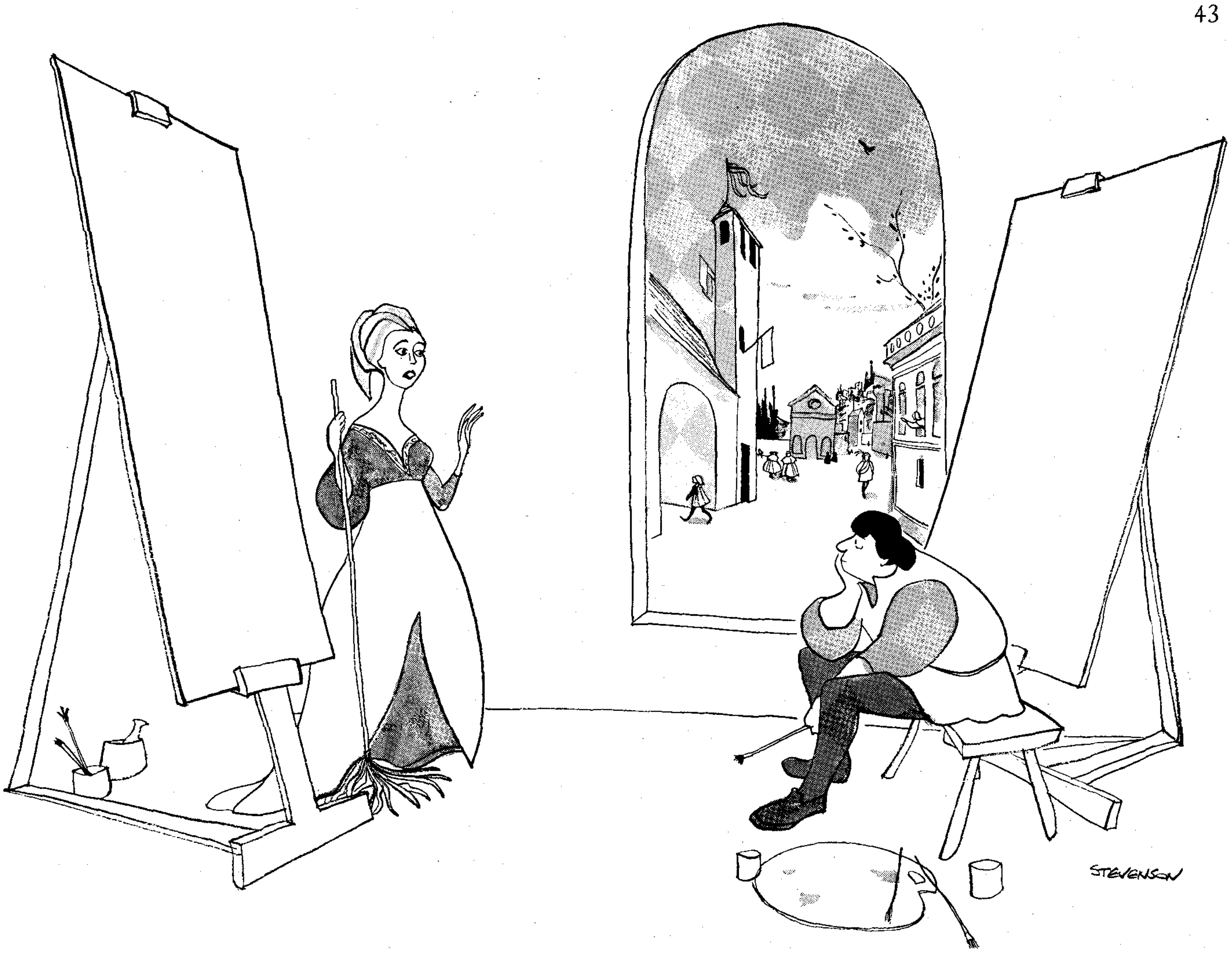
LASZLO
ICE CREAM
POPSICLES
FROSTICLES
DIXICUPS

We were separated from Mr. Stember by a model who rushed into another model's arms saying, "Darling, you look prettier than ever"—the ultimate compliment between mannequins. They explained to us that they hadn't seen each other since before Christmas, in Harrisburg, where they had modelled mink-lined bikinis together.

It was time for us to go.

AFTER hearing that we had just missed a meeting of the American Guernsey Cattle Club at the Holiday Inn, on West Fifty-seventh Street, we hurried back to the New York Hilton to look in on a meeting of the Library Binding Institute. We spent a minute or two studying a painting of watermelons in the Hilton lobby, and by the time we had taken the escalator up to the second floor and followed the directions of a helpful representative of the American Astronautical Society to Nassau Suite B, the Library people had gone, and the room was empty. We strolled down Seventh Avenue and noticed a man dressed in red jodhpurs, a black jacket, a black velvet cap, and black boots whistling for cabs outside the City Squire Motor Inn. Inside, we discovered that we had arrived too late for a 10 A.M. session of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Food Employees Union and too early to join a group called the Berger Society, which was to meet at 7 P.M. We then resolutely passed a crowd listening to Twist music outside the Metropole and headed for the Astor Hotel, where the calendar in the lobby indicated that the Yonkers Chapter of Hadassah had just finished lunch in the Crystal Room.

Fortunately, we managed to arrive back at the Statler Hilton during a press conference being held by the East German and West German members of the fourth International Symposium on Strata Control and Rock Mechanics, in the Terrace Ballroom. Although the room was gaily decorated with posters and red-and-white striped canopies, it was dimly lit by multicolored lamps, and the East and West Germans, who were seated at a long table facing a small group of photographers



"How is it, Domenico, that all the artists are enjoying a renaissance except you?"

• •

and reporters, were indistinguishable. The reporters seemed less interested in asking scientific or technical questions than in the mere presence of the East Germans, who, we were told, were the first to be permitted to visit this country. When it had been stated by several members of the panel—either in English or in German, which was translated by a lady interpreter—that the East Germans were not members of a delegation but had come to the conference individually, one of the mining engineers explained that for almost two hundred years miners had been trying to establish an international organization. While a mining society that included Goethe and some miners from Russia and Mexico had been formed three years before the French Revolution, he said, there were at the moment only national societies, which met at international conferences every few years. As a mining engineer from Essen was expatiating on the importance of such conferences for the evolution of mining techniques, especially in Europe, a reporter jumped up from his seat and rushed out of the room. A few minutes later, a young man clutching a pencil and a pad of paper rushed into the room. "Is anything happening?" he asked a man sitting near the door. No one, including the Germans on the panel, seemed to be very sure whether anything was.

Sky Blue

A TEN-YEAR-OLD friend of ours named Amy, who lives on the sixteenth floor of an apartment house at Madison Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street, was given a light-blue parakeet one day not long ago. She named the parakeet Sky Blue. At seven o'clock the next morning—a Saturday—Amy got out of bed and decided to put some food in Sky Blue's cage. As soon as she opened the cage door, Sky Blue flew across the room and out the window, which had been left open. Amy frantically woke up her parents and her younger sister. They all rushed downstairs and ran up and down Madison Avenue and along Eighty-fifth Street searching for Sky Blue. After an hour, Amy's parents and sister gave up, but Amy kept at it for another hour or so. Then she told the doorman of her building that she was going upstairs to clean Sky Blue's cage and put some food in it, and asked him to be sure to call her if he saw Sky Blue. He humored Amy. Sure, he said, he'd call the minute he saw Sky Blue. Around noon, the doorman announced on the house phone that an elderly gentleman was on his way up to see Amy. When the visitor—who looked about eighty—arrived, he told Amy that he lived on the twelfth floor of an apartment house two blocks away, and that as he was sitting down to breakfast, near an open window, a light-blue parakeet had flown in and settled on the picture molding. He had closed all his windows, eaten his breakfast, and then gone out and canvassed the neighborhood, asking doormen if they knew of anyone who had lost a parakeet. Amy accompanied him back to his apartment, carrying the empty cage. The elderly gentleman obtained a ladder, picked Sky Blue from the molding, and put him back in the cage, where he has been ever since.

We salute the perseverance of eighty-year-old gentlemen, ten-year-old girls, and parakeets of any age.

GREAT OAFS FROM LITTLE MONSTERS GROW

LOATHE it, condemn it, resist it if you will, but you can't ignore it: every day, in every way, youth is becoming more precocious. A friend of mine, just back from a year's residence in Italy, stoutly avers that of all the wonders he saw none compared with his *portiere's* baby, an infant less than fifteen months old. "He's a holy terror—a real *feroce*," he declared. "Hangs around the kitchen all day swilling Orvieto and smoking cheroots by the bundle, and if you so much as look at him he rips out a string of Neapolitan cuss words that'd curl your hair. You know those fat little jowls a baby has? Well, his are already blue from shaving, and twice during our stay there we caught him tickling the maid, a peasant girl from Calabria. I've got a hunch he's mixed up in the drug traffic."

To say, as will chauvinists, that the foregoing is an example of certain isolated cases confined to Mediterranean climes, whose cycle of growth is speedier than our own, is equivocation; in whatever field, whether politics, science, or the arts, the voice of the stripling is heard in the land, rising with cicadalike insistence. Only a few months ago, it penetrated to the book page of the *Times*, as follows: "Talent blooms ever earlier and earlier. A novel by Caroline Glyn, fifteen, called 'Don't Knock the Corners Off,' about a nine-year-old girl, will be published by Coward McCann on Jan. 3rd. The young British author is a great-granddaughter of Elinor Glyn. Mrs. Glyn wrote her first novel at the age of thirty-five and the romantic 'Three Weeks,' which was about a grown-up girl, when she was forty." In the theatre, where prodigies have always been a dime a dozen, the advent of a *Wunderkind* is naturally less momentous, but one exemplar a while back was so feisty that Frances Herridge, of the New York *Post*, judged him worthy of interview: "Producers don't come any younger than Peter Bogdanovich, who at twenty has spearheaded the $15,000 production of Clifford Odets' 'The Big Knife' at the Seven Arts Playhouse. . . . Peter made up his mind about theatre, he said, when he was fifteen and in Collegiate School. 'The dramatics club was putting on "The Rainmaker" and I had the title role. I worked so hard on it I did almost no schoolwork. Hadn't even cracked my chemistry book when we suddenly had an exam. I had to fake it. The upshot was I was accused of cheating and taken out of the play. I was so mad I wouldn't go to school for three weeks. . . . I've been able to learn more on my own,' he said—adding that in his spare time he was a drama and movie critic for *Ivy Magazine*, which goes to the Ivy League colleges. 'I'm a great finagler,' he said. 'That gets me in to the plays and movies for nothing.' "

Thanks to a sixth sense that warns me of the proximity of budding genius, I had always avoided exposure to it by nimble footwork until last week, when the machinations of a Broadway agent brought me to grief. Over the luncheon table and caught up in an ecstasy of Martinis, this busybody represented to a young producer, named, by a coincidence, Nimble Footwork, that I was an ideal choice to adapt some property of his for the stage. Inasmuch as a play had exploded in my face the past season, leaving contusions that were still purple, the idea filled me with repugnance, but in a moment of aberration I stopped by the office of the agent, Moe Joost, to discuss the matter.

"What have you got against the kid?" Joost was demanding heatedly. "He's wide awake, dynamic, a fireball! And, what's more, he's loaded—his old man manufactures those nose drops which they sell millions of gallons on television."

"I know, Moe, but he's a child," I protested. "Seventeen years old, for God's sake."

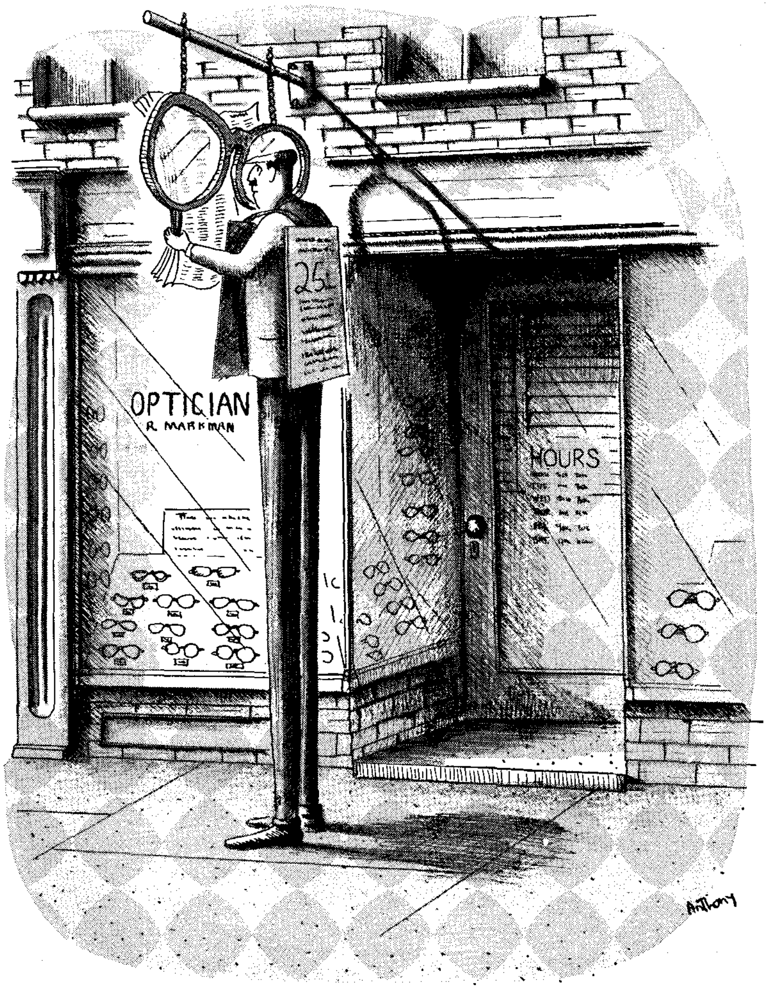
"Fourteen, to be exact," he corrected. "But that's beside the point. How old was Red Harris when he started in?"

"Do you mean Red Lewis or Jed Harris?" I asked, confused.

"Lewis, Harris—what difference does it make?" Joost snapped. "He was a mere squirt, and so was Mervyn Thalberg and Irving LeRoy. This lad is a real showman, I tell you." He energetically unfolded a copy of *Variety*. "Look at his schedule for next fall. A musical version of Nat Hawthorne's 'House of Seven Gables,' with Vera Hruba Ralston as Hester Prynne. Bulfinch's 'Age of Fable,' with an all-colored cast, directed by Mickey Rooney. 'Potash and Perlmutter' in modern dress, starring Laurence Olivier, with incidental music by John Cage. And, lastly, Ibsen's 'John Gabriel Borkman,' done entirely with puppets. Anybody has versatility like that, brother, you better latch on to him but fast."

"Well," I said reluctantly, "I *could* listen to what he's got in mind—"

"Sure, go over and intuit each other," Joost approved, clap-



ping me on the shoulder. “Now, hustle along—I’ll phone him you’re coming.” He paused, a trifle uncertainly. “Oh, by the way, one thing. Stay off the subject of nose drops—he’s a little sensitive about the family scratch. Not that he’s a snob, mind you—not at all. He’s a very simple person, just like you or I—do you know what I mean?”

“Mother, I’d like you to meet Alan Wyatt. We’re sharing a frog in Bio.”

I promised to commit no *gaffes*, nasal or financial, and headed for Footwork’s office, on Broadway in the lower Fifties. The directory in his building listed a profusion of fly-by-night enterprises—song pluggers, importers of banjo heads, jobbers of transvestite clothing—but nothing indicative of the individual I sought. After laboriously unscrambling the legend “Krowtoof Productions,” I realized that he was disguising himself in traditional fashion from creditors and revenue agents, and found my way to his cubicle. My arrival coincided with that of a wing-footed messenger from Lindy’s delivering a packet of sandwiches, and together we beat a prolonged tattoo on the door before evoking an answer. A sallow, dishevelled youth resembling Aubrey Beardsley in decline, with eyes that glittered like patent leather in a triangular face, greeted me breathlessly. “I’m on a long-distance call,” he panted, and grasped my hand wetly. “Pay off this guy for me, will you? I’ll straighten it out with you later.”

I complied, and as Footwork sprang back to the phone, fumbling open the sandwiches, I took discreet inventory of the premises. The usual theatrical office décor—the saccharine portraits of Harry Richman and the rump-sprung leather divan—was nowhere in evidence; instead, a neo-Calder mobile danced spastically overhead, and dotted among the Art Nouveau posters on the wall were half a dozen photographs of Gelber, Jack Richardson, and similar Delphic talents, their burning devotion to Footwork inscribed in the same suspiciously childlike scrawl. The young impresario, phone receiver wedged against his clavicle, was meanwhile dictating into it, between mouthfuls, an acid critique of “After the Fall,” the chief shortcoming of which, in his view, was a superfluity of polysyllabic words. Somewhere in his career, Footwork observed tauntingly, Arthur Miller had swallowed a dictionary, and his play, unintelligible to anyone under fifty, was destined to enrage and discomfit every adolescent.

“You probably wonder what that was all about, don’t you?” he said, chuckling, as he hung up and revolved toward me. I shook my head to signify a complete lack of interest. “So I gathered. Well, I cover the Broadway scene for *Coolsville*, the hippest high-school organ in the Buffalo area. I’m on the cuff at every box office, night spot, and eatery in town.”

“Except Lindy’s,” I qualified, clearing my throat. “Look, those sandwiches of yours came to two eighty-five, without the tip.”

“No kidding!” he marvelled. “Man, where could you get a meal like this under four bucks? But never mind—we’ll be bathing in champagne and caviar when our show hits the street, this I promise you. O.K., let’s get down to business, but first some background—”

A sudden crash of piano chords echoed through the wall separating us from the adjacent office. “Who on earth is that?” I demanded.

“Only the greatest, Dads,” he replied. “It’s the Duke—he’s writing the score for my new musical, ‘The Woodcarver of ’Lympus.’ And what a headache I had clearing *that* property, yuk-yuk. I saw it one night on the ‘Late Show’ and *boi-n-n-ng*, I get the inspiration—why not do this as a musical with the Duke and Lena and Walter Pidgeon, and, whammy, we zing in a couple of great production numbers with lots of pizzazz and dese and dose”—his hands molded voluptuous corsages from thin air—“and we’re home, man; I mean they’re naming banks after me, and the ice—oh, my God, it’s like Labrador. . . . Well, I spent a fortune in dimes phoning all those TV execs for the rights, and they wouldn’t budge, the bastards, so I told the Duke to go ahead anyway. What the hell, he needs an outlet for his energy—right?”

“This—ah—idea you wanted to discuss with me,” I reminded him.

“Oh, yes,” he said. He scratched his chin reflectively, then looked around at me with a winning smile. “I had my first shave day before yesterday,” he confided. “You’re probably too old to remember, but, man, what a gas it was—the steaming hot towels and the pull of the razor and the bay rum afterward. There's a wonderful theme for a kookie comedy there, like 'Ah, Wilderness!'—you know, all the nostalgia of putting on your first pair of longies and like that—" He broke off and stood up. "How do you like these, by the way?" he asked anxiously. "They're acrid and orlon, and the man at Barney's says they'll wear like iron."

"Scrumptious," I said, consulting my watch. "But listen, I'm afraid—"

"O.K., O.K.," he said hastily. "Well, here's the *drehdel*, the gist of my thinking. I was remembering back to those biographical plays on Roosevelt and Helen Keller and Freud, and it suddenly occurred to me there ought to be one dealing with peak incidents in the life of your various creative greats, such as Jonathan Swift, say, or Wagner or Alexandre Dumas." He gulped down a sour tomato in its entirety. "Now, take Swift, for instance. I see him pacing up and down his study in torment, with sheets of foolscap and a feather pen and musty volumes all over the joint. He's Despairsville, see, on account of he's got Vanessa and Stella Dallas on his back, and he's fed up with humanity, but good. Then, all at once, *voom!*—he stops and smites his forehead. 'I got it, I got it!' he hollers. 'I'll vent my spleen on the crumbs with a bitter parallel about a sailor! I'll have him captured by these teensy little midgets, and then by these kind horses, and then by these foolish philosophers in outer space. And I'll call the result . . . I'll call the result . . . "Gulliver's Travels"!' "

"A most original idea," I commented. "How about Wagner?"

"Well, with him you go for a big musical climax," said Footwork, plainly heartened by my encouragement. "At the beginning, he's also in his study, toiling over one of his compositions and marking down sharps and flats on a sheet of music. He tries this, tries that, but it's frustration time—Blocksville. Then, at his darkest hour, in comes his sweetheart—I forget her name."

"Wesendonk—Mathilde Wesendonk, I believe," I ventured.

"Check," he confirmed. "Wagner jumps up from the bench, grabs her in his arms, and they exchange a long kiss. 'Oh, Richard, hold me close,' she whispers. 'Your kisses are like wine.' So they smooch some more, and then he dives back to the piano and begins belting out this whole grandiose passage. 'What are you playing there, Rich?' she says. He looks up unseeingly. 'The rapture music from "Tristan and Isolde," ' he hollers. 'And I'm going to call it . . . I'm going to call it . . . the "Liebestod"!' "

"I see the general drift," I said. "Dumas—is he in his studio, too?"

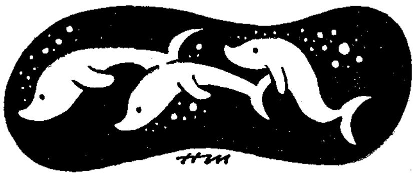
"No, that's the twisteroo," said Footwork. "He's in a sidewalk café, sipping a cognac. This waiter's telling him a story about a prisoner confined in a dungeon called the Château d'If, that he escapes by sewing himself up in a priest's shroud and then goes around revenging himself on his enemies. When the waiter finishes, Dumas flings down a coin and embraces him on both cheeks. 'Pierre,' he hollers. 'I'm going to write that chronicle, and I'm going to call it . . . I'm going to call it . . . "The Count of Monte Cristo"!' "

"Well," I ruminated. "Your three elements are dramatic enough, I suppose, but how are you going to combine them?"

"That's your job, Pappy," said Footwork insouciantly. "You're the writer."

"Oh, no, I'm not," I disclaimed. "Not unless I hear that magic golden lubricant gurgling into my account."

Footwork tapped a pencil thoughtfully against his teeth. "How much does it cost to get your thoughts on paper?" he asked at length.



"Well, fifty thousand pries the cover off the typewriter," I said. "For another fifty, I might negotiate a rough draft—just a working script, of course."

"That's pretty steep," he complained. "I had in mind a two-hundred-and-fifty-buck advance against a small royalty."

"Would you mind speaking a bit louder?" I requested. "My ears must be stopped up—I'll have to get me some of those what-you-McCall-'em nose drops."

Footwork turned a slow lacquer red—the color of a Burmese plate—and arose, jiggling the mobile above him into a state of unbearable agitation. Five minutes later, I was southward bound on Broadway, whistling as I walked.

The next morning, I received a call from Moe Joost, the burden of which was that I had created a very unfavorable impression. In his client's considered opinion, the project called for a much younger man, as I, for all my facile charm, was far too hidebound in my thinking. O.K.—I probably am. I just can't get over the fact that I never recovered the gelt for those sandwiches. Well, what the hell. Maybe I can worm it out of the Internal Revenue Service. —S. J. PERELMAN

BEISBOL IN CENTRAL PARK

(AT THE DIAMOND WITH THE PUERTO RICAN PIRATES)

"*¡Mira, mira!*" Riders of horses and
riders of cycles. Near center field, in jodhpurs,
booted, a girl trots on a spruce bay gelding
to a wide-walking cop, laughs,
whirls away, canters.

See the glass on the grassless slope
behind the backstop's cyclone fence,
earth-caked shards of a bottle, chance
remains of a drink, once transparent.

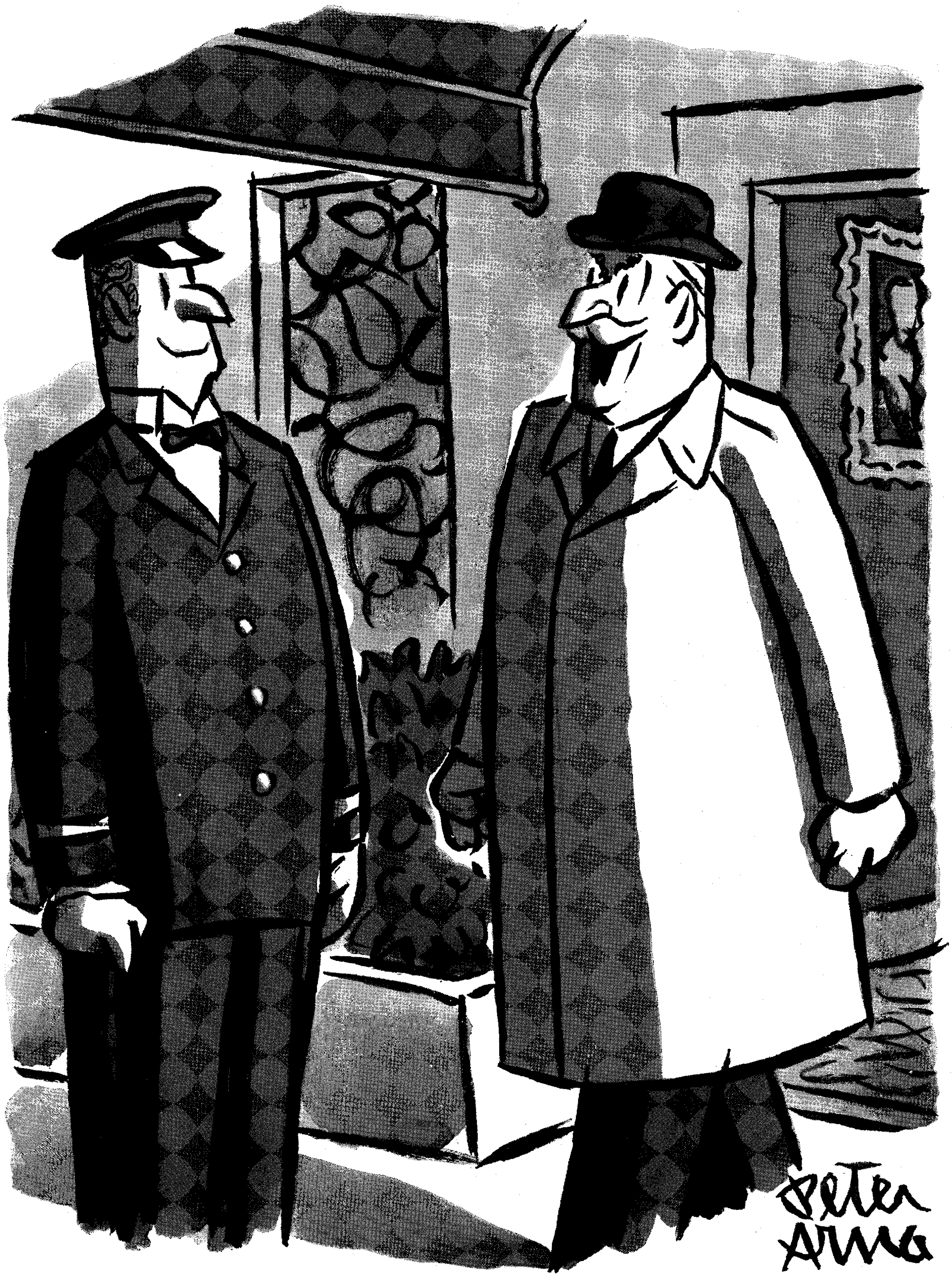
"*¡Maria, venga aquí!*" Where granite rises,
women sit in skirts and blouses,
eyes alert to the batter, backed
by the bronze-green dome of a church (setting
for a couple strolling—he thin-haired, lean,
a stick for a spear,
she sharp-chinned, with legs sun-reddened—
"Whittier? Who reads Whittier?").

Outfielders shift, sneakered, blue-jeaned.
The shortstop races a graceless pup.
Clean-hit, the mitt-worn softball flies.
"*¡Bueno, Paquito—buena cogida! ¡Bravo, bravo!*"

Two girls in navy blue and white
walk past the Tavern-on-the-Green.

—WALLACE WHITE

• •



"What a magnificent day, Andrews! I've a good mind to zip out my lining!"

THE LUZHIN DEFENSE

PART II

LUZHIN obtained his first point in the Berlin tournament by defeating an extremely tenacious Hungarian. The game was adjourned after forty moves, but the continuation was perfectly clear to Luzhin. To a faceless taxi-driver he read aloud the address on a postcard ("We've come. *Zhdyom vas vecherom*"—"Expecting you this evening") and having imperceptibly surmounted the dim accidental distance between the café where the chess tournament was held and the door of his fiancée's family's apartment, he cautiously tried to pull the ring out of the lion's jaws. The bell leapt into action immediately; the door flew open.

"What, no overcoat?" she said. "I won't let you in."

But he had already stepped over the threshold, and was waving his arm and shaking his head in an attempt to overcome his shortness of breath. "Pfoof, pfoof," he gasped, preparing himself for a wonderful embrace, and then noticed that his left hand held an unnecessary cane and his right his billfold.

"Wearing that black monster of a hat again. . . . Well, why are you standing there? This way."

His cane dived safely into a vaselike receptacle; his billfold, at the second thrust, found the right pocket; and his hat was hung on a hook. "Here I am," he said, "pfoof, pfoof."

She was already far away, at the far end of the entrance hall; she pushed open a sliding door, her bare arm extended along the jamb, bending her head and gaily looking up at Luzhin. Over the door, there was a large, vivid oil painting that caught the eye. Luzhin, who normally did not notice such things, gave his attention to it because it was greasily glossed with electric light and the colors dazed him, like a sunstroke. A village girl in a red kerchief coming down to her eyebrows was eating an apple, and her black shadow on a fence was eating a slightly larger apple.

"A Russian *baba*," Luzhin said with relish, and laughed.

"Well, come in, come in. Don't upset that table."

He entered the drawing room and went all limp with pleasure, and his stomach, beneath the velvet waistcoat he always wore during tournaments, quivered with laughter. The yellow parquetry reflected the legs of Empire armchairs. In front of the piano lay a white bearskin with spread paws, as if flying in the shiny abyss of the floor. All sorts of festive-looking knickknacks were on numerous small tables, shelves, and consoles, while something resembling big, heavy rubles gleamed silver in a cabinet, and a peacock feather stuck out from behind the frame of a mirror. And there were lots of pictures on the walls—more country girls in flowered kerchiefs, a golden bogatyr on a white draft horse, log cabins beneath blue featherbeds of snow. All this, for Luzhin, merged into an affecting glitter of color, from which a separate object would momentarily leap out—a porcelain moose or a dark-eyed ikon—and then again there would be that gay rippling in his eyes. He tripped over the polar-bear rug, which turned out to have a scalloped red lining. It was more than ten years since he had been in a Russian home, and he experienced a childish elation, a desire to clap his hands. Never in his life had he felt so cozy and so at ease.

"Left over from Easter," he said, pointing at a large gold-patterned wooden egg (a tombola prize from a charity ball).

At that moment a white double-leafed door burst open and a very upright gentleman with his hair *en brosse* and a pince-nez came swiftly into the room, one hand already stretched out. "Welcome," he said. "Pleased to meet you." Here, like a conjurer, he opened a handmade cigarette case that had an Alexander I eagle on the lid.

"With mouthpieces," said Luzhin, squinting at the cigarettes. "I don't smoke that kind. But look . . ." He began to burrow in his pockets, extracting some thick cigarettes that were spilling from a paper pack. He dropped several of them, and the gentleman nimbly picked them up.

"My pet," he said, "get us an ashtray. Please take a seat. Excuse me . . . er . . . I don't know your name and patronymic?"

A crystal ashtray came down between them, and, simultaneously dipping their cigarettes, they knocked the ends together.

"*J'adoube*," said the chess player good-naturedly, straightening his bent cigarette.

"Never mind, never mind," said the other quickly, and expelled two thin streams of smoke through the nostrils of his suddenly narrowed nose. "Well, here you are in our good old Berlin. My daughter tells me you came for a contest." He freed a starched cuff, placed one hand on his hip, and continued, "By the way, I have always wondered, is there a move in chess that always enables one to win? I don't know if you understand me, but what I mean is . . . Sorry . . . your name and patronymic?"

"I understand," said Luzhin, conscientiously considering for a moment. "You see, we have quiet moves and strong moves. A strong move—"

AVARICIOUS

"Ah yes, yes, so that's it," said the gentleman, nodding.

"—a strong move is one that immediately gives us an undoubted advantage. A double check, for example, with the taking of a heavyweight piece, or, say, when a pawn is queened. Et cetera, et cetera. And a quiet move—"

"I see, I see," said the gentleman. "About how many days will the contest last?"

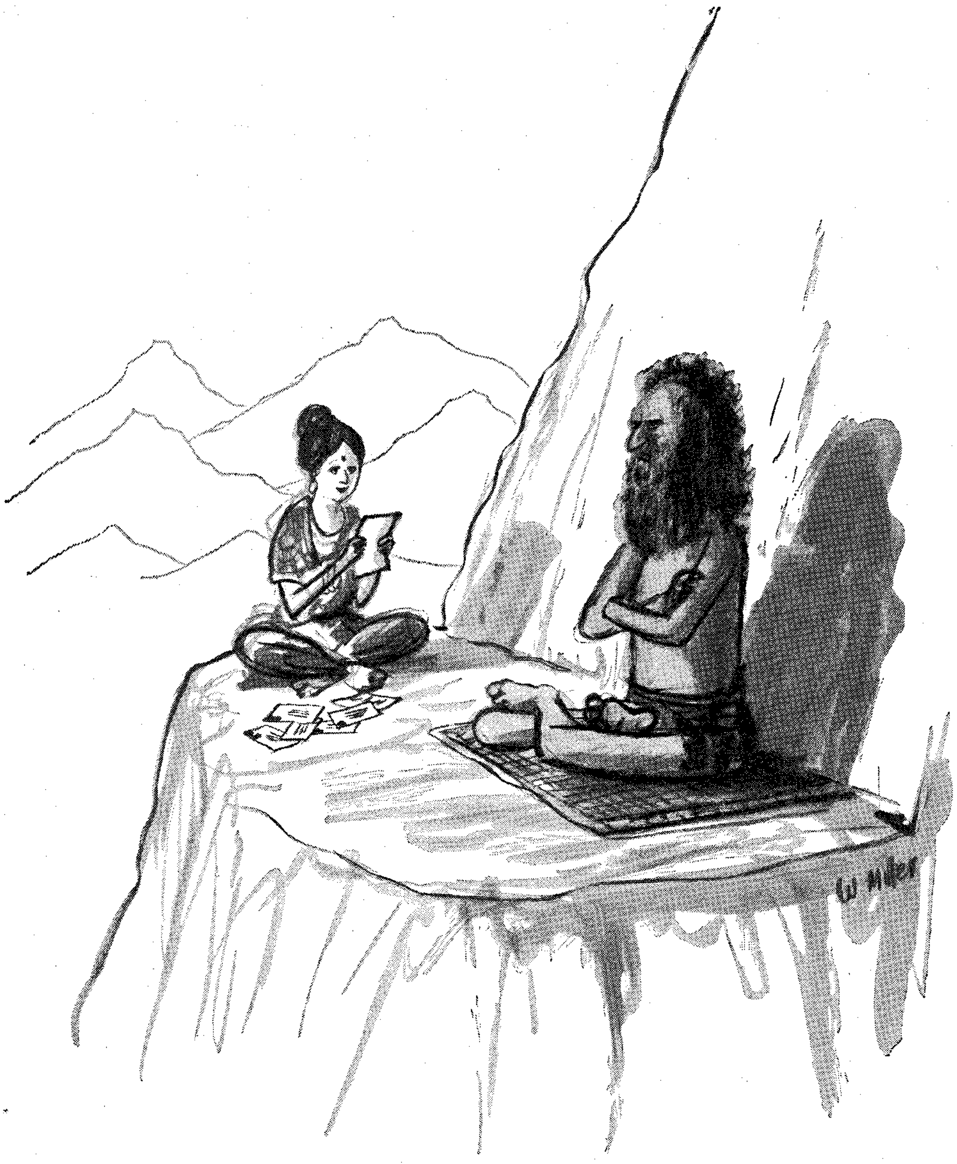
"—a quiet move implies trickery, subversion, complication," said Luzhin, trying to please but also entering into the spirit of things. "Let's take some position. White . . ." He pondered, staring at the ashtray.

"Unfortunately, I don't understand anything about chess. I only asked you— But that does not matter at all, at all. In a moment we'll proceed to the dining room. Tell me, my pet, is tea ready?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Luzhin. "We'll simply take the end-game position at the point it was interrupted today. White: king c3, rook a1, knight d5, pawns b3 and c4. Black—"

"A complicated thing, chess," interjected the gentleman, and he jumped to his feet, trying to cut off the flood of letters and numbers having some kind of relation to black.

"Let us suppose now," said Luzhin weightily, "that black makes the best possible move in this position—e6 to g5. To this I reply with the following quiet move. . . ." Luzhin narrowed his eyes and almost in a whisper, pursing his lips as for a careful kiss, emitted not words, not the mere designation of a move, but something most tender and infinitely fragile.



"Here's an interesting question from a housewife in Winnetka, Illinois, U. S. A."

• •

THE same expression was on his face when, the following day, he embodied this move on the board. The Hungarian, sallow-cheeked after a sleepless night, during which he had managed to check all the variations (leading to a draw) but had failed to notice just this one hidden combination, sank into deep meditation over the board, while Luzhin, with a finicky little cough, lovingly noted his own move on a sheet of paper.

The Hungarian soon resigned, and Luzhin sat down to play with a Russian. The game began interestingly, and a solid ring of spectators formed around their table. The curiosity, the pressure, the cracking of joints, the alien breathing, and most of all the whispering—whispering interrupted by a still louder and more irritating "Shush!"—frequently tormented Luzhin; he was keenly affected by this cracking and rustling and smelly human warmth if he did not retreat too deeply into the abysses of chess. Out of the corner of his eye he now saw the legs of the bystanders, and he found particularly irritating, among all those dark trousers, a woman's feet in gleaming gray stockings and bluish shoes. These feet obviously understood nothing of the game. One wondered why they had come. . . . Those pointed shoes with transverse straps or something would be better clicking along the sidewalk . . . as far away as possible from here.

While stopping his clock, jotting down a move, or putting a captured piece aside, he would glance askance at these motionless feminine feet, and only an hour and a half later, when he had won the game and stood up, tugging at his waistcoat, did Luzhin see that the feet belonged to his fiancée. He experienced a keen sense of happiness that she had been there to see him win, and he waited avidly for the chessboards and all these noisy people to disappear, in order the sooner to caress her.

But the chessboards did not disappear immediately, and even when the bright dining room appeared, together with its huge, brassy, bright samovar, indistinct regular squares showed through the white tablecloth, and similar squares—chocolate and cream ones—were indubitably there on the frosted cake. His fiancée's mother met him with the same condescending, slightly ironic indulgence with which she had greeted him the night before, when her appearance had put an end to the conversation about chess, and the person with whom he had talked—his fiancée's father, evidently—now started to tell him what a model country estate he had owned in Russia.

"Let's go to your room," Luzhin whispered hoarsely to his betrothed, and she bit her lip and looked surprised. "Let's go," he repeated. But she adroitly placed some heavenly raspberry jam on his glass plate, and this sticky, dazzlingly red sweetness, which ran over the tongue like granular fire and gummed the teeth with fragrant sugar, took immediate effect. "*Merci, merci*," Luzhin said, bowing, as he was served a second helping, and amid deathly silence he smacked his lips again, licking his spoon, which was still hot from the tea, for fear of losing even a single drop of the entrancing syrup. And when finally he got his own way and found himself alone with her—not, it is true, in her room, but in the gaudy drawing room—he drew her to him and sat down heavily, holding her by the wrists, but she silently freed herself, circled, and sat down on a hassock.

"I have not at all made up my mind yet whether to marry you," she said. "Remember that."

"Everything's decided," said Luzhin. "If they won't let you, we'll use force to make them sign."

"Sign what?" she asked with surprise.

"I don't know. . . . But it seems we need some kind of signature or other."

"Impenetrable and incorrigible stupidity. What am I to do with you? . . . And how tired you look. I'm sure it's bad for you to play so much."

"*Ach wo*," said Luzhin, "a couple of little games."

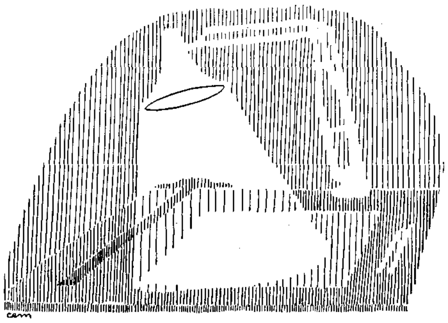
"And at night you keep thinking. You mustn't do it. It's already late, you know. Go home. You need sleep, that's what."

He remained sitting on the striped sofa, however, and she thought in dismay about the kind of conversations they had—a poke here, a dab there, and disconnected words. And not once so far had he kissed her properly. All was bizarre and distorted, and when he touched her, not a single movement of his resembled a normal human embrace. But that forlorn devotion in his eyes, that mysterious light that had illumined him when he bent over the chessboard . . .

The following day, she again felt the urge to visit those silent premises on the second floor of a large café on a narrow, noisy street. This time Luzhin noticed her at once. He was conversing in low tones with a broad-shouldered, clean-shaven man, whose short-cropped hair seemed to have been closely fitted to his head and came down onto his forehead in a small peak; his thick lips were infolding and sucking an extinguished cigar. An artist who had been sent by his newspaper, lifting and lowering his face like a brass doll with a movable head, was swiftly sketching the profile with the cigar. Glancing at his pad as she passed, she saw next to this rudimentary Turati an already completed Luzhin—exaggeratedly doleful nose, dark-stippled double chin, and on the temple that familiar lock, which she called a curl. Turati sat down to play with a German grand master, and Luzhin came up to her and gloomily, with a guilty smile, said something long and clumsy. She realized with surprise that he was asking her to leave.

"I'm glad—I'm very glad post factum," explained Luzhin pleadingly, "but for the moment . . . for the moment it somehow disturbs me."

He followed her with his eyes as she obediently withdrew between the rows of chess tables, and, after nodding briskly to himself, he made his way to the board where his new opponent was already seating himself, a grizzled Englishman who played with invariable sang-froid and invariably lost. Neither was he lucky this time, and Luzhin again won a point, and the next day he achieved a draw, and then again won—and by that time he no longer felt distinctly the boundary between chess and his fiancée's home, as if movement had been speeded up and what at first had seemed an alternation of strips was now a flicker.



He moved in step with Turati. Turati scored a point and he scored a point; Turati scored a half and he scored a half. Thus they proceeded with their separate games, as if mounting the sides of an isosceles triangle and destined at the decisive moment to meet at the apex.

The nights were somehow bumpy. Although Luzhin felt drowsy, sleep could find no way into his brain; it searched for a loophole, but every entrance was guarded by a chess sentry, and he had the agonizing feeling that sleep was just there, close by, but on the outside of his brain. The Luzhin who was wearily scattered around the room slumbered, but the Luzhin who visualized a chessboard stayed awake and was unable to merge with his happy double. But still worse—after each session of the tournament he crawled out of the world of chess concepts with greater difficulty, and so an unpleasant split began to appear even in daytime. After a three-hour game his head

• •

THE SALMON REMEMBERS

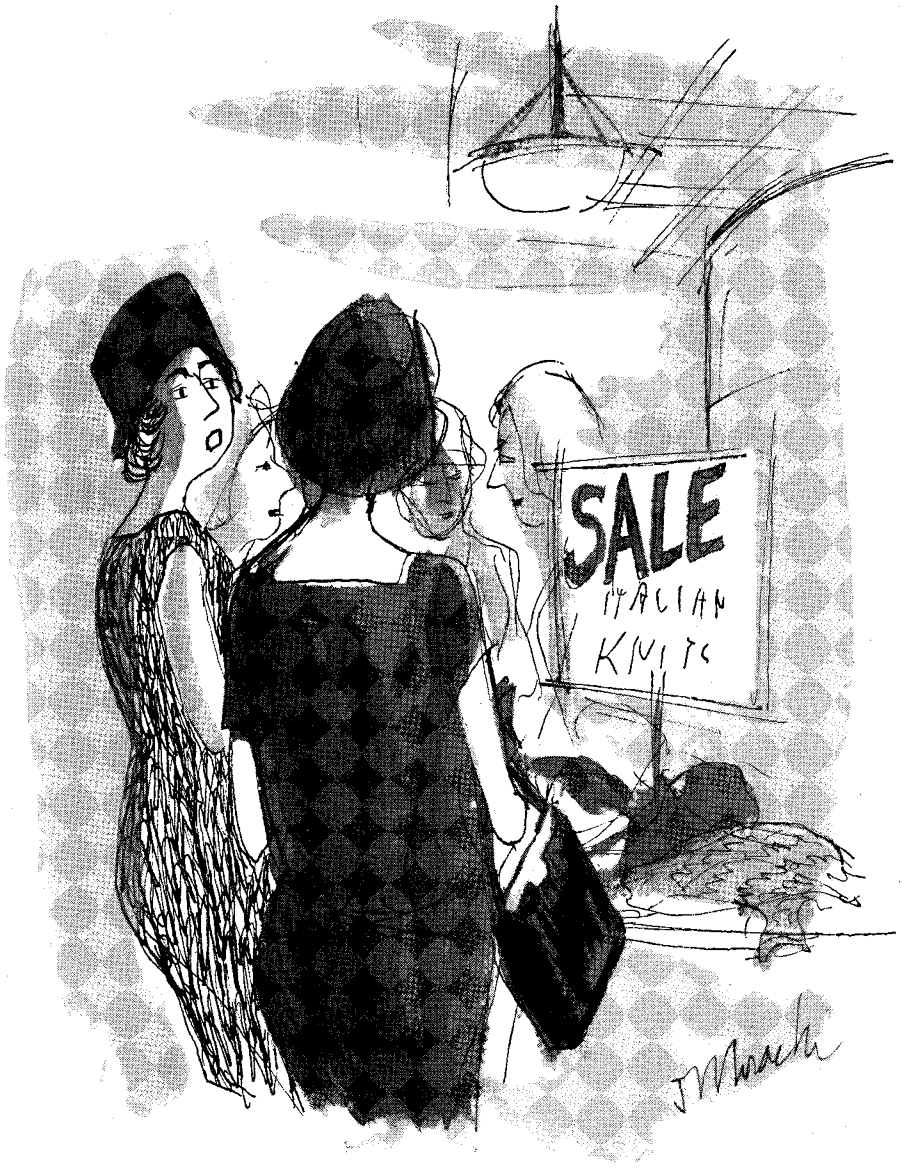
The salmon remembers the upland egg;
Even in the teeming current he remembers,
Off birchy Labrador, and must turn tail
Although his womb shall have his carcass;
He points himself to the great water-staircase.

Through all the strings and gates of the Atlantic,
He needles toward his British east,
Unswung by hurricane or berg-route;
Then he is entering under the sheer
Butt of the guardland; and now the follied pier,

And now the estuarial flats, and now
The cruising through the buttercuppy walls,
And, worst, the crazy pole vault over the weir.
Lusus naturae, he is still
The drop of water always flowing uphill.

Purple on black the reflected heather bushes . . .
His world is hushed and peaty under rushes—
A pool that's hanging on a fragile burn.
Yet here he mates and ceases, and to the sea
Only the sandings of his cells return.

—Hilary Corke



"It may be helping the economy, but it isn't helping our marriage. We're constantly bickering over what's happened to our tax cut."

• •

ached strangely—not all of it but in parts, in black squares of pain, and for a while he could not find the door, which was obscured by a black spot, nor could he remember the address of the cherished house. Luckily, his pocket still preserved that old postcard, folded in two and already tearing along the crease ("... *vas vecherom*"—"expecting you this evening").

He still continued to feel joy when he entered this house filled with Russian toys, but the joy, too, was spotty. Once, on a day with no play, he came earlier than usual, when only his fiancée's mother was at home. First of all, she scolded Luzhin for leaving cigarette butts in all the vases and even in the jaws of the spread-eagled bear. Then she suggested that, this very Saturday evening, he take a bath here, after her husband had finished his own weekly ablutions.

"I daresay you don't wash often," she said. "Not too often? Admit it, now."

Luzhin gloomily shrugged his shoulders, looking at the floor, where a slight movement was taking place perceptible to him alone—an evil differentiation of shadows.

Having thus put her visitor in the right mood, she went on to the main subject. "I imagine you've tried to debauch my little girl? People like you are great lechers. But my daughter is chaste, not like today's girls. Tell me, you are a lecher, aren't you?"

"No, Madame," replied Luzhin with a sigh, and then he frowned and quickly drew the sole of his shoe over the floor, obliterating a certain grouping that was already quite distinct.

"Why, I don't know you at all," continued the swift, sonorous voice. "I shall have to make inquiries about you—yes, yes, inquiries—to see if you haven't one of those special diseases."

"Shortness of breath," said Luzhin, "and also a bit of rheumatism."

"I'm not talking about that," she interrupted crossly. "It's a serious matter. You evidently consider yourself engaged. You come here, and you spend time alone with her. But I don't think there can be any talk of marriage for a while."

Having stamped out a shadow in one place, he saw with despair that far from where he was sitting a new combination was taking shape on the floor.

"If you are in the least interested in my opinion, then I must tell you I consider this match ridiculous. You probably think my husband will support you. Admit it—you do think that?"

"I am in straitened circumstances," said Luzhin. "I would need very little. And a magazine has asked me to edit its chess section...." Here the nuisances on the floor became so brazen that Luzhin involuntarily put out a hand to remove shadow's king from the threat of light's pawn.

FROM that day on, he avoided sitting in that drawing room, where there were too many knickknacks of polished wood that assumed very definite features if you looked at them long enough. His fiancée noticed that with each day of the tournament he looked worse and worse. His eyes were ringed with dull violet, and his heavy lids were inflamed. He was so pale that he always seemed ill-shaven, although, on his fiancée's insistence, he shaved every morning. She awaited the end of the tournament with great impatience, and it pained her to think what fabulous, harmful exertions he had to make to gain each point. Poor Luzhin, mysterious Luzhin....

She believed unconditionally in his genius and was convinced that it was not limited to the mere playing of chess, however wonderful that might be, and that when the tournament fever had passed and Luzhin had calmed down, he would rest, and within him still unfathomed forces would come into play and he would blossom out and display his gift in other spheres of life as well. Her father called Luzhin a narrow fanatic, but added that he was undoubtedly a very naïve and very respectable person. Her mother, on the other hand, maintained that Luzhin was going out of his mind not by the day but by the hour, and pointed out that lunatics were forbidden by law to marry.

At first, her mother concealed the in-

conceivable fiancé from all her friends, letting them think she was still at the resort with her daughter. But then, very soon, all those people who usually frequented their house discovered that they were at home, and began coming to see them—such as a charming old general, who maintained that it was not Russia we expatriates regretted but youth, youth; a couple of Russian Germans; Oleg Sergeyevich Smirnovsky, who was a theosophist and the proprietor of a liqueur factory; several former officers of the White Army; several young ladies; the singer Mme. Vozdvishenskya; and also the aged Princess Umanova, whom they called the Queen of Spades (after the opera). She concluded from a hasty and unintelligible explanation by the mistress of the house that Luzhin had some kind of connection with literature, with magazines—was, in a word, an author. Smirnovsky lost no time in asking him for a game of chess, but unfortunately there proved to be no set in the house. The old general exhorted him at length to go see the little giraffe that had just been born at the zoo.

Once the visitors began to come, and they appeared every evening now in various combinations, Luzhin was unable to be alone with his fiancée for a single moment, and his struggle with them, his efforts to penetrate through the thick of them to her, immediately took on a tinge of chess. However, it proved impossible to overcome them; more and more of them appeared, and he fancied it was they, these numberless, faceless visitors, who densely and hotly surrounded him during the hours of the tournament.

An explanation of all that was happening came one morning when he was sitting on a chair in the middle of his hotel room and trying to concentrate his thoughts on one thing alone; yesterday he had won his tenth point, and today he had to beat Moser. Suddenly his fiancée entered the room.

"Just like a little idol," she said, and laughed. "Sitting in the middle of the temple, while sacrificial gifts are brought to him." She held out a box of chocolates, and abruptly the laughter disappeared from her face. "Luzhin!" she cried. "Luzhin, wake up! What's the matter with you?"

"Are you real?" asked Luzhin softly and unbelievingly.

"Of course I'm real. What a thing to do, to put your chair in the middle of the room and sit there! If you don't rouse yourself immediately, I'm leaving."

Luzhin obediently moved to the couch, and a happiness that was not quite sure of itself, not quite settled, shone and swam in his eyes.

"Tell me, when will this end?" she asked. "How many games to go?"

"Three."

"I read today in the newspaper that you are bound to win the tournament—that this time you are playing extraordinarily."

"But there's Turati," said Luzhin, and raised his finger. "I feel sick to my stomach," he added mournfully.

"Then no candies for you," she said, and tucked the square package under her arm again. "Luzhin, I'm going to call a doctor. You'll simply die if it goes on like this."

"No, no," he said sleepily. "It's already passed. There's no need for a doctor."

"It worries me. That means till Friday, till Saturday . . . this hell. And at home things are pretty grim. Everyone's agreed with Mama that I mustn't marry you. Why were you feeling sick? Have you eaten something or other?"

"It's gone, completely," Luzhin muttered, and he put his head down on her shoulder.

"You're simply very tired, poor boy. Are you really going to play today?"

"At three o'clock. Against Moser. In general I'm playing . . . how did they put it?"

"'Extraordinarily.'" She smiled. The head lying on her shoulder was large, heavy—a precious apparatus with a complex, mysterious mechanism. A minute later, she noticed that he had fallen asleep. With extremely careful movements she managed to transfer his head to a cushion; he was now half lying on the couch, uncomfortably doubled up, and the head on the pillow was waxen. For a moment she was seized with horror lest he had died suddenly, and she even felt his wrist, which was soft and warm. When she straightened up, she felt a twinge of pain in her shoulder. "A heavy head," she whispered as she looked at the sleeper, and quietly left the room, taking her unsuccessful present with her. She asked the chambermaid she met in the corridor to wake Luzhin in an hour, and, descending the stairs soundlessly, she set off through sunlit streets for the tennis club—and caught herself still trying not to make a noise or any sharp movements.

The chambermaid did not have to wake Luzhin; he awoke by himself, and immediately made strenuous efforts to recall the delightful dream he had dreamed, knowing from experience that if you didn't begin immediately to recall a dream, later would be too late. He had dreamed he was sitting strangely—in the middle of the room—and suddenly, with the absurd and blissful suddenness usual in dreams, his fiancée entered, holding out a package tied with red ribbon. She was dressed also in the style of dreams—in a white dress and soundless white shoes. He wanted to embrace her, but felt sick. His head whirled, and she, in the meantime, related that the newspapers were writing extraordinary things about him but that her mother still did not want them to marry. Probably there was much more, but his memory failed to overtake what was receding—and, trying not to disperse what he had managed to recover from his dream, Luzhin stirred cautiously,

smoothed down his hair, and rang for dinner to be brought.

After dinner he had to play, and that day the universe of chess concepts revealed an awesome power. He played four hours without pause and won, but when he was already sitting in the taxi, he forgot on the way where it was he was going, what postcard address he had given the driver to read, and he waited with interest to see where the car would stop.

The house, however, he recognized, and again there were guests, guests—but here Luzhin realized that he had simply returned to his recent dream, for his fiancée asked him in a whisper, "Well, how are you? Has the sickness gone?," and how could she have known about this in real life?

"We're living in a fine dream," he said to her softly. "Now I understand everything." He looked about him and saw the table and the faces of people sitting there, their reflection in the samovar—in a special samovarian perspective—and added with tremendous relief, "So this, too, is a dream? These people are a dream? Well, well . . ."

"Quiet, quiet. What are you babbling about?" she whispered anxiously, and Luzhin thought she was right: one should not scare off a dream; let them sit there, these people, for the time being. But the most remarkable thing about this dream was that all around, evidently, was Russia, which the sleeper himself had left ages ago. The inhabitants of the dream, gay people drinking tea, were conversing in Russian, and the sugar bowl was identical with the one from which he had helped himself to powdered sugar on the veranda on a scarlet summer evening many years ago. Luzhin noted this return to Russia with interest, with pleasure. It diverted him especially as the witty repetition of a particular combination, which occurs, for example, when a strictly problem idea, long since discovered in theory, is repeated in a striking guise on the board in live play.

The whole time, however—now feebly, now sharply—shadows of his real chess life would show through this dream, and finally that life broke through, and it was simply night in the hotel, chess thoughts, chess insomnia, and meditations on the drastic defense he had invented to counter Turati's opening. He was wide awake, and his mind worked clearly, purged of all dross and aware that everything apart from chess was only an enchanting dream, in which, like the golden haze of the moon, the image of a sweet, clear-eyed maiden with bare arms dissolved and melted. The rays of his consciousness, which were wont to disperse when they came into contact with the incompletely intelligible world surrounding him, thereby losing one half of their force, had grown stronger and more concentrated now that this world had dissolved into a mirage and there was no longer any need to worry about it. Real life, chess life, was orderly, clear-cut, and rich in adventure, and Luzhin noted with pride how easy it was for him to reign in this life, and the way everything obeyed his will and bowed to his schemes. Some of the games at the Berlin tournament had already been termed immortal by connoisseurs. He had won one game after sacrificing in succession his queen, a rook, and a knight; in another he had placed a pawn in such a dynamic position that it acquired an absolutely monstrous force and continued to grow and swell, balefully for his opponent, in the tenderest part of the board; and finally, in a third game, by means of an apparently absurd move that provoked a murmuring among the spectators, Luzhin constructed an elaborate trap for his opponent that the latter divined too late. In these games and in all the others that he played at this unforgettable tournament, he manifested a stunning clarity of thought, a merciless logic. But Turati also played brilliantly; Turati also scored point after point, somewhat hypnotizing his opponents with the boldness of his imagination, and trusting too much, perhaps, to the chess luck that till now had never deserted him. His meeting with Luzhin was to decide who would get first prize, and there were those who said that the limpidity and lightness of Luzhin's thought would prevail over the Italian's tumultuous fantasy, and there were those who forecast that the fiery, swift-swooping Turati would defeat the farsighted Russian player. And the day of their meeting arrived.

LUZHIN awoke fully dressed, even wearing his overcoat; he looked at his watch, rose hastily, and put on his hat, which had been lying in the middle of the room. At this point he recollected himself and looked round the room, trying to understand what exactly he had slept on. His bed was unrumpled and the velvet of the couch was completely smooth. The only thing he knew for sure was that from time immemorial he had been playing chess—and in the darkness of his memory, as in two mirrors reflecting a candle, there was only a vista of converging lights, with Luzhin sitting at a chessboard, and again Luzhin at a chessboard, only smaller, and then smaller still, and so on, an infinity of times. But he was late, he was late, and he had to hurry. He swiftly opened the door and stopped in bewilderment. The chess hall, and his table, and the waiting Turati should have been right here. Instead, he saw an empty corridor and a staircase beyond it. Suddenly from that direction, from the stairs, a little man came running. He caught sight of Luzhin and spread out his hands.

"Maestro!" he exclaimed. "What is this? They are waiting for you! They are waiting for you, Maestro. . . . I telephoned you three times, and they said you didn't answer their knocks. Signor

Turati has been at his post a long time."

"They removed it," said Luzhin sourly, pointing to the empty corridor with his cane. "How was I to know that everything would be removed?"

"If you don't feel well . . ." began the little man, looking sadly at Luzhin's pale, glistening face.

"Well, take me there!" Luzhin cried in a shrill voice, and banged his cane on the floor.

"With pleasure, with pleasure!" muttered the other distractedly. His gaze concentrated on the little overcoat with its raised collar running in front of him, Luzhin began to conquer the incomprehensible space.

"We'll go on foot," said his guide. "It's exactly a minute's walk."

With a feeling of relief, Luzhin recognized the revolving doors of the café and then the staircase, and finally he saw what he had been looking for in the hotel corridor. Upon entering, he immediately felt fullness of life, calm, clarity, and confidence. "There's a big victory coming," he said loudly, and a crowd of dim people parted in order to let him through.

"*Tard, tard, très tard,*" jabbered Turati, materializing suddenly and shaking his head.

"*Avanti,*" said Luzhin, and laughed. A table appeared between them, and upon it was a board with pieces set out ready for battle. Luzhin took a cigarette from his waistcoat pocket and lit up.

At this point a strange thing happened. Turati, although he had white, did not launch his famous opening, and the defense Luzhin had worked out proved an utter waste. Whether because Turati had anticipated possible complications or else had simply decided to play warily, knowing the calm strength that Luzhin had revealed at this tournament, he began in the most banal way. Luzhin momentarily regretted the work done in vain, but nevertheless he was glad; this gave him more freedom. Moreover, Turati was evidently afraid of him. On the other hand, there was undoubtedly some trick concealed in the innocent, jejune opening proposed by Turati, and Luzhin settled down to play with particular care. At first it went softly, softly, like muted violins. The players occupied their positions cautiously, moving this and that up but doing it politely, without the slightest sign of a threat, or if there was any threat, it was entirely conventional—more like a hint to one's opponent that over there he would do well to build a cover, and the opponent would smile, as if all this were an insignificant joke, and strengthen the proper place and himself move forward a fraction. Then, without the least warning, a chord sang out tenderly. This was one of Turati's forces occupying a diagonal line. But forthwith a trace of melody very softly manifested itself on Luzhin's side also. For a moment mysterious possibilities were quivering, and then all was quiet again; Turati retreated, drew in. For a while, both opponents occupied themselves with sprucing up their own squares—nursing, shifting, smoothing things down at home—and then there was another sudden flareup, a swift combination of sounds: two small forces collided and both were immediately swept away. A momentary, masterly motion of the fingers and Luzhin removed and placed on the table beside him what was no longer an incorporeal force but a heavy yellow pawn; Turati's fingers flashed in the air and an inert black pawn with a gleam of light on its head was in turn lowered onto the table. And having got rid of these two chess quantities that had so suddenly turned into wood, the players seemed to forget the momentary flareup.

The vibration in this part of the board, however, had not yet quite died down; something was still endeavoring to take shape. . . . But these sounds did not succeed in establishing the desired relationship. Some other deep, dark note chimed elsewhere, and both players abandoned the still quivering square and became interested in another part of the board. Here, too, everything ended abortively. The weightiest elements on the board called to one another several times with trumpet voices and again there was an exchange, and again two chess forces were transformed into carved, brightly lacquered dummies. And then there was a long, long interval of thought, during which Luzhin bred from one spot on the board and lost a dozen illusionary games in succession, and then his fingers groped for and found a bewitching, brittle, crystalline combination—which with a gentle tinkle disintegrated at Turati's first reply. But neither was Turati able to do anything after that, and, playing for time, both opponents repeated the same two moves—threat and defense, threat and defense.

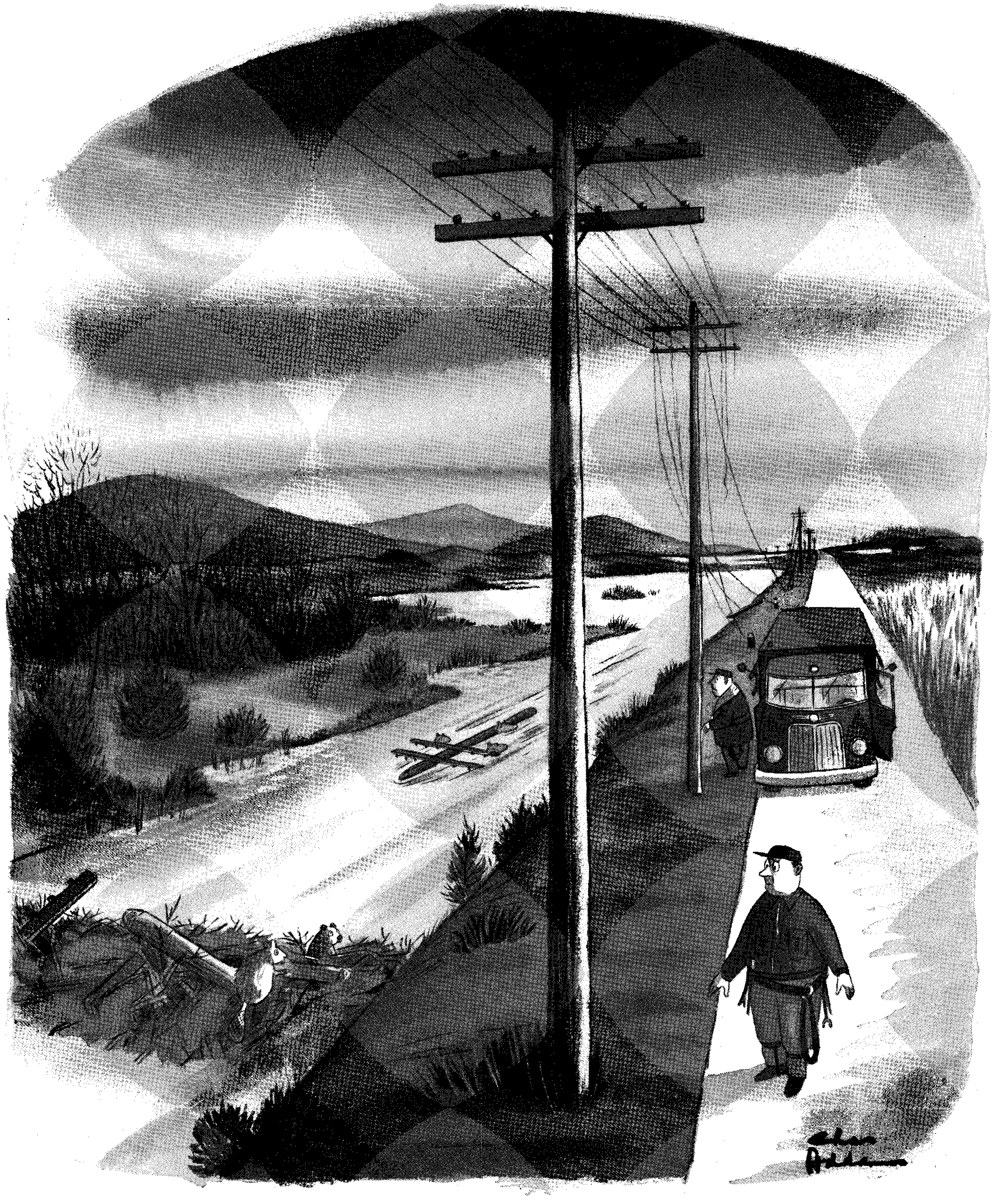
Meanwhile both of them kept thinking of a most tricky conceit that had nothing in common with these mechanical moves, and Turati finally decided on this combination. Immediately a kind of musical tempest overwhelmed the board, and Luzhin searched stubbornly in it for the tiny clear note that he needed in order to swell the tempest out into a thunderous harmony. Now everything on the board breathed with life, everything was concentrated on a single idea, was rolled up tighter and tighter. For a moment, the disappearance of two pieces eased the situation, and then again—*agitato.* Luzhin's thought roamed through entrancing and terrible labyrinths, meeting, now and then, the anxious thought of Turati, who sought the same thing as he. Both realized simultaneously that white was not destined to develop his scheme any further; that he was on the brink of losing rhythm. Turati hastened to propose an exchange, and the number of forces on the board was again reduced. New possibilities appeared, but still no one could say which side had the advantage.

Luzhin, preparing an attack for which it was first necessary to explore a maze of variations, where his every step aroused a perilous echo, began a long meditation. He needed, it seemed, to make one last prodigious effort and he would find the secret move leading to victory. Suddenly something occurred outside his being—a scorching pain—and he let out a loud cry, shaking his hand, stung by the flame of a match, which he had lit and forgotten to apply to his cigarette. The pain immediately passed, but in the fiery gap he had seen something unbearably awesome—the full horror of the abysmal depths of chess. He glanced at the chessboard, and his brain wilted from unprecedented weariness. But the chessmen were pitiless; they held and absorbed him. There was horror in this, but in this also was the sole harmony, for what else exists in the world besides chess? Fog, the unknown, non-being. . . . He noticed that Turati was no longer sitting; he stood stretching himself.

"Adjournment, Maestro," said a voice from behind. "Note down your next move."

"No, no, not yet," Luzhin pleaded, his eyes searching for the person who spoke.

"That's all for today," the same



• •

voice went on, again from behind—a gyratory kind of voice.

Luzhin wanted to stand up but was unable to. He saw that he had moved backward somewhere, together with his chair, and that people had hurled themselves rapaciously upon the position on the chessboard, where the whole of his life had just been, and were wrangling and shouting as they moved the pieces this way and that. Again he tried to stand up and again was unable to. "Why, why?" he said plaintively, trying to distinguish the board between the narrow black backs bent over it. They dwindled completely away and disappeared. On the board the pieces were mixed up now and stood about in disorderly groups. A phantom went by, stopped, and began swiftly to stow the pieces away in a tiny coffin. "It's all over," said Luzhin, and, groaning from the effort, he wrenched himself out of the chair. A few phantoms still stood about discussing something. It was cold and fairly dark. Phantoms were carrying off the boards and chairs. Tortuous and transparent chess images roamed about in the air, wherever you looked. And Luzhin, realizing that he had got stuck, that he had lost his way in one of the combinations he had so recently pondered, made a desperate attempt to free himself, to break out in some direction or other, even if into nonexistence.

"Let's go, let's go!" someone cried, and disappeared with a bang.

Luzhin remained alone. His vision became darker and darker, and in relation to every vague object in the hall he stood in check. He had to escape. He moved, the whole of his fat body shaking, and was completely unable to imagine what people did in order to get out of a room—and yet there should be a simple method. . . . Abruptly, a black shade with a white breast began to hover about him, offering him his coat and hat. "Why is this necessary?" Luzhin muttered, getting into the sleeves and revolving together with the obliging ghost.

"This way," said the ghost briskly, and Luzhin stepped forward and out of the terrible hall. Catching sight of the stairs, he began to creep upward, but then he changed his mind and went down, since it was easier to descend than to climb up. He found himself in a smoky establishment where noisy phantoms were sitting. An attack was developing in every corner. Pushing aside tables, a bucket with a gold-necked glass pawn sticking out of it, and a drum that was being beaten by an arched, thick-maned chess knight, he made his way to a gently revolving glass radiance and stopped, not knowing where to go next. People surrounded him and wanted to do something with him.

"Go away, go away," a gruff voice kept repeating.

"But where?" said Luzhin, weeping.

"Go home," whispered another voice insinuatingly, and something pushed against Luzhin's shoulder.

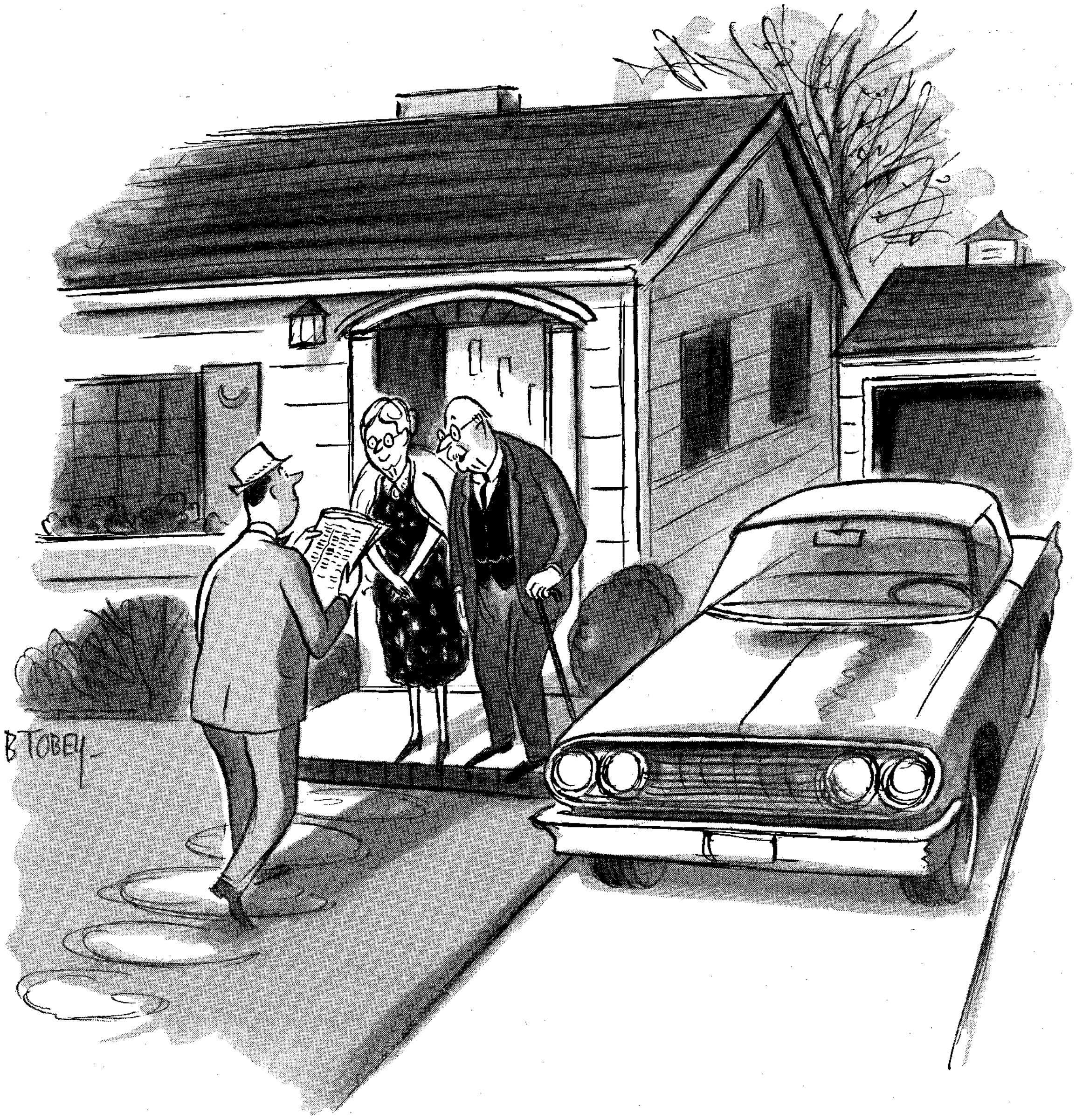
"What did you say?" he asked.

"Home, home," repeated the voice, and the glass radiance, taking hold of Luzhin, threw him out into the cool dusk.

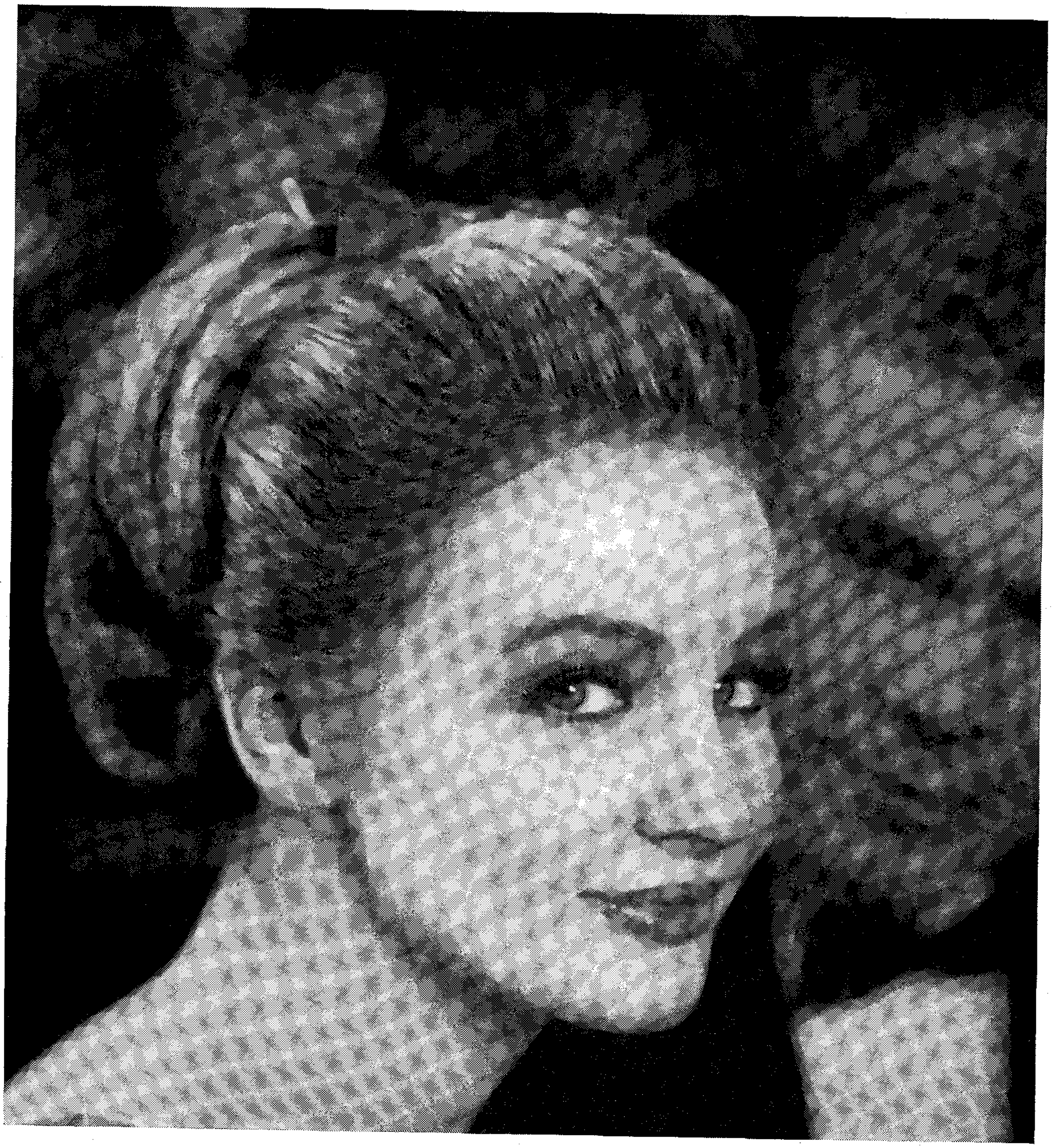
Luzhin smiled. "Home," he said softly. "So that's the key to the combination."

And it was necessary to hurry. At any minute these chess growths might ring him in again. For the time being, he was surrounded by twilight murk, thick, cotton-wool air. He asked a ghost slipping by how to get to the manor. The ghost did not understand and passed on. "One moment," said Luzhin, but it was already too late. Then, swinging his short arms, he quickened his step. A pale light sailed past and disintegrated with a mournful rustle. It was difficult, difficult to find one's way home in this yielding fog. Luzhin felt he should keep left and then there would be a big wood, and once in the wood he would easily find the path. Another shadow slipped by. "Where's the wood, the wood?" Luzhin asked insistently, and since this word evoked no reply, he cast around for a synonym. "Forest? *Wald?*" he muttered. "Park?" he added indulgently. Then the shadow pointed to the left and disappeared from view. Upbraiding himself for his slowness, anticipating pursuit at any minute, Luzhin strode off in the direction indicated. And sure enough—he was suddenly surrounded by trees, ferns crepitated underfoot, it was quiet and damp. He sank down heavily on the ground and squatted there, for he was quite out of breath, and tears poured down his face.

After a while he got up, removed a wet leaf from his knee, and, after wandering among tree trunks for a short time, he found the familiar footpath. "*Marsch, marsch,*" Luzhin kept repeating, urging himself on as he walked over the sticky ground. He had already



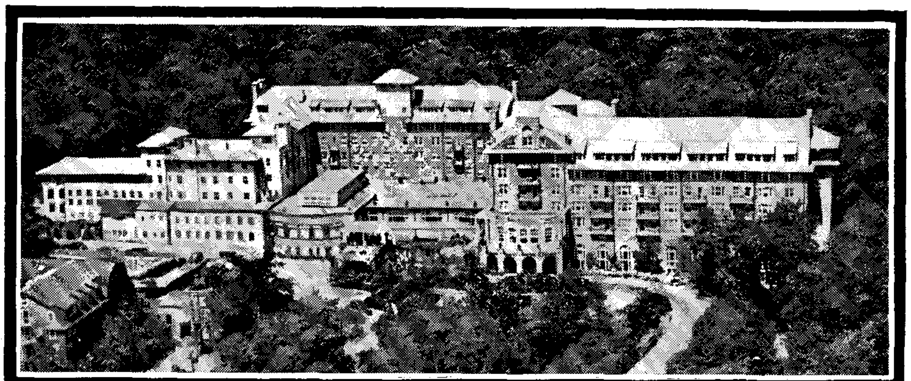
"Yes sirree. This is the car and we're the elderly couple that hardly ever used it."



The "Miss Monteil" look

Miss Monteil wears "Cat's-Eye Green Eye Shadow" on her eyes—"Navy Pink" on her lips—and a handsome man wherever she goes!

Germaine Monteil



Buck Hill is a world of its own
...only 100 miles away

This grand resort in the Poconos offers acres and acres of vacation pleasure. And, something new has been added. It's a new wing with eighty guest rooms, enlarged dining area and an additional function lounge. Completely automatic elevators, too. Everything else is the same—golf on 27-hole championship course, tennis, lawn bowling and friendly, old-fashioned hospitality. Come for a change of pace. Only 2½ hours from New York and Philadelphia.

THE INN Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA
For reservations and information: New York—30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Circle 5-5620; Philadelphia—PEnnypacker 5-2433

THE BERMUDA SHOP
LTD
545 MADISON AVE.,
AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

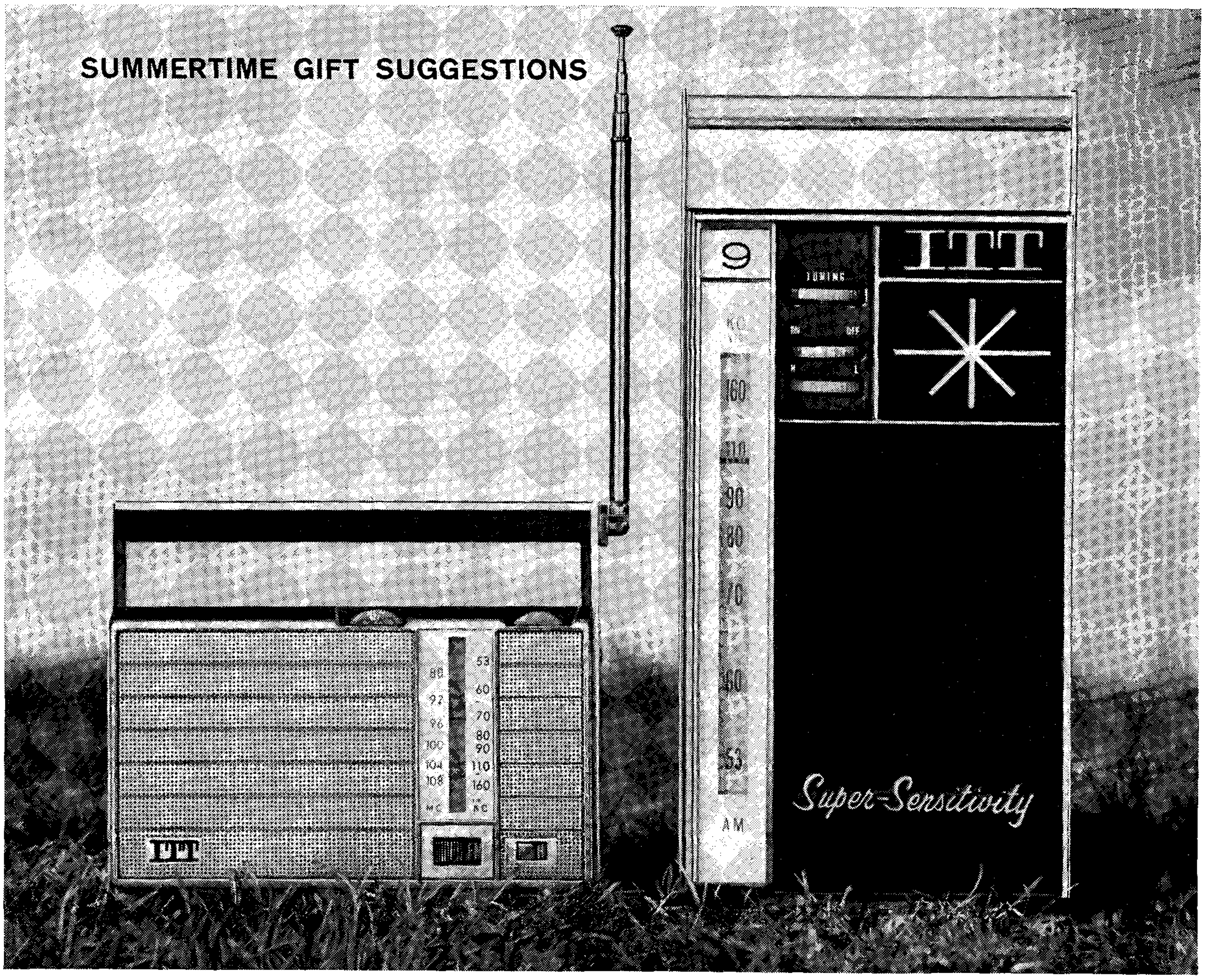
TENNIS EVERYONE
Improve
your game
in our classic
cotton piqué
tennis dress.
Sizes 8-18. 20.00.
PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING

come halfway. Soon there would be the river, and the sawmill, and then the manor house would peep through the bare bushes. He would hide there and would live on the contents of large and small glass jars. The mysterious pursuit had been left far behind. You wouldn't catch him now. Oh, no. If only it were easier to breathe, and one could get rid of this pain in the temples, this numbing pain. . . .

The path twisted through the wood and came out onto a transverse road, while, farther on, a river glinted in the darkness. He also saw a bridge and a dim pile of structures on the other side of it, and at first it seemed to him that over there against the dark sky was the familiar triangular roof of the manor, with its black lightning conductor. But he realized immediately that this was some subtle ruse on the part of the chess gods, for the parapet of the bridge produced the rain-glistening, trembling shapes of great female figures, and a queer reflection danced on the river. He walked along the bank, trying to find another bridge—the bridge where you sink up to your ankles in sawdust. He looked for a long time and finally, quite out of the way, he found a narrow, quiet little bridge and thought that here at least he could cross peacefully. On the other bank everything was unfamiliar; lights flashed past, and shadows slid by.

He knew the manor was somewhere close by, but he was approaching it from an unfamiliar angle, and how difficult everything was. . . . His legs from hip to heel were tightly filled with lead, the way the base of a chessman is weighted. Gradually the lights disappeared, the phantoms grew sparser, and a wave of oppressive blackness washed over him. By the light of a last reflection, he made out a front garden and a couple of round bushes, and it seemed to him that he recognized the miller's house. He stretched out a hand to the fence, but at this point triumphant pain overwhelmed him, pressing down from above on his skull, and it was as if he were becoming flatter and flatter, and then he soundlessly dissipated.

THE sidewalk skidded, reared up at a right angle, and swayed back again. Günther straightened himself up, breathing heavily, while his comrade, supporting him and also swaying, kept repeating, "Günther, Günther, try to walk." Günther stood up quite straight, and after this brief stop, not the first, both of them continued farther along the deserted night street, which alternately rose up smoothly to the stars and then sloped down again. Günther,



Great reception in the suburbs!

Now, you can give a transistor radio that really gets great reception *all the time* . . . even in suburban fringe areas.

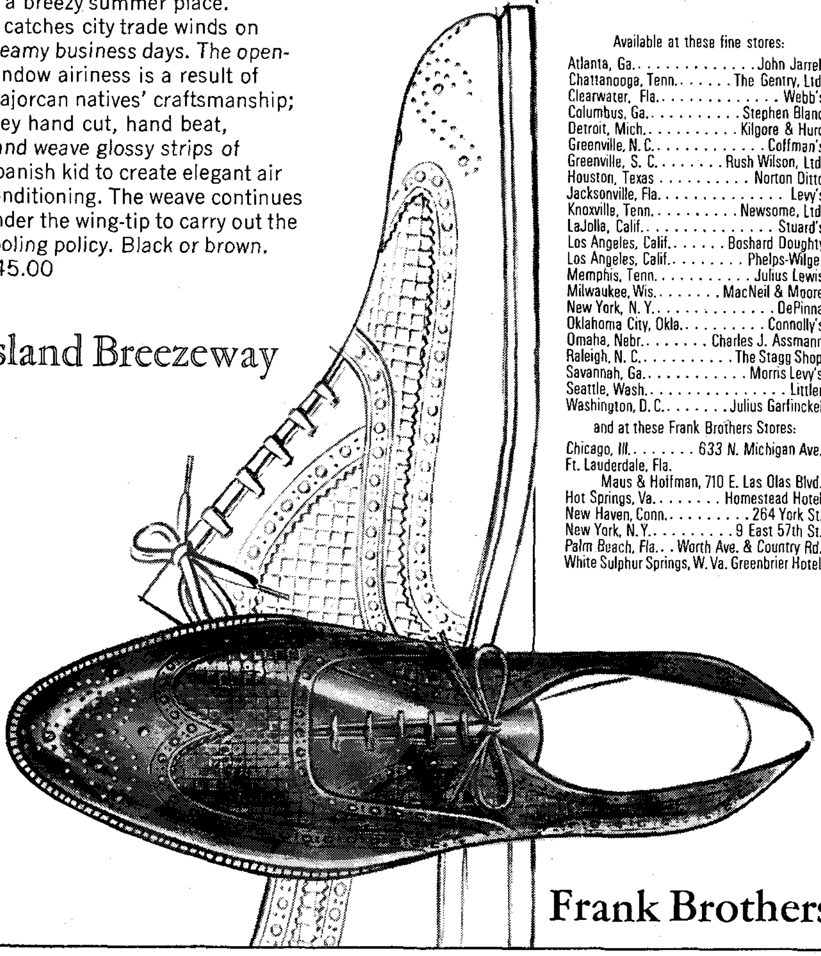
- **The sleek FM-AM model** at left weighs less than 15 ounces. Yet it has the long-range pulling power and tone quality of sets twice its size. Unusually smooth tuning and easy-to-read dial. 9 transistors, 5 diodes, 1 thermistor, and 2¾ inch dynamic speaker. Model 6409F.

- **For straight AM,** ITT brings you another smartly styled model (right) that pulls in *all the stations* at distant seashores or mountains. Its sound is rich and full-bodied, just what you'd expect to go with its sturdy appearance. Hi-lo tone control and large slide rule dial. 9 transistors, 1 diode, 1 thermistor. Model 6409A.

Both ITT radios are reasonably priced and come with batteries, earphone and leather case. For free descriptive folder and the name of your nearest ITT radio dealer, write ITT Distributor Products Division, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, Box 99, Lodi, N. J.

ITT POCKET TRANSISTOR RADIOS
6-TRANSISTOR RADIO—ITT MODEL 6406, *left*
8-TRANSISTOR RADIO—ITT MODEL 6408, *right*

ITT



Our exclusive Majorca Wing-Tip is a breezy summer place. It catches city trade winds on steamy business days. The open-window airiness is a result of Majorcan natives' craftsmanship; they hand cut, hand beat, hand weave glossy strips of Spanish kid to create elegant air conditioning. The weave continues under the wing-tip to carry out the cooling policy. Black or brown. $45.00

Island Breezeway

Available at these fine stores:

Atlanta, Ga.	John Jarrell
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry, Ltd.
Clearwater, Fla.	Webb's
Columbus, Ga.	Stephen Bland
Detroit, Mich.	Kilgore & Hurd
Greenville, N. C.	Coffman's
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Knoxville, Tenn.	Newsome, Ltd.
LaJolla, Calif.	Stuard's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif.	Phelps-Wilger
Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
New York, N. Y.	DePinna
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Omaha, Nebr.	Charles J. Assmann
Raleigh, N. C.	The Stagg Shop
Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy's
Seattle, Wash.	Littler
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel

and at these Frank Brothers Stores:

Chicago, Ill.	633 N. Michigan Ave.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	Maus & Hoffman, 710 E. Las Olas Blvd.
Hot Springs, Va.	Homestead Hotel
New Haven, Conn.	264 York St.
New York, N.Y.	9 East 57th St.
Palm Beach, Fla.	Worth Ave. & Country Rd.
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.	Greenbrier Hotel

Frank Brothers

THE OXFORD WEAVE SUIT:
A COOL "NATURAL"
FOR SUMMER

There's an easy-going trimness to this Oxford Weave suit! It's our famous lightweight "Viracle" suit that stays cool, crisp and wrinkle-free on muggiest days. Now in a traditional weave to delight every man who favors natural shoulder styling. A business suit that enjoys leisure wear. Patch-and-flap pockets. In Driftwood colors. Priced about $95.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Racquet Club
NATURAL SHOULDER
CLOTHING FOR MEN

a big sturdy fellow, had drunk more than Kurt, who supported Günther as best he could, although the beer was throbbing thunderously in his head. "Where are . . . where are . . ." Günther strove to ask. "Where are the others?" A moment before, they had all been sitting around an oaken table—thirty fellows or so, levelheaded, hard-working men, celebrating the fifth anniversary of their leaving school with a good sing and the sonorous ringing of clinked glasses, but now, as soon as they had started to disperse to their homes, they found themselves beset by nausea, darkness, and the hopeless unsteadiness of this sidewalk.

"The others are there," said Kurt with a broad gesture, which unpleasantly called into life the nearest wall. It leaned forward and slowly straightened up again. "They've gone, gone," elucidated Kurt sadly.

"But Karl is in front of us," said Günther slowly and distinctly, and a resilient, beery wind caused them both to sway to one side. They halted, took a step backward, and again went on their way. "I'm telling you, Karl is there," repeated Günther sulkily.

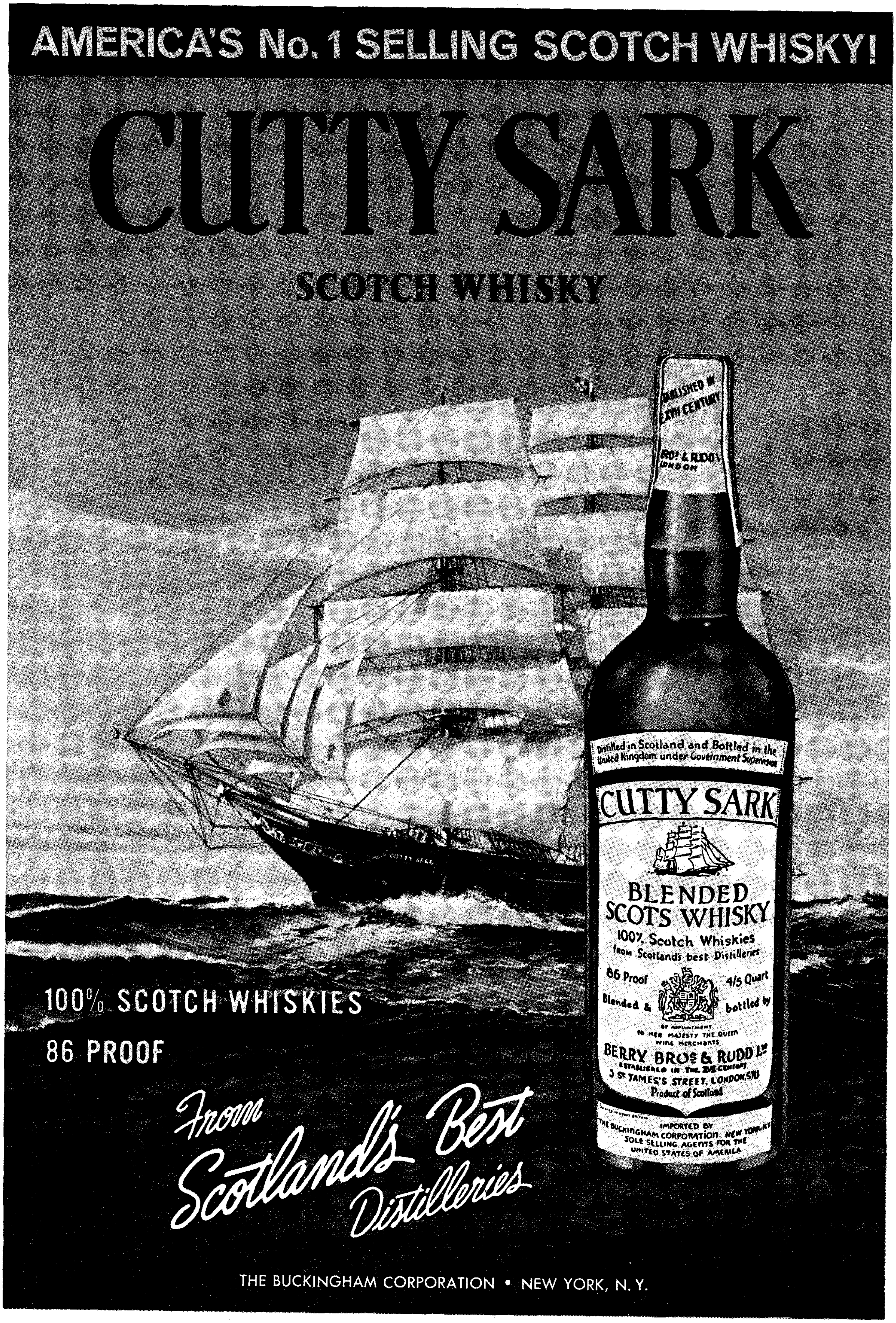
They miscalculated their impetus and were carried past the man who was sitting on the edge of the sidewalk with his head lowered. When they succeeded in approaching him, they saw it was Karl. But what a Karl—his face blank, his eyes glazed! "I'm just taking a rest," he said in a dull voice. "I'll continue in a minute."

A taxi with its flag up came rolling slowly over the deserted asphalt. "Stop him," said Karl. "I want him to take me."

The car drew up. Günther kept tumbling over Karl, trying to help him get up, and Kurt tugged at somebody's gray-spatted foot. From his seat the driver encouraged all this good-naturedly, and then climbed out and also began to help. The limply floundering body was squeezed through the aperture of the door, and the car immediately pulled away.

"And we're nearly there," said Kurt. The figure standing next to him sighed and Kurt, looking at him, saw that it was Karl—which meant that the taxi had carried off Günther instead. "I'll give you a hand," he said guiltily. "Let's go."

Looking straight ahead, with empty, childlike eyes, Karl leaned toward him and they both moved off and started to cross to the other side of the heaving asphalt. "Here's another," said Kurt. A fat man without a hat lay all hunched up on the sidewalk, beside a gar-


AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!
CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED IN XVIIth CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF
From Scotland's Best Distilleries
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ho-hum.

Tell your neighbor what a fantastic achievement it was to create instant color photography—15 years, thousands of experiments—and you may get a yawn. After all, we've practically made it to the moon.

But let him take one picture with your new Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Then try to get it back.

den fence. "That's probably Pulvermacher."

"That's not Pulvermacher; Pulvermacher's bald."

"It doesn't matter," said Kurt. "He also has to be taken home."

They tried to raise the man by his shoulders and lost their equilibrium. "Don't break the fence," cautioned Karl.

"He has to be taken," repeated Kurt. "Perhaps it's Pulvermacher's brother. He was there, too."

The man was evidently sound asleep. He was wearing a black overcoat with velvet on the lapels. His fat face, with its heavy chin and convex eyelids, was glossy in the light of the street lamp. "Let's wait for a taxi," said Kurt and followed the example of Karl, who had squatted on the curbing. "This night will come to an end," Kurt said confidently, and added, looking at the sky, "How they revolve."

"Stars," explained Karl, and both sat staring upward at the wonderful, pale, nebulous abyss.

"Pulvermacher's also looking," said Kurt after a silence.

"No, he's sleeping," objected Karl, glancing at the fat, motionless face.

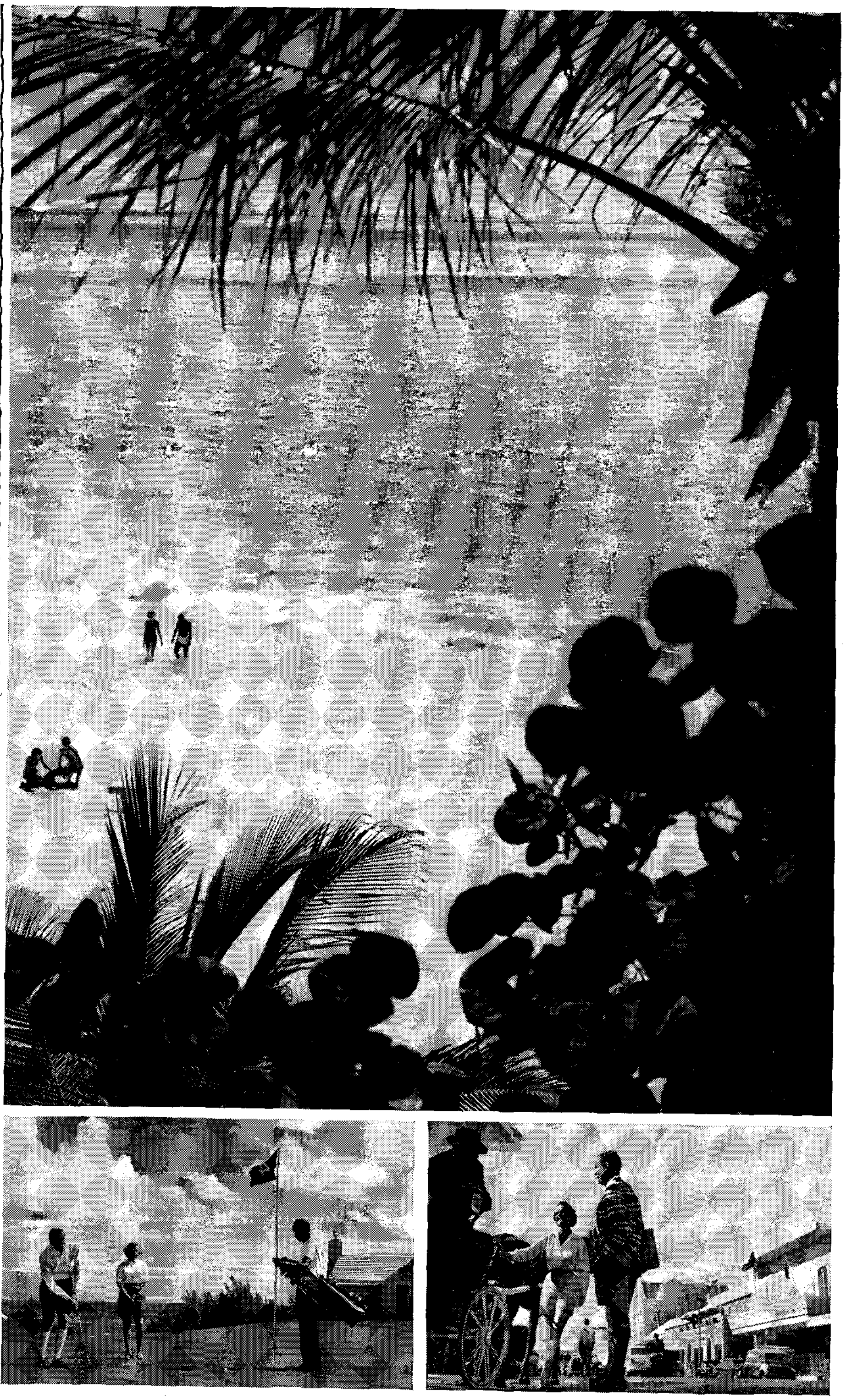
"Sleeping," agreed Kurt.

A light glided over the asphalt, and the same good-natured taxi that had taken Günther away pulled up to the sidewalk. "Another one?" said the driver, laughing. "They could have gone together."

"But where?" Karl asked Kurt sleepily. "There must be an address of some kind. Let's look in his pockets."

They bent over the motionless man, and the fact that his overcoat was unbuttoned facilitated their further explorations. "Velvet waistcoat," said Kurt. "Poor fellow, poor fellow. . . ." In the very first pocket they found a postcard folded in two, which parted in their hands, and one half, with the receiver's address on it, vanished without trace. On the remaining half, however, they found another address that had been written across the card and thickly underlined. ". . . *bac berepom*," Kurt read, mistaking the Russian letters for Latin ones. They tried to thrust the heavy, lifeless body into the cab, and again the driver came to their aid. On the door, large chess squares—the blazon of Berlin taxis—showed in the light of the street lamp. Finally the jam-packed taxi moved off.

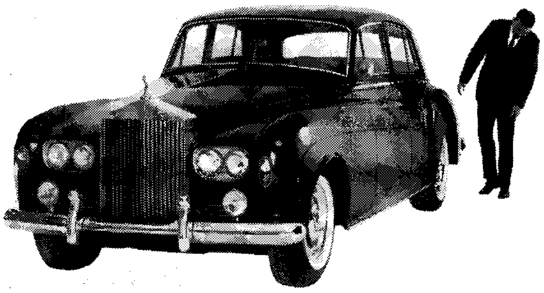
Karl fell asleep on the way. His body and the unknown's body and the body of Kurt, who was sitting on the floor, came into soft, involuntary contact at every turn, and subsequently Kurt fin-



BERMUDA

More fun than you hoped for

Take leave of the humdrum. Come to Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. You've never loafed on such soft sandy beaches. For golf, there are five championship courses, two interesting nines. All-weather courts for tennis. Sail among the Islands. Fish inshore or deepsea. See the old town of St. George. Shopping is something special too. Dine and dance to Calypso music or a continental band. Bermuda is only ninety minutes from New York by air. Daily flights by four major airlines. A weekend cruise by ocean liner. See your travel agent or write for booklets to "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. • 111 Richmond St., W. Toronto.



Rolls-Royce Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, New York Room 465
Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice-President

Please send me a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs, for which I enclose a check for $6.00.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________STATE________

How to buy a Rolls-Royce

Today's Rolls-Royce is thoroughly modern. Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking are standard. The car handles easily, responsively, comfortably. It's fun to drive—one reason 7 out of 10 owners drive it themselves with no chauffeur. Here's how we suggest you go about buying your Rolls-Royce:

1. Send the coupon and a check for $6.00 for a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs.

The more you know about a Rolls-Royce, the more apt you'll be to buy one. The Owner's Manual—116 pages, hard cover—is the most complete single source of information available.

The catalogs will show you the basic standard and custom models—give you facts about size and color selection—things like that.

Cost: $6.00—instantly refunded when you buy a Rolls-Royce.

2. Call your dealer (see listing) and ask him to bring a Rolls-Royce to your home or office. Or, if you prefer, stop by his showroom.

Kick the tires. Take a good look at the outside of the car. Inspect the trunk—carpeting, fitted toolbox, tire pump. Notice the chrome-plated tail pipe. Familiarize yourself with the dashboard—rear window defroster switch, adjustable shock absorber switch, low-fuel warning light, built-in picnic tables—and all the other standard equipment on a Rolls-Royce.

3. Take a test drive. Adjust the armrest on the door to suit your fancy and head straight for the heaviest traffic you can find—to get rid of any old-fashioned ideas that a Rolls-Royce is hard to handle.

Maneuverability and your view of the road are incredibly good.

Acceleration is unbelievably smooth. Everything *works* beautifully.

Next, head for the open highway and a full-throttle acceleration test—0 to 60 mph in 10.5 seconds or less in most tests.

Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking make driving anywhere a pleasure.

4. Let your wife take a test drive. Many women tend to shy away from driving a Rolls-Royce—until they get in it, drive it around a bit, discover that it's a *family* car—and give their husbands an ultimatum to buy one by such and such a date—*or else.*

SUGGESTION: Invite your wife out for lunch or dinner while you're testing your Rolls-Royce. That's one of the best ways to discover what it would actually feel like to own a Rolls-Royce of your own—an important thing to know before you get around to laying any money out.

5. Thoroughly investigate all the details of buying and owning a Rolls-Royce.

Prices start around $17,000 ($300 less for a Bentley—same car, different grille) not including local taxes. You can often get immediate delivery on a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III. Custom models take longer.

Air conditioning and a host of other accessories are available at extra cost.

Check into parts and service. Investigate the possibilities of a *used* Rolls-Royce or Bentley—and don't shy away from the ones five or ten years old.

Don't hesitate to ask about any aspect of the Rolls-Royce that interests you.

Our sole objective is to sell you a Rolls-Royce or Bentley car.

We'll do anything we can to make it easy for you to buy one—and to keep you happy with it after you've bought it.

ROLLS RR ROYCE

See where to buy a Rolls-Royce on opposite page ▶

Where to buy a Rolls-Royce

ROLLS ROYCE

ATLANTA, GA., Foreign Car Service, Inc.
BERKELEY, CALIF., British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars
BIRMINGHAM, ALA., O. Z. Hall Motors, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS., Foreign Motors, Inc.
CHICAGO (Evanston), ILL. Evanston Motor Company, Inc.
CINCINNATI, OHIO, Gatchett Chevrolet Co.
CLEVELAND (Shaker Heights), OHIO Clarence Fox, Inc.
DALLAS, TEXAS Continental Cars of Dallas, Inc.
DENVER, COLO., The Kumpf Motor Car Co.
DETROIT, MICH., Falvey Motor Sales Company
FORT WORTH, TEXAS Overseas Motors Corporation
GLEN COVE, N. Y., Rallye Motors, Inc.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc.
HIGH POINT, N. C., Transco, Inc.
HOUSTON, TEXAS, Wendell Hawkins, Inc.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Brooks Motors, Inc.
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac
LITCHFIELD, CONN., Nelke Motor Company
LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars
LOUISVILLE, KY., Koster-Swope Imports
MIAMI, FLA., C. R. Berry Motors, Inc.
MILLBURN, N. J., Peter Zage and Co., Ltd.
MILWAUKEE (Thiensville), WISC. Milrace Motors Ltd.
MONTEREY, CALIF British Motors of Monterey
NASHVILLE, TENN., E. Gray Smith
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nelke Motor Company
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sport Cars, Inc.
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF., Roy Carver, Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y., J. S. Inskip, Inc.
OAKLAND, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
PALM SPRINGS, CALIF., Lee Cowan
PASADENA, CALIF. Peter Satori of Calif., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Keenan Motors, Inc.
PHOENIX, ARIZ., Stewart's of Phoenix
PORTLAND, ORE. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Inskip Motors, Inc.
RENO, NEV., Modern Classic Motors
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors, Ltd.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Gruet Motor Car Company
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Scarritt Motors, Inc.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Smith Motor Imports
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Brentwood Motors
SEATTLE, WASH. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
SPOKANE, WASH. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
SYRACUSE, N. Y. Midtown Motor Imports, Ltd.
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Flood Pontiac Company
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA. Taylor Imported Motors, Inc.

ished up on the seat and Karl and most of the unknown fellow on the floor. When the car stopped and the driver opened the door, he was unable at first to make out how many people were inside. Karl woke up immediately, but the hatless man was as motionless as before.

"I'm curious to know what you'll do with your friend now," said the driver.

"They're probably waiting up for him," said Kurt.

The driver, considering that he had done his job and carried enough heavyweights for the night, raised his flag and announced the fare.

"I'll pay," said Karl.

"No, I will," said Kurt. "I found him first."

This argument convinced Karl. The taxi was emptied with difficulty, and departed.

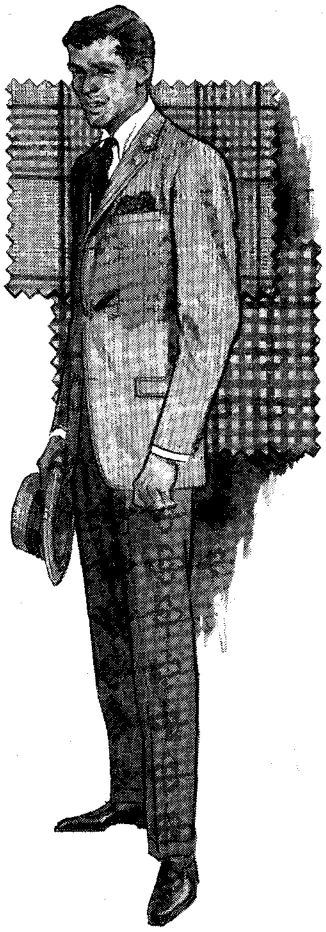
Swaying and sighing, Kurt and Karl walked out into the middle of the street and shouted hoarsely up at the sole lighted window in the apartment house. Immediately, with unexpected responsiveness, the light-slashed blind trembled and was pulled up. A young woman looked out of the window. Not knowing how to begin, Kurt smirked. Then, pulling himself together, he said boldly, "Miss, we've brought Pulvermacher." The woman gave no answer and the blind descended with a rattle. One could see, however, that she stayed by the window.

"We found him in the street," said Karl, uncertainly, addressing the window. The blind went up again.

"A velvet waistcoat," Kurt considered it necessary to explain.

The window emptied, but a moment later the darkness behind the front door disintegrated and through the glass appeared an illuminated staircase, marble as far as the first landing, and this newborn staircase had not had time to congeal completely before swift feminine legs appeared on the stairs. A key grated in the lock, and the door opened. On the sidewalk, with his back to the steps, lay a stout man in black.

Meanwhile, the staircase continued to spawn people. A gentleman appeared, wearing bedroom slippers, black trousers, and a collarless starched shirt. Behind him came a pale, stocky maid with scuffers on her bare feet. Everybody bent over Luzhin, and the guiltily grinning, completely drunk strangers kept explaining something, while one of them insistently proffered half a postcard, a visiting card. The five of them carried Luzhin up the stairs, and his fiancée, supporting the heavy, precious head, let out a cry when the light over the staircase suddenly went out. In the darkness everything swung, there was a knocking



Rogers Peet Co
Outfitters to Men and Boys since 1874

Lightweight Worsted Sport Jackets for a Young Man's Summer

Our exclusive RP Shop natural shoulder styling of handsome tropical worsted . . . light in weight, faultlessly tailored, and interestingly patterned in blue with white stripes, grey Glen plaid with blue overplaid, or blue/white checks. Sizes 35-44 . . . $50.

AT ALL ROGERS PEET STORES:
NEW YORK
BOSTON • WASHINGTON

and a shuffling and a puffing, someone took a step backward and invoked God's name in German, and when the light came on again one of the strangers was sitting on a stair and the other was being crushed by Luzhin's body, while higher up, on the landing, stood the mistress of the house, in a gaudily embroidered robe, surveying with bright prominent eyes the inert body that her husband was supporting, and the large awful head that lay on her daughter's shoulder.

They carried Luzhin into the drawing room. The young strangers clicked their heels, trying to introduce themselves to someone, and shied away from the little tables laden with porcelain. They were seen in all the rooms of the apartment at once. No doubt they wanted to leave but were unable to make it to the front hall. They were found on all the divans, in the bathroom, and on the trunk in the hallway, and there was no way of getting rid of them. Their number was unclear—a fluctuating, blurred number. But after a while they disappeared, and the maid said that she had let two of them out and that the rest must still be sprawling around somewhere, and that drunkenness ruins a man, and that her sister's fiancé also drank.

"Congratulations, he's pickled," said the mistress of the house, looking at Luzhin, who was lying like a corpse, half undressed and covered with a lap robe, on a couch in the drawing room. "Stewed to the gills." The fact that Luzhin was dead drunk pleased her, and made her feel kindly toward him. It was human and natural, and it happened to people she knew. But when it turned out there was no smell of vodka or wine coming from Luzhin, and that he was sleeping queerly, not at all like a drunken man, she was disappointed and chided herself for assuming a single natural inclination in him.

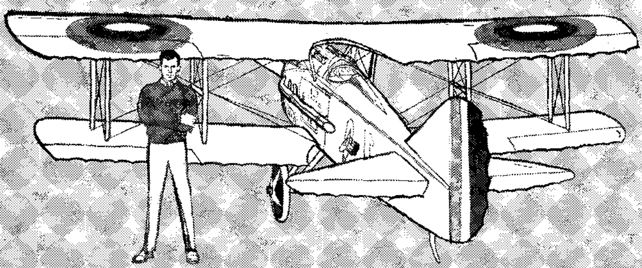
The doctor came at dawn, and while he was examining Luzhin a change occurred in Luzhin's face; his eyelids lifted and dim eyes looked out from beneath them. And only then did his fiancée come out of that numbness of the soul that had possessed her ever since she saw the body lying by the front steps. It is true she had been expecting something terrible, but this precise horror had been beyond her imagination. Last night, when Luzhin did not visit them as usual, she called the chess café and was told that play had finished long ago. Then she called the hotel, and learned that Luzhin had not returned. She went out onto the street, thinking that perhaps he was waiting by the locked door, and then she called the hotel again, and

$ 13.50

Good Fish-Sense
is displayed here in a man's stretch shirt with a penchant for the boating life—and a convertible neckline that zips open to catch the least breath of wind. We introduce it in a handkerchief-light blend of Dacron®-polyester-cotton-Lycra®-spandex, in the palest possible shades of yellow, blue or clay green. By Izod. S,M,L,XL. $13.50. Three-initial monogram in color of your choice, $3.50. On mail or phone orders, add 65c beyond delivery area. Please print initials in order of appearance. No C.O.D's.

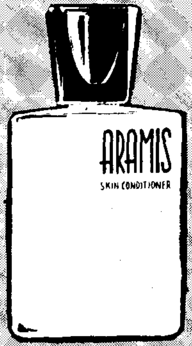
Men's Shop, Street Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

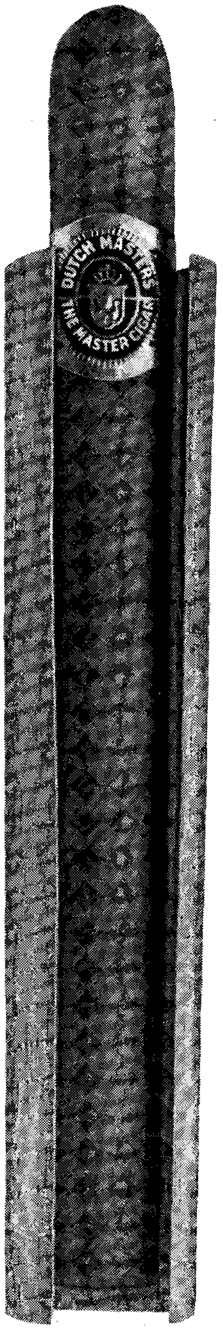


ARAMIS FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE HAD EVERYTHING

until today! Now there is ARAMIS Skin Conditioner, a man's choice for the after-shave, soothes razor burns, great too for after-sunning, 5.00. To complete the collection Aramis (man-flavored fragrance) 6.50-10.00, Aramis Spray Shower Oil and Bath Soap. Initial flight into the man's world by Estée Lauder.



What hickory does for a fine steak, cedar does for a fine cigar.


DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR

Introducing Dutch Masters new Cedar Wrap, six and one-half inches of pleasure.

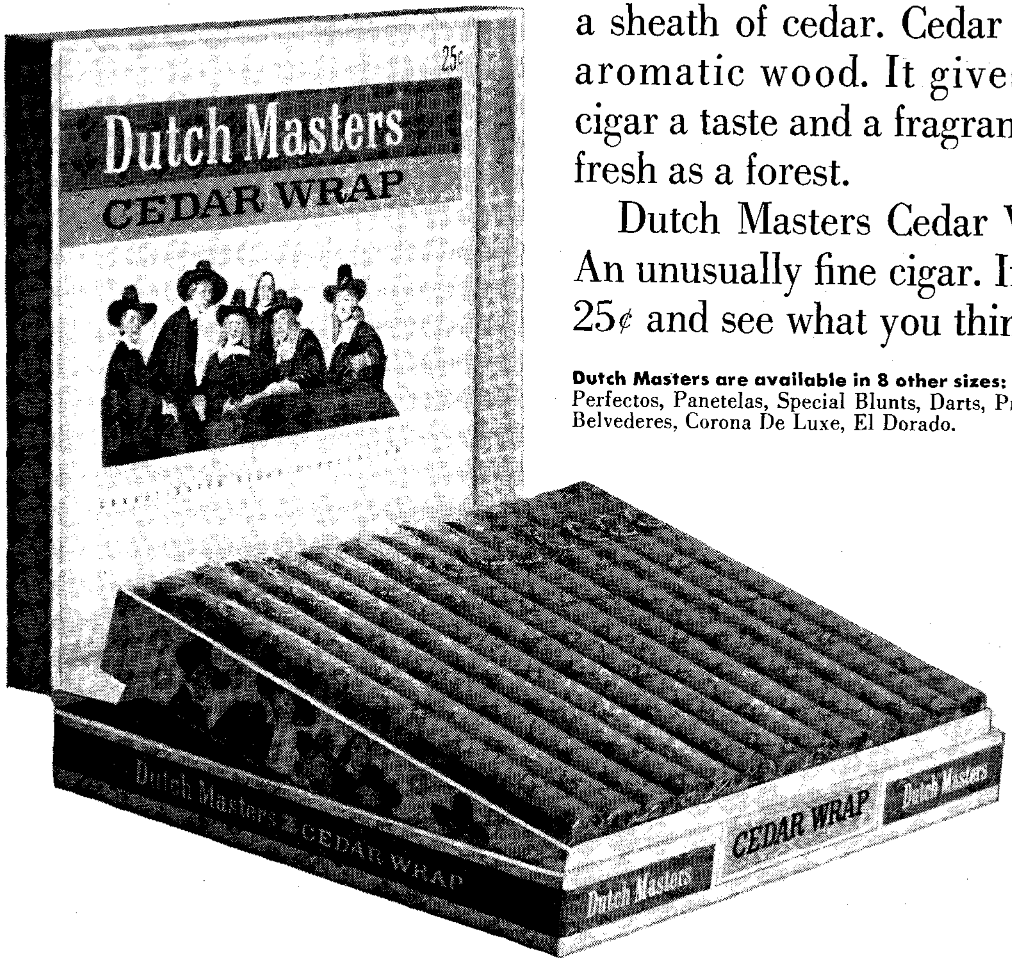
As always, we've used only the choicest tobaccos.

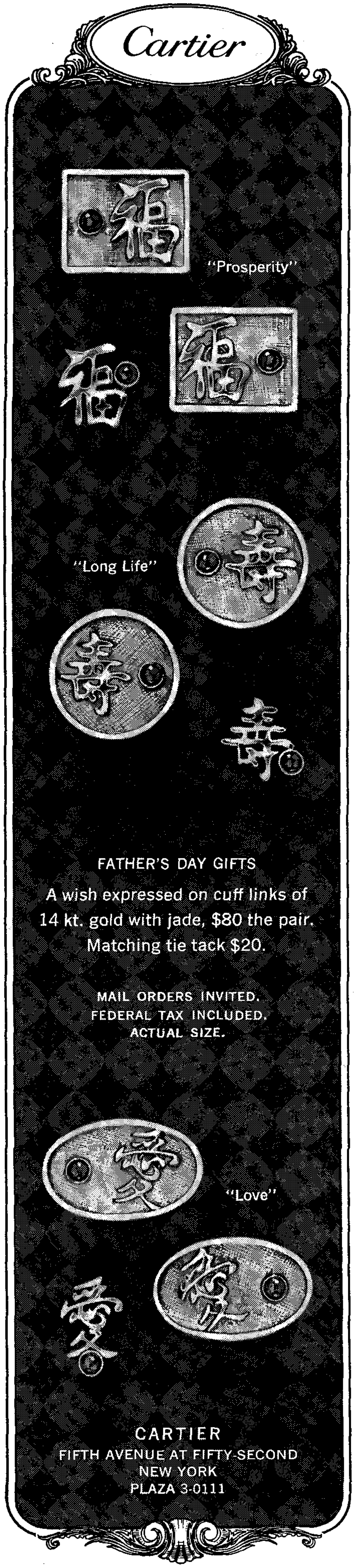
As always, we've carefully married them for mildness and flavor.

But now comes a subtle difference. To create a delightful variation in flavor, we have wrapped this Dutch Masters in a sheath of cedar. Cedar is an aromatic wood. It gives the cigar a taste and a fragrance as fresh as a forest.

Dutch Masters Cedar Wrap. An unusually fine cigar. Invest 25¢ and see what you think.

Dutch Masters are available in 8 other sizes:
Perfectos, Panetelas, Special Blunts, Darts, Presidents, Belvederes, Corona De Luxe, El Dorado.


25¢
Dutch Masters
CEDAR WRAP
Dutch Masters • CEDAR WRAP
Dutch Masters
CEDAR WRAP
Dutch Masters



Cartier

FATHER'S DAY GIFTS

A wish expressed on cuff links of 14 kt. gold with jade, $80 the pair. Matching tie tack $20.

MAIL ORDERS INVITED.
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.
ACTUAL SIZE.

CARTIER
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND
NEW YORK
PLAZA 3-0111

then consulted her father about notifying the police. "Nonsense," her father said decisively. "There must be plenty of friends of his around. The man's gone to a party." But she knew perfectly well that Luzhin had no friends, and that there was something senseless about his absence.

Now, looking at Luzhin's large, pale face, she so brimmed with aching, tender pity that it seemed as if without this pity inside her there would be no life, either. It was unbearable to think of this inoffensive man sprawling in the street and his soft body being handled by drunks. How could they have taken his mysterious swoon for the flabby, vulgar sleep of a reveller! And this outmoded, eccentric waistcoat that one could not bear to look at without tears, and that poor curl, and the bare, white neck all creased like a child's. . . . All this had happened because of her; she had not kept an eye on him. She should have stayed by him the whole time, not allowed him to play too much. How was it he had not been run over yet by a car, and why had she not guessed that at any minute he might topple over, paralyzed by this chess fatigue? . . .

"Luzhin," she said smiling, as if he could see her smile. "Luzhin, everything's all right. Luzhin, do you hear me?"

As soon as he was taken to the hospital, she went to the hotel for his things. At first they would not let her into his room, and this led to long explanations and a telephone call to the hospital by a rather cheeky hotel employee, after which she had to pay Luzhin's bill for the last week and she did not have enough money and more explanations were necessary, and it seemed to her that the mockery of Luzhin was continuing, and it was difficult to hold back her tears. And when, refusing the coarse help of the hotel chambermaid, she began to gather up Luzhin's things, the feeling of pity rose to an extreme pitch. Among his things were some that he must have been carrying around with him for ages, not noticing them and never throwing them out—unnecessary, unexpected things: a canvas belt with a metallic buckle in the shape of a letter "S" and with a leather pocket on the side, a miniature penknife for a watch chain, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a collection of Italian postcards (all blue sky and Madonnas and a lilac haze over Vesuvius). And unmistakably St. Petersburg things: a tiny abacus with red and white counters, a desk calendar with turn-back pages for a completely non-calendar year—1918. All this was kicking about in a drawer, among some clean but crumpled shirts, whose colored stripes and starched cuffs evoked a picture of long-gone years. There also she found a collapsible opera hat bought in London, and in it the visiting card of somebody named Valentinov.

The toilet articles were in such a state that she resolved to leave them behind, and to buy him a rubber sponge in place of that unbelievable luffa. A chess set, a cardboard box full of notes and diagrams, and a pile of chess magazines she wrapped up in a separate package; he did not need this now. When the valise and small trunk were full and locked, she looked once more into all the corners and retrieved from under the bed a pair of astonishingly old, torn, laceless brown shoes that served Luzhin in place of bedroom slippers. Carefully she pushed them back under the bed.

From the hotel she went to the chess café, remembering that Luzhin had been without his cane and hat, and thinking that perhaps he had left them there. There were lots of people in the tournament hall, and Turati, standing by the coat rack, was jauntily taking off his overcoat. She realized she had come just as play was about to be resumed, and that nobody knew of Luzhin's illness. Never mind, she thought with a certain malicious satisfaction. Let them wait. She found the cane but not the hat. And after glancing with hatred at the small table where the pieces had already been set out, and at the broad-shouldered Turati, who was rubbing his hands and deeply clearing his throat, like a bass singer, she hurried out of the café.

She was not at home when Kurt and Karl reappeared. They came to apologize for their nocturnal intrusion. They were well dressed. They scraped and bowed and asked after the gentleman they had brought home the night before. They were thanked for delivering him and told that he had slept it off wonderfully after some friendly revels, at which his colleagues had honored him on the occasion of his betrothal. After sitting for ten minutes, the young men rose and went away quite satisfied.

At about the same time, a distracted little man having some connection with the organization of the tournament arrived at the hospital. He was not permitted to see Luzhin; the composed young lady who spoke to him informed him coldly that Luzhin had overtired himself and it was uncertain when he would resume his chess activities.

"That's awful, that's incredible," the little man said plaintively several times. "An unfinished game! And such a good game! Give the Maestro . . . give the Maestro my anxious wishes, my best wishes. . . ."

The newspapers printed an announcement that Luzhin had had a nervous breakdown before finishing the deciding game, and that, according to Turati, black was bound to lose, because of the weakness of the pawn on f4. And in all the chess clubs the experts made long studies of the positions of the pieces, pursued possible continuations, and noted white's weakness at d3, but nobody could find the key to indisputable victory.

LUZHIN's fiancée's father had a long conversation with the famous psychiatrist in whose sanatorium Luzhin was a patient. The psychiatrist had a black Assyrian beard and moist, tender eyes that shimmered marvellously as he listened. He said that Luzhin was not an epileptic and was not suffering from progressive paralysis, that his condition was the consequence of prolonged strain, and that as soon as it was possible to have a sensible conversation with Luzhin, one would have to impress upon him that a blind passion for chess was fatal for him and that he would have to renounce his profession for a long time and lead an absolutely normal mode of life.

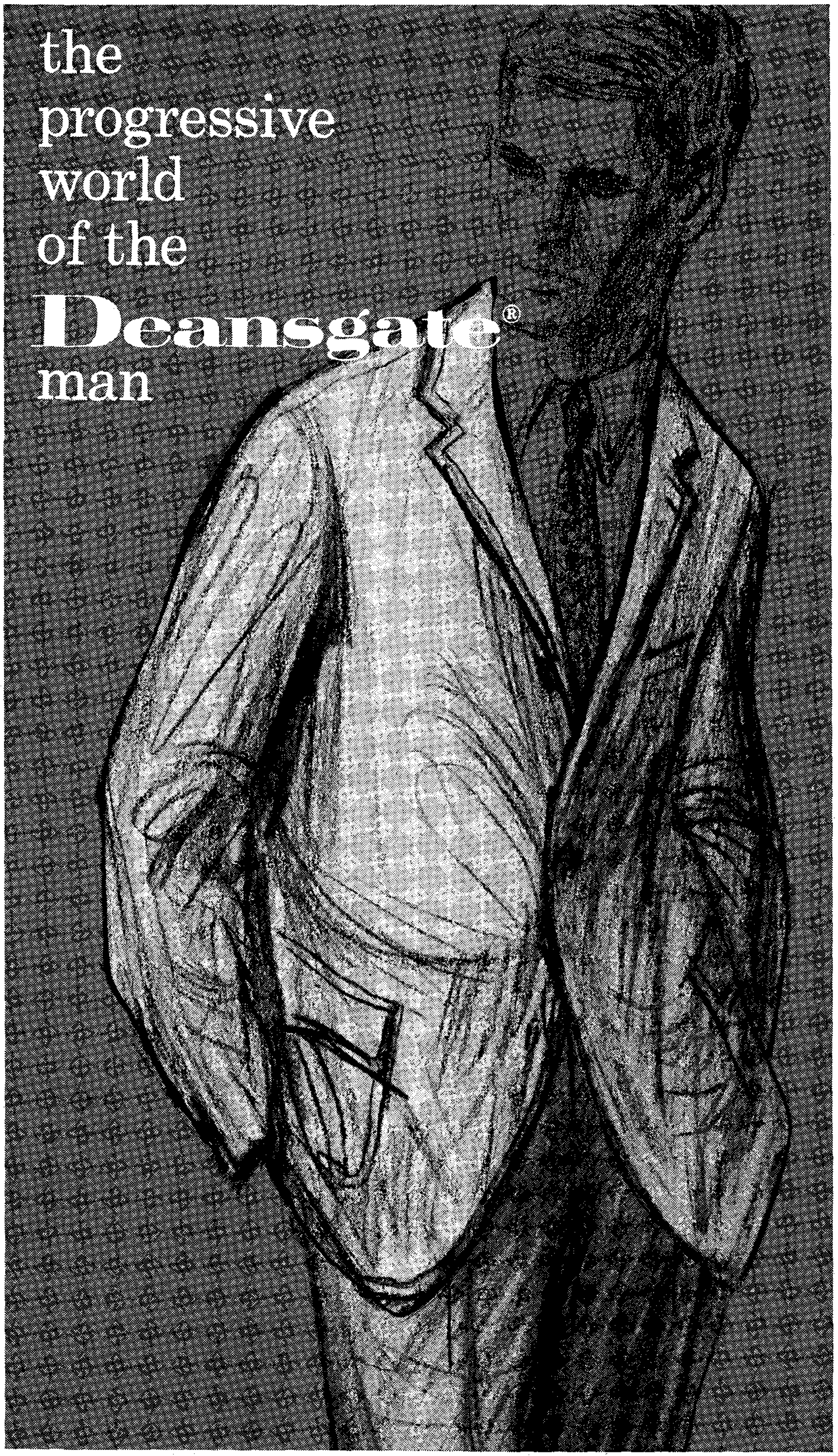
"And can such a man marry?"

"Why not—if he's not impotent. . . ." The psychiatrist smiled tenderly. "Moreover, for him there's an advantage in being married. Our patient needs care, attention, and diversion. This is a temporary clouding of the senses, which is now gradually passing. As far as we can judge, a complete recovery is under way."

The psychiatrist's words produced a small sensation at home. "That means chess is kaput?" noted the mother with satisfaction. "What will be left of him then—pure madness?"

"No, no," said the father. "There's no question of madness. The man will be healthy. The devil's not as black as his painters. I said 'painters'—did you hear, my pet?"

But the daughter did not smile, and only sighed. To tell the truth, she felt very tired. She spent the larger part of the day at the sanatorium, and there was something unbelievably exhausting in the exaggerated whiteness of everything surrounding her and in the noiseless, white movements of the nurses. Still extremely pale, with a growth of bristle

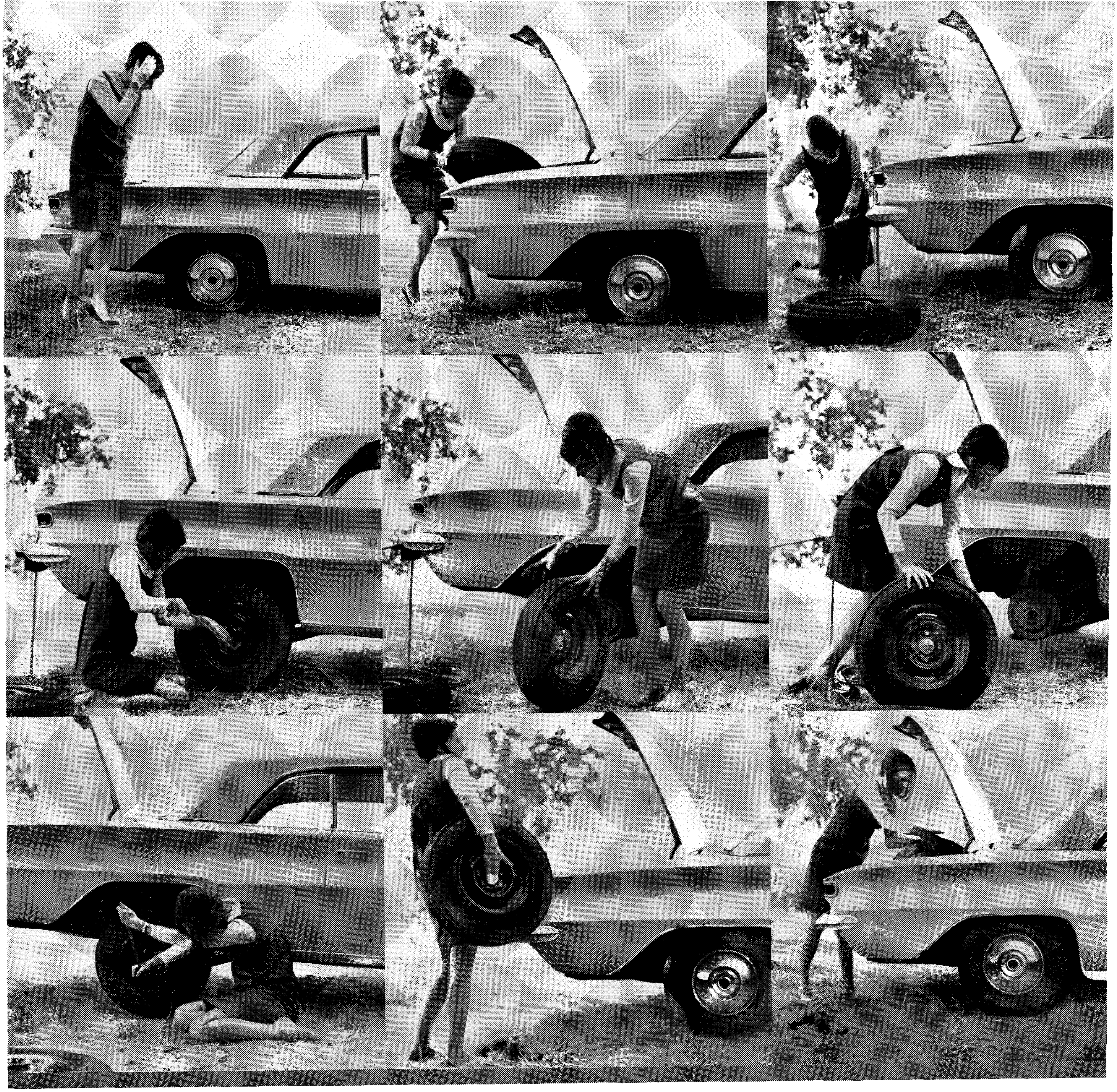


carries him from conference to club

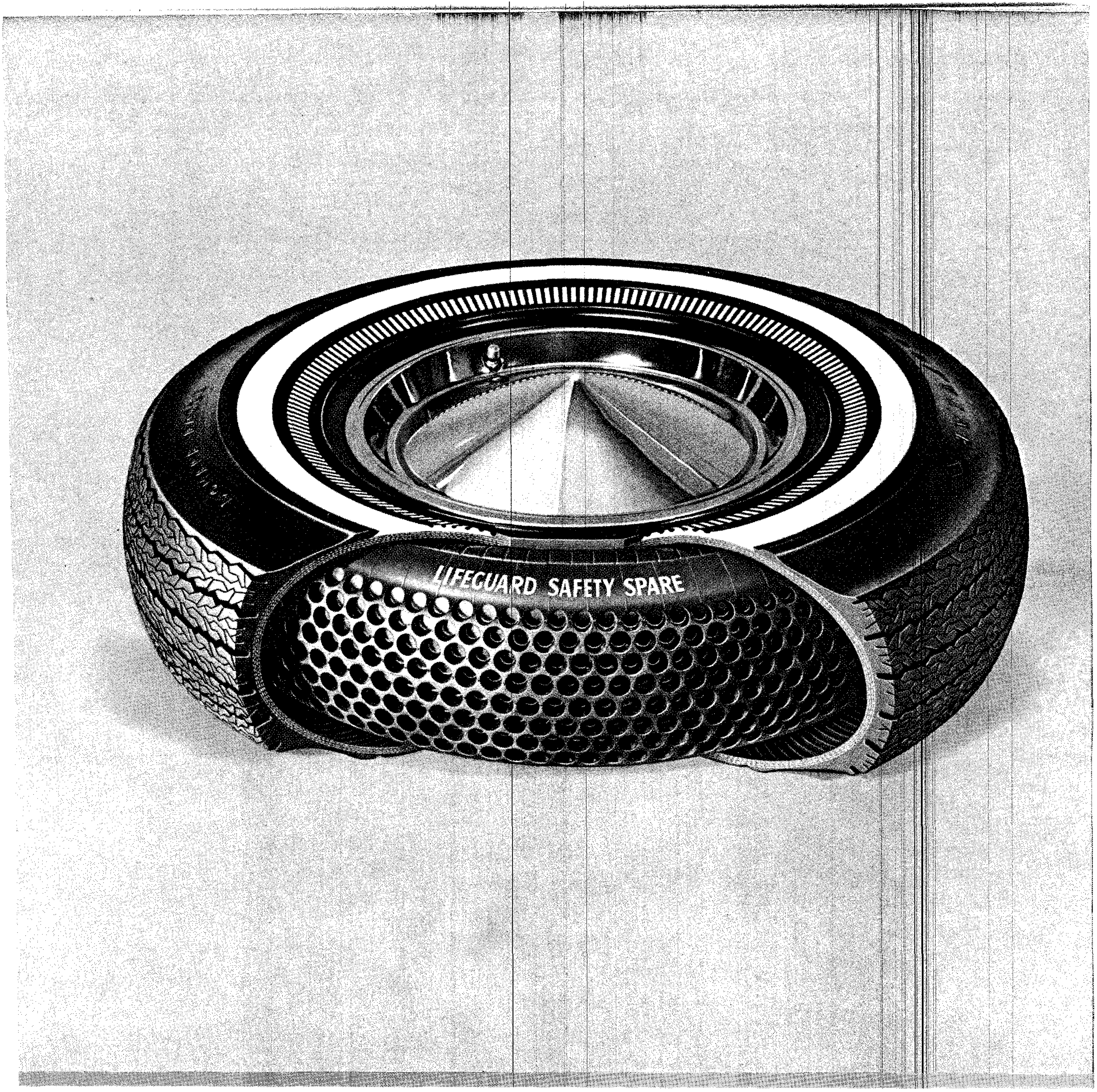
Smoothly poised and purposeful in the well-paced poplin suit of 65% Dacron* polyester/35% cotton that holds it shape and backs up every plan. Makes the most of famous Deansgate tailoring with the greatest natural shoulder in America. Could this great look be for you? Decidedly. About $45. In Natural Tan and other warm weather hues. That's Deansgate! *DuPont registered trade mark.

FAMOUS-STERNBERG, INC. 950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans, La.

prices slightly higher west of the Rockies



When there's no man around . .



Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You can't be with her every time she drives. Protect her with the safest tire ever built. The new Goodyear Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare. It's actually two tires—a "tire-within-a-tire."

The outside tire is the new Double Eagle. It's made with Goodyear's exclusive Tufsyn rubber, that's up to 25% more durable. Makes the Goodyear Double Eagle the longest-wearing tire in the world.

When you add the LifeGuard Safety Spare, the Double Eagle becomes the *safest* tire in the world as well. Because the LifeGuard Safety Spare is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead, made especially by Goodyear to fit *inside* the Double Eagle.

If the outside tire is punctured, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over—keeps going mile after mile until she's safe. The unique "honeycomb" design enables LifeGuard Safety Spare to ride over puncturing objects without damage. She'll never have to change tires—even with a blowout.

Next best thing to having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn — T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio

Gordon's
GORDON'S LONDON DRY GIN
Established 1769. London England
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
EIIR

Gordon's: As English as the London Bobby (and 60 years older)

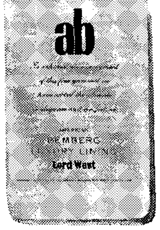
Sir Robert Peel reorganized the London police in 1829, and they came to be known by his nickname. Alexander Gordon created a remarkable gin formula in 1769, and it came to be England's favourite by far. Today, Gordon's is also the biggest-selling gin in America and the world. Probably because it still harks back to Mr. Gordon's original formula, which keeps its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour intact. When you taste the pleasures of Gordon's, you have English history on your side.

PRODUCT OF U. S. A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY and wearing a clean shirt, Luzhin lay immobile. There were moments, it is true, when he raised one knee under the sheet or gently moved an arm, and changing shadows would flit over his face, and sometimes an almost rational light would appear in his eyes, but nonetheless all that could be said of him was that he was immobile—a distressing immobility, exhausting for the gaze that sought a hint of conscious life in it. And it was impossible to tear one's gaze away—one so wanted to penetrate behind this pale, yellowish forehead wrinkling from time to time with a mysterious inner movement, to pierce the mysterious fog that stirred with difficulty, endeavoring, perhaps, to disentangle itself, to condense into separate human thoughts. Yes, there was movement; there was.

The formless fog thirsted for contours, for embodiments, and once something, a mirrorlike glint, appeared in the darkness and Luzhin perceived a face with a black, curly beard—a familiar image, an inhabitant of childish nightmares. The face in the dim little mirror came closer, and immediately the clear space clouded over and there was foggy darkness and slowly dispersing horror. And upon the expiry of many dark centuries (a single earthly night) the light again came into being, and suddenly something burst radiantly, the darkness parted and remained only in the form of a fading shadowy frame, in the midst of which was a shining blue window. Tiny yellow leaves gleamed in this blueness, throwing a speckled shadow on a white tree trunk, which was concealed lower down by the dark-green paw of a fir tree; and immediately this vision filled with life, the leaves began to quiver, spots crept over the trunk, and the green paw oscillated, and Luzhin, unable to support it, closed his eyes, but the bright oscillation remained beneath his lids.

I once buried something under those trees, he thought blissfully. And he seemed on the point of recalling exactly what it was when he heard a rustle above him and two calm voices. He began to listen, trying to understand where he was and why something soft and cold was lying on his forehead. After a while, he opened his eyes again. A fat woman in white was holding her palm on his forehead—and there in the window was the same happy radiance. He wondered what to say, and catching sight of a little watch pinned on her breast, he licked his lips and asked what time it was. Movement immediately began around him, women whispered, and Luzhin remarked with astonishment

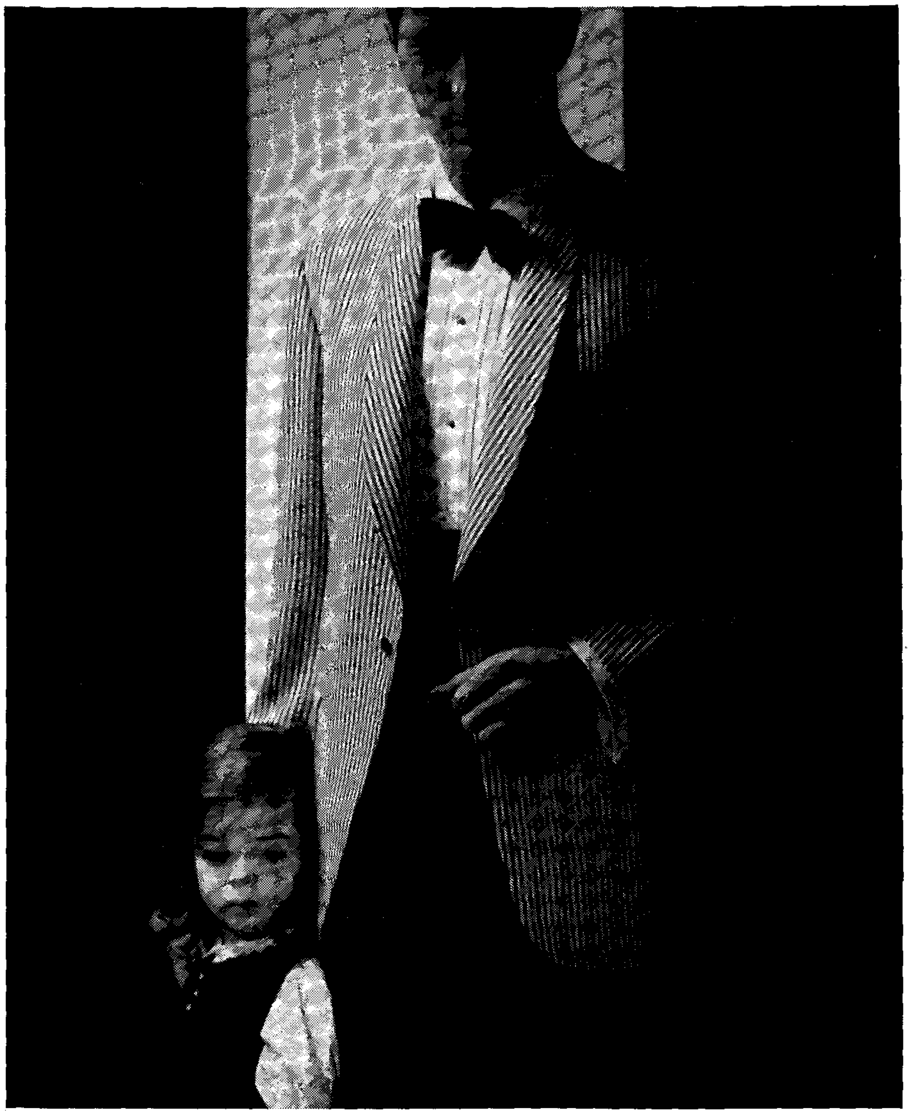
THIS CARD ASSURES YOU OF A LUXURY AMERICAN BEMBERG LINING. FOUND ONLY IN QUALITY EVENING WEAR LIKE THIS SEERSUCKER DINNER JACKET. FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS AT FINEST STORES EVERYWHERE. OR WRITE DIRECTLY TO WEST MILL CLOTHES, 101 WEST 21 STREET, NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK.



Lord West

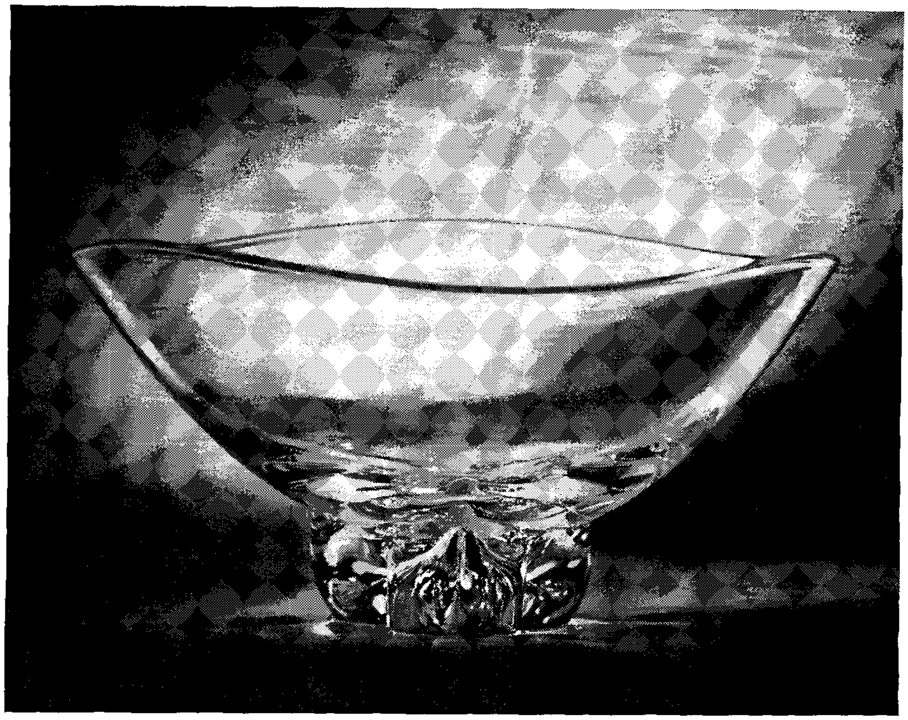
You ought to be inside this handsome dinner jacket by Lord West.

So should a luxurious AMERICAN BEMBERG lining.
(And it is!)



BEAUNIT FIBERS, Division of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16.

LINING FABRIC BY EARL-GLO

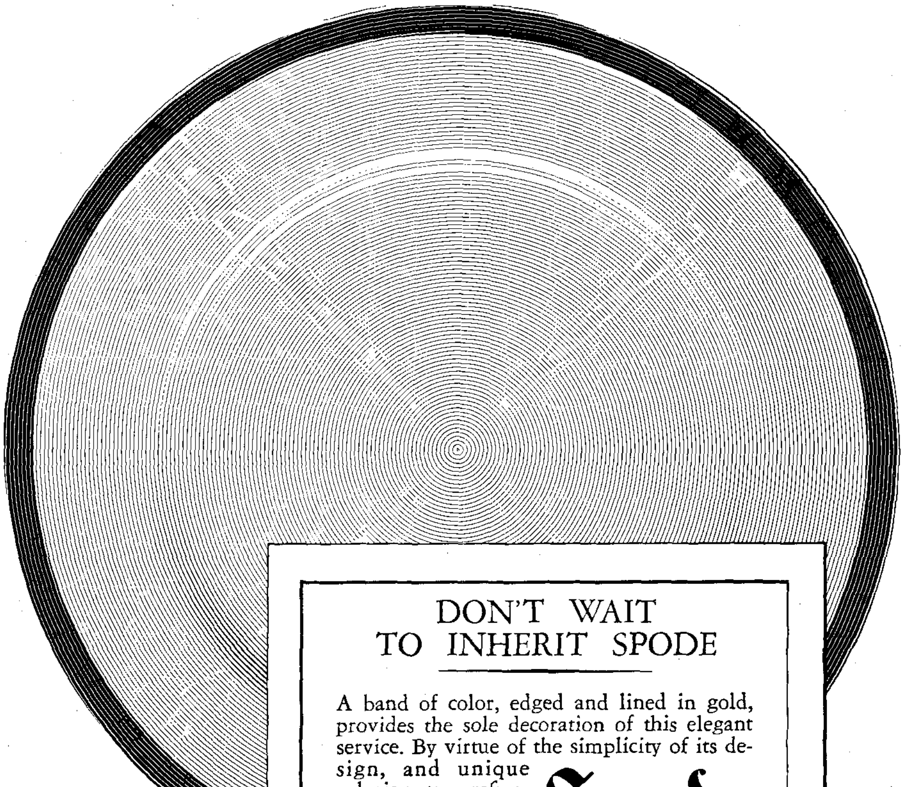


Trillium bowl · Width 9¾ inches · $50.00

Triangular crystal bowl—a distinguished centerpiece, with or without flowers

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK 22, N.Y.



DON'T WAIT TO INHERIT SPODE

A band of color, edged and lined in gold, provides the sole decoration of this elegant service. By virtue of the simplicity of its design, and unique coloring, true refinement is achieved. Write for Booklet 72.

Spode

THE FINE ENGLISH DINNERWARE

COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC.
206 Fifth Ave., N.Y.10, N.Y.

BONE CHINA
BARCLAY (SAGE GREEN)
CONSUL (COBALT BLUE)
MADISON (LONDON STONE)
PLACE SETTING, $33.40

that he understood their language, could even speak it himself. "What time is it?" he repeated.

"Nine in the morning," said one of the women. "How do you feel?"

In the window, if you lifted yourself a little, you could see a fence that was also spotted with shadow. "Evidently I got home," said Luzhin pensively, and again lowered his light, empty head onto the pillow. For a while he heard whispers, the light tinkle of glass. . . . There was something pleasing in the absurdity of everything that was happening, and it was amazingly good to lie there without moving. He fell asleep, and when he awoke saw again the blue gleam of a Russian autumn. But something had changed, someone unfamiliar had appeared next to his bed. Luzhin turned his head. On a chair to the right sat a man in white, with a black beard, looking at him attentively with smiling eyes. Luzhin thought that he resembled the peasant from the mill, but the resemblance vanished when the man spoke. "*Karasho*?" he inquired amiably.

"Who are you?" asked Luzhin in German.

"A friend," replied the gentleman, "a faithful friend. You have been sick but now you are well. Do you hear? You are quite well." Luzhin began to meditate on these words, but the man did not allow him to finish, and said sympathetically, "You must lie quiet. Rest. Get lots of sleep."

THUS Luzhin came back from a long journey, having lost en route the greater part of his luggage, and it was too much bother to restore what was lost. These first days of recovery were quiet and smooth. Women in white gave him tasty food to eat; the bewitching bearded man came and said nice things to him and looked at him with his agate gaze, which bathed one's body in warmth. Shortly, Luzhin began to notice that there was someone else in the room—a palpitating, elusive presence. Once when he woke up, someone noiselessly and hastily went away, and once when he half dozed, someone's extremely light and apparently familiar whisper started beside him and immediately stopped. And hints began to flicker in the bearded man's conversation, about something mysterious and happy; it was in the air around him and in the autumn beauty of the window, and it trembled somewhere behind the tree—an enigmatic, evasive happiness. And Luzhin gradually began to realize that the heavenly void in which his transparent thoughts floated was being filled in from all sides. But he had been

What is a paper trousseau? *(and why you shouldn't wait too long to select it)*

Your paper trousseau includes, in addition to your invitations and announcements, your new stationery for letters; your new note-size paper for formal notes, invitations, and thank-you notes; your new calling cards; and those useful "informals"; in short, your complete stationery needs as a bride.

Why is this trousseau important? As you begin your life with your new name, you will want to have your own stationery ready to meet every need. It is particularly important to have your own personal thank-you note paper ready in advance because, naturally, you will want to thank everyone promptly.

When should the trousseau be ordered? It is best to take care of all details well ahead of time, because of the length of time required for engraving and because invitations should be sent out to arrive at least two or three weeks before the day of the wedding.

Is the particular kind of paper important? It is very important if you wish to have everything perfect in every way. Quality of paper is most important; people do notice; and this is no time for "almost as good."

Where is the best source of information? Your experienced, selected dealer in Crane paper can offer the most reliable advice in every phase of selection and engraving. In stationery and note papers he will show you a wide choice of textures, weaves, weights, sizes and colors (including lovely hand-brushed borders) to express your own personality best.

Since 1801, lovely paper has meant Crane. You can feel the unmatched texture of Crane paper—the result of over 160 years of experience in making fine papers, and the refusal to compromise the excellence of 100% cotton quality. Your new life deserves Crane—for this is the paper trousseau that says the nicest things about you. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane's
FINE PAPERS

lucky: the first thing to appear—the blue window—was the happiest vision of his life.

Warned of the imminence of a wonderful event, he looked through the railed head of his bed at the white door, and waited for it to open and the prediction to come true. But the door did not open. Suddenly, to one side, beyond his field of vision, something stirred. Under the cover of a large screen someone was standing and laughing.

"I'm coming, I'm coming, just a moment," muttered Luzhin, freeing his legs from the sheet and looking with bulging eyes under the chair beside the bed for something to put on his feet.

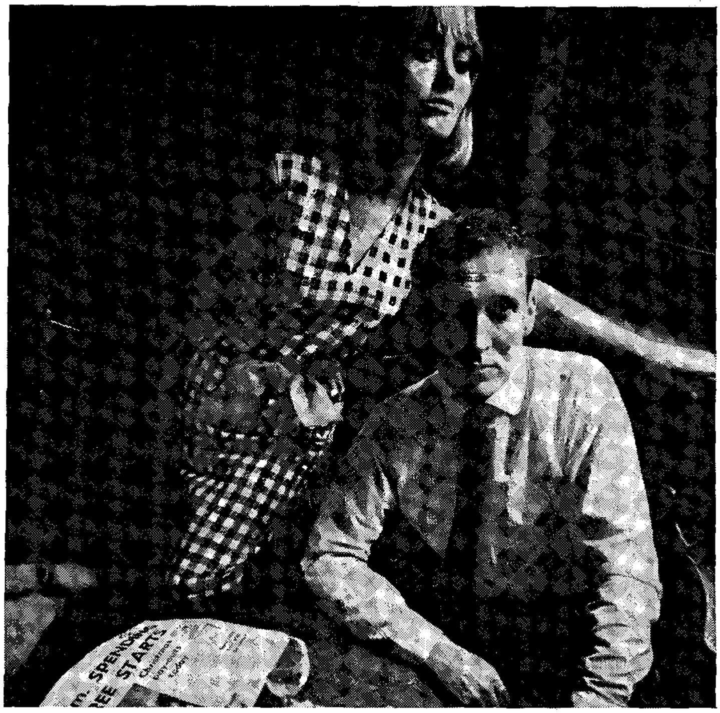
"You're not going anywhere," said a voice, and a pink dress instantaneously filled the void.

For a short while longer, those harsh eminences, the gods of his being, remained in shadow. A tender optical illusion took place; he returned to life from a direction other than the one he had left it in, and the work of redistributing his recollections was assumed by the wondrous happiness that was the first to greet him. And when, finally, with the roar of a crumbling wall, Turati appeared, together with the tournament and all the preceding tournaments—this happiness was able to remove Turati's protesting image and replace the twitching chessmen in their box. As soon as they came to life again, the lid was again slammed upon them—and the struggle did not continue for long. The doctor assisted, the precious stones of his eyes coruscating and melting. He spoke of the fact that all around them was a bright, free world, that chess was a cold amusement that dries up and corrupts the brain, and that the passionate chess player is just as ridiculous as the madman inventing a *perpetuum mobile* or counting pebbles on a deserted ocean shore.

"I shall stop loving you," said his fiancée, "if you start thinking about chess—and I can see every thought, so behave yourself."

"Horror, suffering, despair," said the doctor quietly, "those are what this exhausting game gives rise to." And he proved to Luzhin that Luzhin himself was well aware of this; that Luzhin was unable to think of chess without a feeling of revulsion. Luzhin, melting and coruscating, and blissfully relaxing, agreed with the doctor's reasoning.

In new bedroom slippers made of soft leather, Luzhin strolled in the vast, fragrant garden of the sanatorium. Beside him walked his fiancée, thinking, for some reason, of a book she had read in childhood in which all the difficulties in



florence walsh: clothes with the charm of a broque

Abbey Theatre actor Vincent Dowling finds Florence Walsh's black and white checked dress sashed with canary dramatic, emphatic. If you like a little theatrics and a great deal of fashion, see it in 8 to 16, about 16.00, at the Village Store, New York; Outdoor Traders, Greenwich; MacNeil and Moore, Madison; Monkey Business, San Francisco; or write 1384 Broadway, N. Y. See Ireland on Irish International Airlines.

LOTION EXTRAORDINAIRE
TILLEUL
D'ORSAY

**This week,
ask your masseuse to use Tilleul instead of the usual.**

Tilleul is a new body lotion distilled from the blossom and leaf of the linden tree of the Middle East. It has amazing capacities for toning your skin, relaxing your spirit. D'Orsay imports it from France and purveys it at Saks Fifth Avenue and at fine establishments everywhere. Say "Tee-yul"—that's Tilleul. 7.50 plus tax.

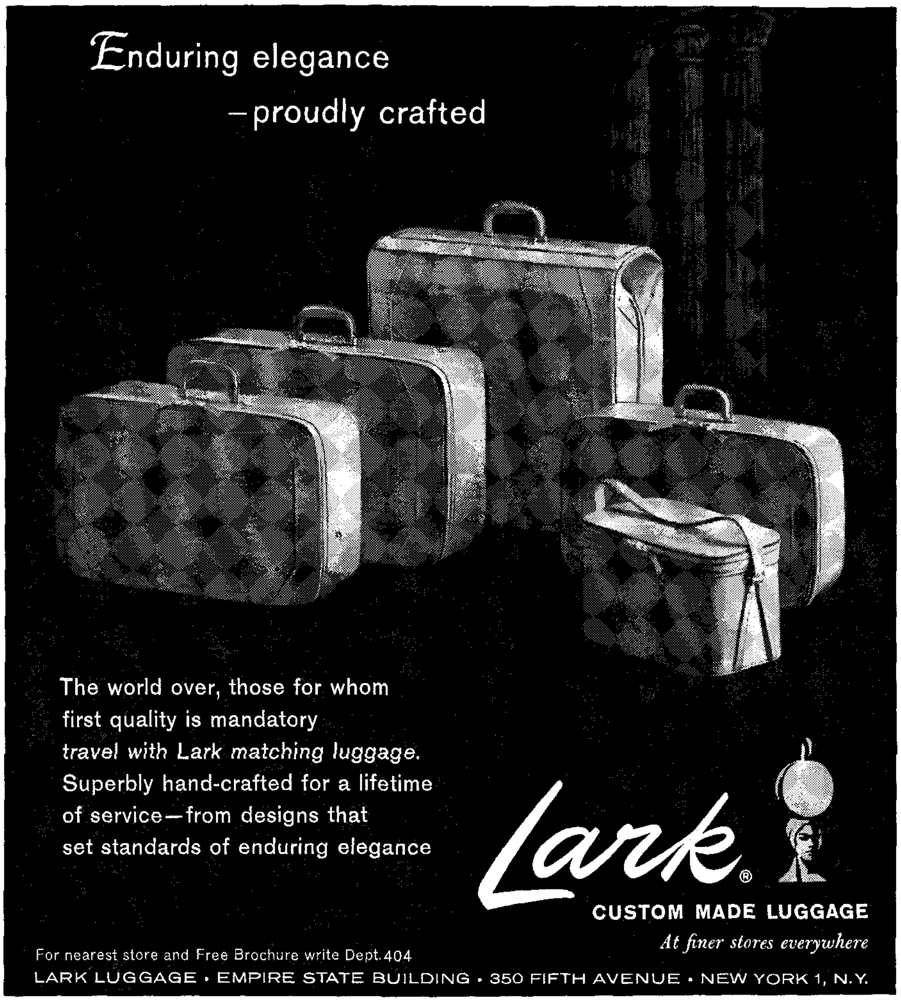
Now for only $5.60* you can enjoy the same great Scotch that sold a million bottles in Scotland last year.

Scotsmen can pick from many top-quality Scotch whiskies. For over a century, **Crawford's** has been their particular favorite. Now you can buy this superb Scotch in the U.S. at a modest price. Just $5.60 is all you pay to discover what the Scots call "one of the good things of life."

ESTD 1860
Crawford's
Special Reserve
Blended
Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch whiskies
blended and shipped by
A. & A. Crawford Ltd.
Leith, Scotland
Product of Scotland

*New York price 4/5 Qt. Somewhat higher or lower in other states.

CRAWFORD'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80.6 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Enduring elegance
—proudly crafted

The world over, those for whom first quality is mandatory *travel with Lark matching luggage.* Superbly hand-crafted for a lifetime of service—from designs that set standards of enduring elegance

Lark®
CUSTOM MADE LUGGAGE
At finer stores everywhere

For nearest store and Free Brochure write Dept. 404
LARK LUGGAGE • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • 350 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

move out in Alpine-styled short shorts

Authentic details right down to the cuffs. Flapped double pockets front and rear, adjustable double ring sash belt. Shorter length for comfort in action. Washable cotton gaberdine in olive, light tan, denim blue or navy. Sizes 28 to 38. By Cisco. **7.95**

wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores
In Greater New York

Mail orders to: 323 E. 44th St., N.Y. 10017. Add 35¢ for orders beyond N.Y. motor delivery area.

the life of a schoolboy who had run away from home, together with a dog he had saved, were resolved by a convenient fever, and the young stepmother whom he had not loved hitherto took such devoted care of him that he suddenly began to appreciate her and called her "Mama," and a warm tearlet rolled down her face, and everything was fine.

"Luzhin is well," she said with a smile, looking at his ponderous profile (the profile of a flabbier Napoleon) as it bent apprehensively over a flower, which maybe might bite. "Luzhin is well. Luzhin is out for a walk. Luzhin is very sweet."

"It doesn't smell," said Luzhin in a thick, small voice.

"Nor should it smell," she replied, taking him by the arm. "Dahlias aren't supposed to. But see that white flower over there—that's Mr. Tabacum—and *he* has a strong smell at night. When I was little I always used to suck the sap out of the corolla. Now I don't like it anymore."

"In our garden in Russia . . ." Luzhin said, and became thoughtful, squinting at the flower beds. "We had these flowers over here," he said. "Our garden was quite a presentable one."

"Asters," she explained. "I don't like them. They're coarse. Now, in our garden . . ."

In general, there was a lot of talk about childhood. The doctor talked about it, too, and questioned Luzhin. "Your father owned land, didn't he?" Luzhin nodded. "Land, the country—that's excellent," continued the doctor. "You probably had horses and cows?" A nod. "Let me imagine your house. . . . Ancient trees all around . . . the house large and bright. Your father returns from the hunt . . ."

Luzhin recalled that his father had once found a fat, nasty little fledgling in a ditch. "Yes," he replied uncertainly.

"Some details," asked the doctor softly. "Please. I beg you. I'm interested in the way you occupied yourself in childhood, what you played with. You had some tin soldiers, I'm sure. . . ."

But Luzhin rarely grew enlivened during these conversations. On the other hand, constantly nudged by such interrogations, his thoughts would return again and again to the sphere of his childhood. It was impossible to express his recollections in words—there simply were no grown-up words for his childish impressions—and if he ever related anything, then he did so jerkily and unwillingly, rapidly sketching the outlines and marking a complex move, rich in possibilities, with just a letter and a

YASUKO
NAKAMURA

You may meet BOAC Stewardess Yasuko Nakamura when you fly from New York, San Francisco or Honolulu to Tokyo and Hong Kong by Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet.

Can't pronounce her full name? Try "Suki."
Suki's more than beautiful. She speaks Japanese and English fluently. Understands modern jazz and customs forms. Can serve you sake and sushi like a geisha, your teriyaki steak with ancestral grace, and say thank you so nicely you'll know she means it. She does.

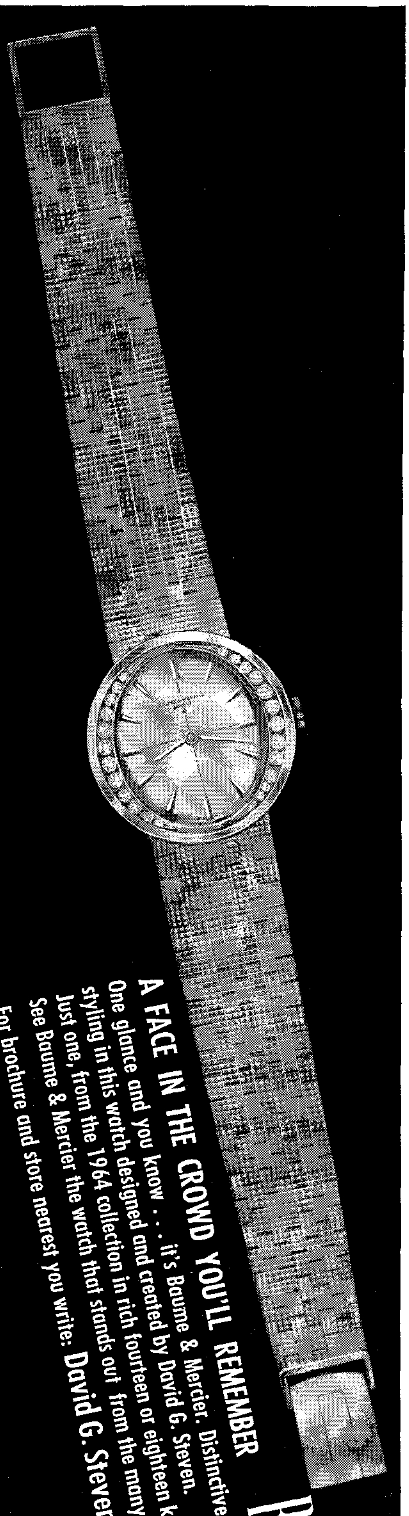
All airlines are alike. Only people make them different.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Call your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation



A FACE IN THE CROWD YOU'LL REMEMBER

BAUME & MERCIER

One glance and you know . . . it's Baume & Mercier. Distinctive contours, subtle textures mark the high fashion styling in this watch designed and created by David G. Steven. Just one, from the 1964 collection in rich fourteen or eighteen karat gold. From $100. to $10,000. See Baume & Mercier the watch that stands out from the many others at fine jewelry stores.

For brochure and store nearest you write: **David G. Steven Inc.** 37 West 47th St. New York, N.Y. 10036

number. His pre-school, pre-chess childhood, which he had refused to think about before, dismissing it with a slight shudder so as not to find dormant horrors and humiliating insults there, proved now to be an amazingly safe spot, where he could take pleasant excursions that sometimes brought a piercing pleasure. Luzhin himself was unable to understand whence the excitement, why the image of the fat French governess with the three bone buttons on one side of her skirt, which drew together whenever she lowered her enormous croup into an armchair—why the image that had then so irritated him now evoked in his breast a feeling of tender constriction. He recalled that in their St. Petersburg house her asthmatic obesity had preferred to the staircase the old-fashioned, water-powered elevator, which the janitor used to set in motion by means of a lever in the vestibule. "Here we go," the janitor said invariably as he closed the door leaves behind her. The heavy, puffing, shuddering elevator would creep slowly upward on its thick velvet cable, and past it, down the peeling wall that was visible through the glass, would come dark geographic patches, those patches of dampness and age, among which, as among the clouds in the sky, the reigning fashion is for silhouettes of Australia and the Black Sea. Sometimes little Luzhin would go up with her, but more often he stayed below and listened to the elevator, high up and behind the wall, struggling upward—and he always hoped that it would get stuck halfway. Often enough this did happen. The noise would cease and from unknown, intermural space would come a wail for help; the janitor below would move the lever, with a grunt of effort, then open the door into blackness and ask briskly, looking upward, "Moving?" Finally something would shudder and stir, and after a little while the elevator would descend—now empty. Empty. Goodness knows what had happened to her—perhaps she had travelled up to Heaven and remained there, with her asthma, her licorice candies, and her pince-nez on a black cord. The recollection also came back empty, and for the first time in all his life, perhaps, Luzhin asked himself the question where exactly had it all gone—what had become of his childhood, whither had the veranda floated, whither, rustling through the bushes, had the familiar paths crept away?

With an involuntary movement of the soul, he looked for these paths in the sanatorium garden, but the flower beds had a different outline, the birches were placed differently, and the gaps in their russet foliage, filled with autumn blue, in no way corresponded to the remembered gaps into which he tried to fit these cut-out pieces of azure. It seemed as though that distant world was unrepeatable; through it roamed the by now completely bearable images of his parents, softened by the haze of time, and the clockwork train with its tin car painted to look like panelling went buzzing under the flounces of the armchair, and goodness knows how this affected the dummy engine driver, too big for the locomotive and hence placed in the tender.

THAT was the childhood Luzhin now visited willingly in his thoughts. It had been followed by another period, a long, chess period that both the doctor and his fiancée called lost years, a dark period of spiritual blindness, a dangerous delusion—lost, lost years. They did not bear recollection. Lurking there like an evil spirit was the somehow terrible image of Valentinov. All right, we agree, that will do . . . lost years . . . away with them . . . they are forgotten . . . crossed out of life. Once they were excluded, the light of childhood merged directly with the present light, and its flow formed the image of his fiancée. Her being expressed all the gentleness and charm that could be extracted from his recollections of childhood—as if the dapples of light scattered over the footpaths of the manor garden had now grown together into a single warm radiance.

"Feeling happy?" asked her mother dejectedly, looking at her animated face. "Shall we soon be celebrating a wedding?"

"Soon," she replied, and threw her small round gray hat on the couch. "In any case, he's leaving the sanatorium in a day or two."

"It's costing your father a pretty penny."

"I've just scoured through all the bookstores. He absolutely had to have Jules Verne and Sherlock Holmes. And it turns out he's never read Tolstoy."

"Naturally. He's a peasant. I always said so."

"Listen, Mama," Luzhin's fiancée said, lightly slapping her glove against the package of books, "let's make an agreement. From today on, let's have no more of these cracks. It is stupid, degrading for you, and above all, completely pointless."

"Then don't marry him," said the mother, her face working. "Don't marry him. I beseech you. Why, if you like,

Another Woodard classic in wrought iron furniture — The Orleans Collection — A colorful and practical addition to the patio. Select from ten beautiful finishes — all warranted rust-proof. Tempered glass is now standard on all Woodard table tops.

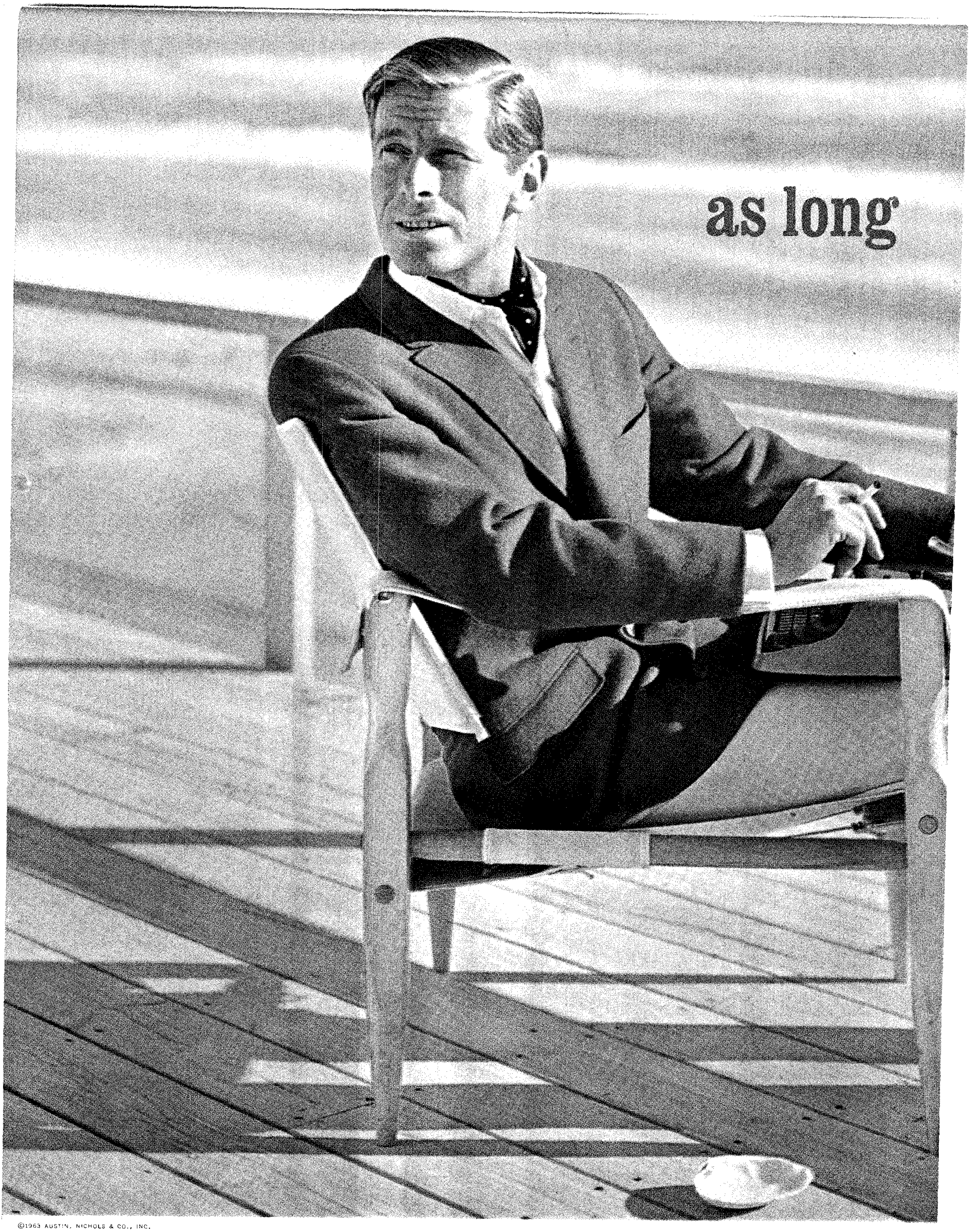
Send 25c for—"YOU APPRECIATE NICE THINGS"—a colorful presentation of furniture ideas.

style authority in wrought iron

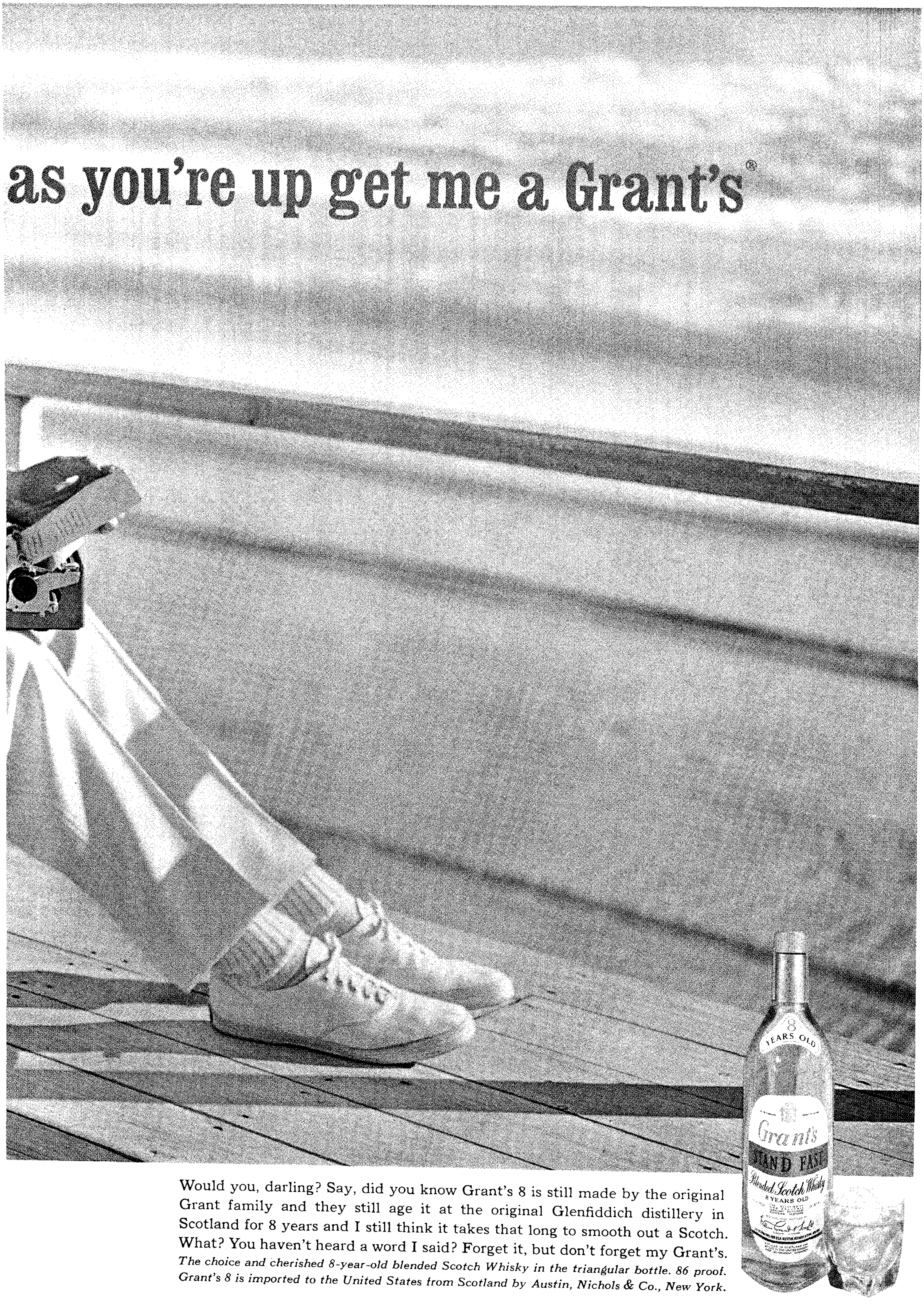
Woodard

LEE L. WOODARD SONS, INC., OWOSSO, MICHIGAN

New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco



©1963 AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.


as you're up get me a Grant's®
8 YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. 86 proof. Grant's 8 is imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York.

4 new ways to keep your husband from stealing your Ronson butane lighter.

Those 4 new designs on the Ronson Varaflame STARFIRE are feminine enough to make any husband think twice about pinching one, even in a pinch.

But, dainty as they look, the Starfires are all hard-working Ronsons inside.

They all burn clean, safe butane gas and they all have Ronson's patented, airtight valves so the gas can't evaporate.

A lady gets months of lights on just one fueling.

When she wants to refuel, she doesn't have to ask her husband to do the dirty work. She can fill the lighter herself with a Ronson Multi-Fill® injector (available everywhere). There's no drip, no odor.

Like all Ronson Varaflame lighters, the Starfire has an adjustable flame. So an especially attentive wife can light her husband's cigarette, cigar or pipe just by turning a fingertip dial.

And, like all Ronsons, the Starfire has a lifetime service guarantee.

It's enough to make a husband buy a Ronson Varaflame lighter of his own.

RONSON® Varaflame®

SEE THE RONSON EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N.J., U.S.A. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

I'll throw myself on my knees before you. . . ." Leaning one elbow on the armchair, she started with difficulty to bend her leg, slowly lowering her large, slightly creaking body.

"You'll cave the floor in," the girl said, and, picking up the books, she went out of the room.

Luzhin read Fogg's journey and Holmes' memoirs in two days, and when he had read them he said they were not what he wanted—this was an incomplete edition. Of the other books, he liked "Anna Karenin"—particularly the pages on the zemstvo elections and the dinner ordered by Oblonsky. "Dead Souls" also made an impression on him. Moreover, he recognized a whole section that he had once taken down in childhood as a long and painful dictation. Besides the classics, his fiancée brought him all sorts of frivolous French novels. Everything that could divert Luzhin was good; even these doubtful stories, which he read—though embarrassed—with interest. Poetry, on the other hand (for instance, a small volume of Rilke's that she had bought on the recommendation of a salesman), threw him into a state of severe perplexity and sorrow. The doctor forbade her to give Luzhin anything by Dostoevski, who, in the doctor's words, had had an oppressive effect on the psyche of contemporary man, for as in a terrible mirror—

"Oh, Mr. Luzhin doesn't brood over books," she said cheerfully. "And he doesn't understand poetry, because of the rhymes; the rhymes put him off."

Strangely enough, in spite of the fact that Luzhin had read far fewer books in his life than she in hers, had never finished high school, and had been interested in nothing but chess, she felt in him the ghost of a culture that she herself lacked. There were titles of books and names of characters which for some reason were household words to Luzhin, although the books themselves he had never read. His speech was clumsy and full of shapeless, ridiculous words—but in it there sometimes quivered a mysterious intonation hinting at some other kind of words, which were living and charged with subtle meaning, but which he could not utter. Despite his ignorance, despite the meagreness of his vocabulary, Luzhin harbored within him a barely perceptible vibration, the shadow of sounds that he had once heard.

No more did her mother speak of his uncouthness or of his other defects after that day when, remaining in a genuflectory position, she had sobbed out everything to her heart's content, her cheek

ALICE
WOULD'VE
IF
SHE
COULD'VE...
CARPETED
WONDERLAND
WITH
carpet
by
magee

the fibre CUMULOFT NYLON CHEMSTRAND Cumuloft

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

There's more to good sun glasses than meets the eye!

Naturally, you'd expect fine sun glasses like famous Ray-Bans to have the most flattering styles. And they do...dozens of them for both men and women! However, style is the *second* reason for buying sun glasses. *First* is complete protection from the glare that brings on eye fatigue. Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are scientifically designed to filter *out* potentially harmful rays while letting cool light *in*, keeping your eyes comfortable all day long. ☐ Matched, optically corrected lenses are free from the objectionable imperfections and distortions so common in so many sun glasses. This advantage is a direct result of Bausch & Lomb's unequalled experience in the manufacture of quality eye wear. When you buy sun glasses again, put a realistic value on your eyes. Give them exclusive Ray-Ban comfort whenever you go outdoors. See Ray-Ban Sun Glasses at *optical offices, fine stores and sport shops.* For free style folder, write Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, N.Y. 14602.

Ray-Ban®
SUN GLASSES
By BAUSCH & LOMB

Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Ban lenses ground to your prescription.

S.F.A's ORLON® LINKS-STITCH KNITS DESIGNED FOR WEEKEND SPORTS—

Ideal relaxers—these prize shirts in Orlon® acrylic are specially knit to resemble the coveted look of alpaca. Each, made expressly to our specifications, has care-free features to make them practical, too. Both styles in white, beige, red, medium blue, olive green, maize or black. Left: Placket-front shirt, also in navy or grey, 13.00. Right: Cardigan shirt, 15.00. Both, in S-M-L-XL sizes. Men's Furnishings.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

pressed against the arm of the chair in an empty room. "I would have understood everything," she said to her husband, "understood and forgiven everything, if only she really loved him. But that's the dreadful part—"

"No, I don't quite agree with you," interrupted her husband. "I also thought at first that it was all mental. But her attitude to his illness convinces me to the contrary. Of course, such a union is dangerous, and she could also have made a better choice. Although he's from an old noble family, his narrow profession has left a certain mark on him. All the same, I consider him a good man. You'll see; he'll take up some useful occupation now. I don't know about you, but I simply can't bring myself to dissuade her any longer. In my opinion we should brace ourselves and accept the inevitable. . . ." He spoke briskly and at length, holding himself very straight and playing with the lid of his cigarette case.

"I feel just one thing," said his wife. "She doesn't love him."

IN a rudimentary jacket minus one sleeve, Luzhin, who was being renovated, stood in profile before a cheval glass while a bald-headed tailor chalked his shoulder and back or jabbed pins into him, which he took with astonishing deftness from his mouth, where they seemed to grow naturally. From all the samples of cloth arranged neatly according to color in an album, Luzhin had chosen a dark-gray square, and his fiancée spent a long time feeling the corresponding bolt of cloth, which the tailor threw with a hollow thud onto the counter, unwrapped with lightning speed, and pressed against his protruding stomach, as if covering up his nakedness. She found that the material tended to crease easily, whereupon an avalanche of tight rolls of cloth began to cover the counter, and the tailor, wetting his finger on his lower lip, unrolled and unrolled. Finally, a cloth was chosen that was also dark gray, but soft and flexible, and even just a bit shaggy. And now Luzhin, distributed about the cheval glass in pieces, in sections, as if for visual instruction (here we have a plump, clean-shaven face, here is the same face in profile, and here we have something rarely seen by the subject himself—the back of his head, fairly closely cropped, with folds in the neck and slightly protruding ears, pink where the light shines through), looked at himself and at the material, failing to recognize its former smooth, generous, virgin integrity. "I think it needs to be a bit narrower in front," said his fiancée, and the tailor, taking a step backward, slit his eyes at Luzhin's

Only $439

for a 16-day Portugal Holiday including round-trip Swissair DC-8 Jetliner, other transportation, hotel rooms with private bath, most meals, car, maintenance, insurance, sightseeing, transfers & most tips

or take your choice of other Swissair bargains

On Swissair's Portugal Holiday of enchantment, you jet first to old-world Lisbon, where flower mosaics bloom in the sidewalks and pastel houses make a storybook picture. You have 4 golden days in Lisbon, you visit the monuments, castles, museums, old quarters & new places. You take an exciting excursion through Monsanto, Queluz, Ramalhao, to Sintra and the Pena Castle, and then to the seaside resorts of Guincho, Cascais and Estoril. On the 6th day, you take possession of a car and follow the toot of your own horn on your choice of 3 itineraries. On itinerary 1, for example, you go to the picturesque fishing village of Nazaré. You have 2 days at Figueira da Foz for swimming, sunning and dining by the sea. A day at Oporto, home of port wine. Two days in Coimbra to see the University founded in 1290. Then to Tomar and return to Lisbon. On your 13th day, you ferry across the Tagus River to the Arrabida Mountains, to visit the Monument of Christ the King. More sightseeing on your 14th day. The 15th is a free day for shopping, bathing, discovering on your own. In the evening, you visit a Fado café where the songs stir your thoughts in a gentle way, and you also visit the International Gambling Casino at Estoril for the floor show. Then on your 16th day, with your memory chest overflowing, you head for home again. For 16 days, and including round-trip Swissair DC-8 Jetliner, other transportation, hotels with private bath, most meals, sightseeing, transfers, most tips, car, maintenance, insurance—the cost is only $439.70. Probably the biggest bargain this year.

Other Swissair Bargains

These other Swissair bargains also include everything: round-trip Swissair DC-8 Jetliner, other transportation, first-class hotels, most meals, sightseeing trips and tips. Take the Swissair tour that follows your dreams to the story that is Europe.

Iberian Holiday (Spain & Portugal) $499. On this Iberian Holiday, you arrive first in sunlit Lisbon. You hop over to Estoril for a luncheon by the sea. Then to Seville where cobblestone byways lead to places of charm. To the Spanish Riviera at Torremolinos. Take a dip in the blue Mediterranean. Do the Flamenco at a night spot. Then to grand old Granada and the Alhambra. To Toledo, home of El Greco. To Madrid to make merry. And finally to medieval Cáceres. For 16 unforgettable days, the cost is only $499 for everything.

Italy $669. Come to the land of art and where living itself is an art. Milan, with the famous painting of the Last Supper fading into time. Venice, with romantic gondolas. Florence, a masterpiece made by millions of hands. Rome, with its glorious churches and paintings. Then to Naples. Pompeii. Sorrento. The Isle of Capri. In Pisa, angle your way up the famous tower. You even get to visit Switzerland. For 17 romantic days, the cost is only $669 for everything.

Switzerland & Central Europe. Do the waltz in historic Vienna. Tan yourself on the French Riviera. Be romantic in Rome. Thrill to the song of the Rhine Maidens. Ride up the face of the Alps. Choose from a fine collection of tours at unusually low prices, from as little as $13 to $157. Air fare is not included. Take the SWISS ALPINE TOUR alone or combine it with a MEDIEVAL AND MODERN GERMANY TOUR, BEAUTIFUL AUSTRIA TOUR, ITALY TOUR, or GENEVA TO PARIS TOUR.

Bachelor Grand Tour from $859.80. These European Holidays will be of special interest to single people or those traveling alone who want the company of others their own age. A holiday with festive evenings as well as daytime sightseeing. First, jet to Lucerne, a storybook Swiss city. Then to Innsbruck where you spend a joyous Tyrolean evening. To Venice, with romantic gondolas. To Florence, a masterpiece. To Rome, where you do as the Romans do—feast, romp and ogle. Then to Nice where it's nice on the French Riviera. And to Paris to sample the many Parisian pleasures. For 21 days, prices start at just $859.80 for everything on the budget tour, or from just $1220.50 for everything on the de luxe tour.

Greece, Spain, Portugal & Canaries from $1597. First, to old-world Lisbon. Its echoing castles take you back to the Middle Ages. Then to Las Palmas in the Canaries, a semi-tropical bloom in the midst of a fantastically blue sea. To Madrid to make merry. To glorious Seville. To grand old Granada and gypsy caves. To Barcelona which goes back to the 2nd century B.C. And to Athens, where civilized man and classical gods took shape. You see the Parthenon. Acropolis. Temple of Wingless Victory. You cruise the Greek Islands. For 30 marvelous days, the cost is from $1597 for everything.

Travel Catalog. How would you like to put together your own tour of Europe or the Middle East? You can with the Swissair Travel Catalog. It's the most up-to-date aid you can find, with helpful hints and with complete packages of 50 cities. Each package for a city includes transportation, room with private bath, most meals, sightseeing trips and tips.

Three-Week Vacationers—If you have 3 weeks to spare, extend your Swissair European Holiday to 21 days at small extra cost, and get to see such places as: Rome, London, the Riviera and Paris.

Music Festivals—Swissair also offers a collection of attractively-priced tours to Music Festivals being held throughout Europe this summer.

For more information, see your travel agent or send in the coupon today.

SWISSAIR, 10 West 49th St., New York, N.Y.
I'd like to know more about Swissair European Summer Holidays starting at only $439.70 for everything. Please send me illustrated brochures and day-to-day itineraries for the following: ☐ Portugal Holiday ☐ Iberian Holiday ☐ Italy ☐ Switzerland & Central Europe ☐ Bachelor Grand Tour ☐ Greece, Spain, Portugal & Canaries ☐ Travel Catalog ☐ Music Festivals ☐ Israel Group Departures.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City & State____________________

____
(Name of your travel agent, if any.) N-516

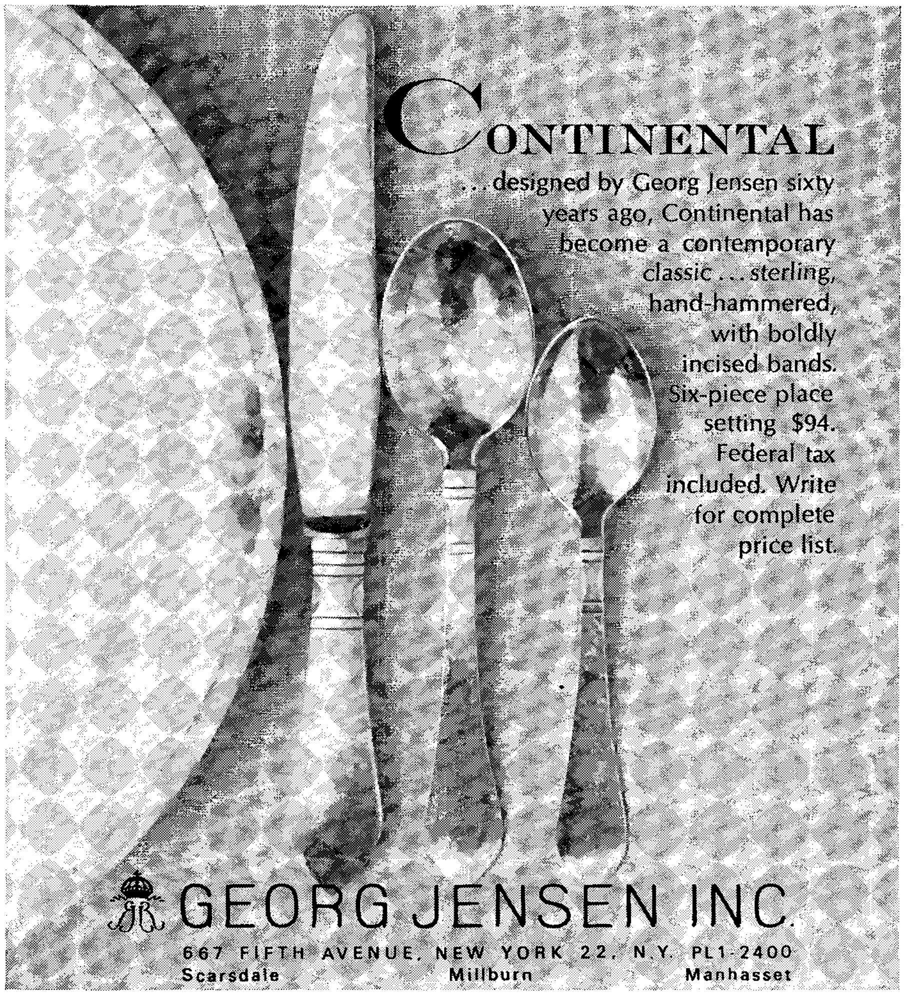
THE PRIVATELY-OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND
SWISSAIR
SWISSCARE • WORLDWIDE

All prices are based on 21-day economy excursion or regular economy fares, round trip from New York.

Evan-Piconery!

Is to hop in. Skip in. Jump a little jump in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. The whites in Jaipur, Evan-Picone's exclusive self-cooling sharkskin of 100% acetate. The stripes, in curry, brown and white double-knit Arnel® triacetate. 8-18. Pleatful skirt, about $15. Slacks, about $13. Bermudas, about $10. Sleeve top, about $17. Sleeveless top, about $10. At B. Altman & Co. and branches, and other great stores. **Evan-Picone** 1407 B'way, N.Y.C.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



CONTINENTAL

...designed by Georg Jensen sixty years ago, Continental has become a contemporary classic... *sterling, hand-hammered,* with boldly incised bands. Six-piece place setting $94. Federal tax included. Write for complete price list.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL 1-2400
Scarsdale Millburn Manhasset

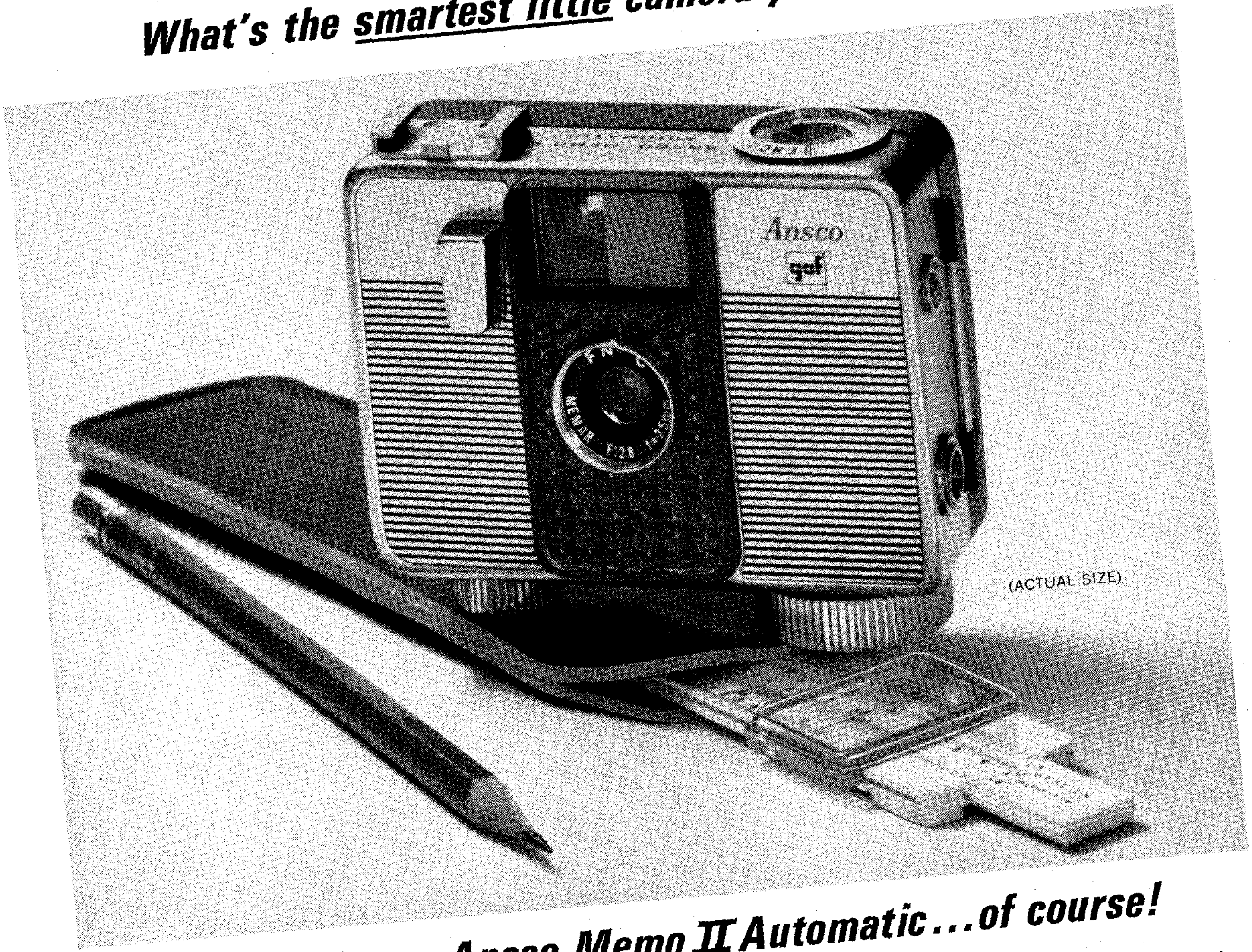
figure, said, with the polite trace of a smile, that the gentleman was somewhat on the stout side, and then busied himself with some newborn lapels, pulling this and pinning that, while Luzhin in the meantime, with a gesture peculiar to all people in his position, held his arm slightly away from his body or else bent it at the elbow and looked at his wrist, trying to get accustomed to the sleeve. In passing, the tailor slashed him over the heart with chalk, to indicate a small pocket; then pitilessly ripped off the sleeve that had seemed finished and began quickly to remove the pins from Luzhin's stomach.

Besides a good business suit, they made Luzhin a dress suit, and the old-fashioned tuxedo found at the bottom of his trunk was altered by the same tailor. His fiancée did not dare to ask why Luzhin had formerly needed a tuxedo and an opera hat, fearing to arouse chess memories, and therefore she never learned about a certain big dinner given in Birmingham, where, incidentally, Valentinov . . . Oh, well, good luck to him.

The renovation of Luzhin's envelope did not stop here. Shirts, ties, and socks appeared—and Luzhin accepted all this with carefree interest. From the sanatorium he moved into a small furnished room in his fiancée's building. The room was gaily papered, and he had exactly the same feeling as in childhood when he moved from country to town. It was always strange, this settling into town. You went to bed and everything was so new. In the silence of the night, the wooden pavement would come to life for several seconds of slow clip-clop. The windows were curtained more heavily and more sumptuously than at the manor. In darkness slightly relieved by the bright line of the incompletely closed door, the objects stopped expectantly, still not fully warmed up, still not having completely renewed their acquaintanceship after the long summer interval. And when you woke up, there was sober, gray light outside the windows, and the sun slipped through a milky haze in the sky, looking like the moon. And suddenly in the distance—a burst of military music. It approached in orange waves, was interrupted by the hurried beat of a drum, and soon everything died down, and in place of the puffed-out sounds of trumpets there came again the imperturbable clopping of hoofs and the subdued rattling of a St. Petersburg morning.

His landlady, an elderly German woman, said, smiling, "You forget to put out the light in the corridor." And again, "You forget to close your door

What's the smartest little camera you can buy? . . .

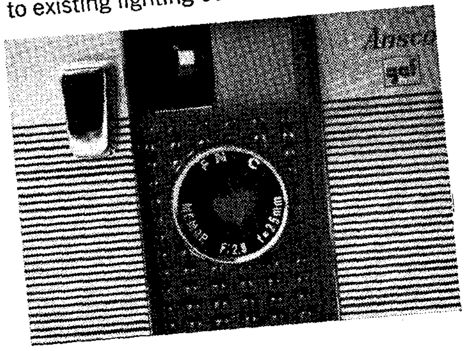


(ACTUAL SIZE)

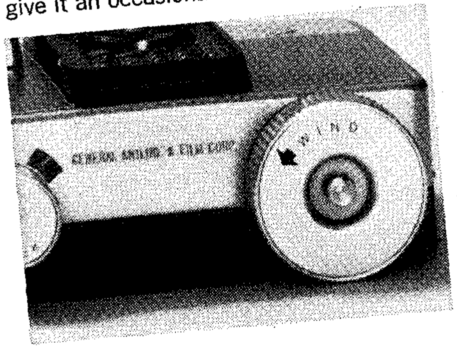
the brand new Ansco Memo II Automatic . . . of course!

Just take out your pocket handkerchief and pop in the new Ansco Memo II. That's about the size of it. But don't let its small size fool you. Inside is a big brain with all the answers to perfect picture taking. For example, an automatic exposure control adjusts itself to existing light, gives you pictures that challenge a pro. Has automatic settings for flash exposure, too. It even remembers to shift film by itself so you can shoot as fast as you can trip the shutter. And new Memo II is a "single-frame" camera . . . you get twice as many mounted slides that fit any standard projector (or full-size prints) from Anscochrome or any roll of standard 35mm film. Priced under $70 with soft, fine leather case and wrist strap. Ansco Memo II . . . a very smart buy.

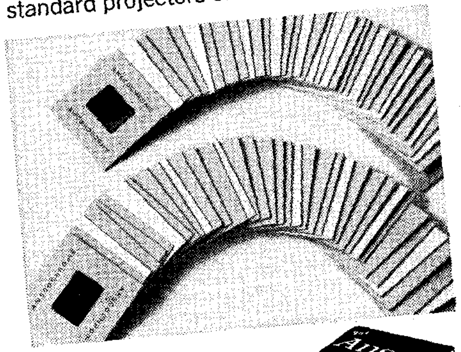
So automatic you can't go wrong! An automatic exposure control adjusts itself to existing lighting conditions.



Shoots as fast as you can trip the shutter! A motorized film transport is why. Just give it an occasional winding.



Takes twice as many pictures on standard 35mm film. Either slides that fit all standard projectors or full-size prints.



Ansco
ANSCOCHROME
200

gaf Ansco PHOTO PRODUCTS OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION / CREATIVE DEVELOPMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

J. PRESS INC.

SUMMER SPORT JACKETS

COOLIE CLOTH JACKETS in Marine Blue and Dark Duffel Blue with patch & flap pockets, hook vent, swelled edges and seams. Vycron polyester & Cotton, washable — dryfast — needs no pressing $37.50

INDIA MADRAS HANDWOVEN COTTON JACKETS in an extensive, utterly refreshing collection. Three-button with hook vent and raised seams $42.50

Mail Orders Filled. Submit height, weight and measurements. Include 75c postage. Swatches & Brochure sent on request.

DACRON/FLAX CRASH LINEN JACKETS. Linen classics unsurpassed for wrinkle-free appearance & light-weight comfort. Patch & flap pockets, hook vent and double sewn edge trim. Unbleached Natural, Sand, Olive Mixture, Garnet Red and Bottle Green. $45

DACRON/COTTON TWEED GLEN CHECK with the sporting look of a District Check in a combination of Navy/Brown/White. Three-button model with lap seams. Washable — dryfast — needs no pressing...................$45

SINCE 1902

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK

J. PRESS INC.

262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

CURRENT *EXHIBITS*

Beverly Hills
Beverly-Wilshire Hotel
May 23rd
Birmingham
Dinkler-Tutwiler Hotel
May 20th & 21st
Chicago
LaSalle Hotel
May 20th, 21st, 22nd & 23rd
Indianapolis
Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel
May 18th & 19th

Los Angeles
Biltmore Hotel
May 25th & 26th
Memphis
Hotel Peabody
May 22nd & 23rd
San Diego
El Cortez Hotel
May 21st & 22nd

Exhibit Dates For 27 Other Cities On Request.

Looms big

Looms *are* big! Better still, they're lighter, cooler, softer! And you'll take a shine to them —because they do! Keep neat looking all day every day all Summer long!

The SUMMIT; *black calf and loomed wing tip.*

Most Florsheim styles $\$19^{95}$ *to* $\$24^{95}$ Florsheim

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

at night." She also complained to his fiancée, saying he was absent-minded, like an old professor.

"Are you comfortable, Luzhin?" his fiancée kept inquiring. "Are you sleeping well, Luzhin? No, I know it's not comfortable, but it will all change soon."

"There's no need to put it off any longer," Luzhin muttered, putting his arms round her and interlacing his fingers on her hip. "Let's do it tomorrow. Tomorrow. Most lawful matrimony."

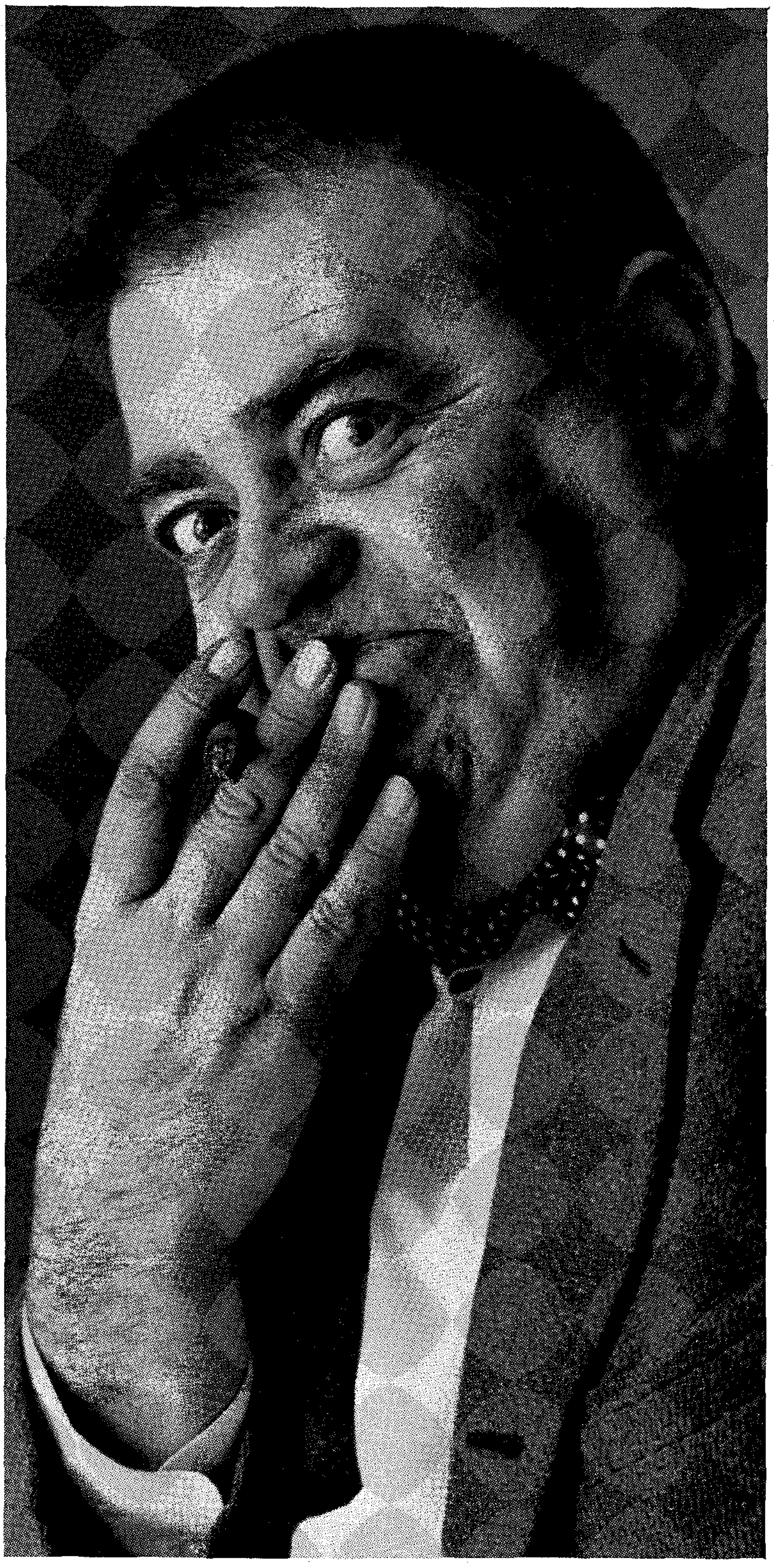
"Yes, soon, soon," she replied. "But it can't be done in a single day. There's still one more establishment. There you and I will hang on the wall for two weeks, and in the meantime your wife will come from Palermo, take a look at the names, and say, 'Impossible—Luzhin's mine.' "

"It's mislaid," replied her mother when Luzhin's fiancée inquired about her birth certificate. "I put it away and mislaid it. I don't know where I put it. I don't know anything." The document, however, was found pretty quickly. And, anyway, it was too late now to warn, to forbid, to think up difficulties. The wedding rolled up with fatal smoothness, and could not be stopped, as if one were standing on ice—slippery, nothing to catch hold of. She was forced to submit, and think up ways of embellishing and displaying her daughter's fiancé so as not to be ashamed before other people, and she had to summon the courage to smile at the wedding, to play the role of the satisfied mother and to praise Luzhin's honesty and goodness of heart.

A not very expensive but decently furnished apartment was rented in the vicinity—on the fifth floor, it is true, but that did not matter; there was an elevator for Luzhin's shortness of breath, and in any case the stairs were not steep and there was a chair on every landing, beneath a stained-glass window. From the spacious entrance hall of the apartment, conventionally enlivened by silhouette drawings in black frames, a door to the left opened into the bedroom and a door to the right into the study. Farther down the right-hand side of the entrance hall was the door to the drawing room. The adjoining dining room had been made a little longer at the expense of the entrance hall, which at this point neatly turned into a corridor—a transformation chastely concealed by a plush portière on rings. To the left of the corridor was the bathroom, then the servant's room, and, at the end, the kitchen.

The future mistress of the apartment liked the disposition of the rooms; their furniture was less to her taste. In the

Talk about being henpecked. Joe rents cars from National because he's afraid to go home without S&H Green Stamps.

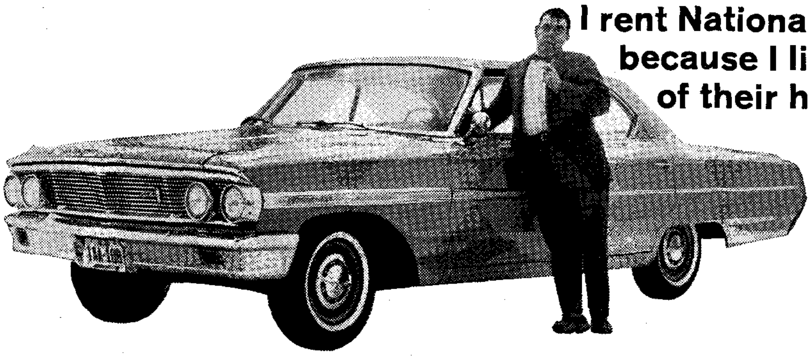


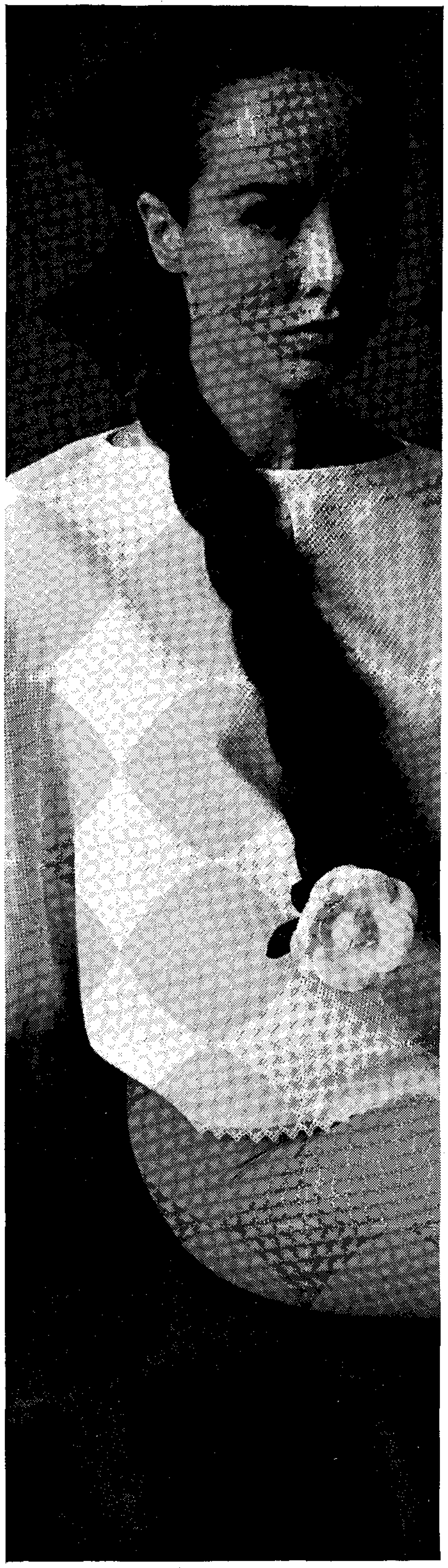
Let's lay it on the line. All three big coast-to-coast car rental agencies have sparkling, new equipment. (National has '64 Fords and other fine cars.) Service, rates and company discounts are also the same. So why does National stand out? Because National Car Rental gives S&H Green Stamps...free! Go on...rent National and get Green Stamps. Prove to the wife you were thinking of her while you were away.

S&H Green Stamps...at no extra cost

National Car Rental

In Canada, it's Tilden Rent-A-Car/National honors major credit cards


I rent National cars because I like the sound of their horns.



Only the look is priceless

The blouse takes wings in a striking innovation for the beach and patio set. Arnel keeps it bright and smooth with touch-up ironing, even after machine washing. By Morlove in Rubin Levine's piqué of Arnel triacetate. White, maize, black, or blue. Sizes: S, M, L. About $12. At Bonwit Teller, New York; J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta; Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore.

Celanese® Arnel®

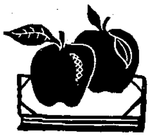
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

study stood some brown velvet armchairs, a bookcase crowned with a broad-shouldered, sharp-faced Dante in a bathing cap, and a large, emptyish desk with an unknown past and an unknown future. A rickety lamp on a black spiralled standard topped with an orange shade rose beside a small couch, on which someone had forgotten a light-haired Teddy bear and a fat-faced toy dog with broad pink soles and a black spot over one eye. Above the couch hung an imitation Gobelin tapestry depicting some dancing rustics.

From the study—if the sliding doors were given a slight push—a view opened out: the parquet floor of the drawing room, and beyond it the dining room, with its sideboard reduced by perspective. In the drawing room a palm gave off a glazed green light, and little rugs were strewn about the floor. Finally came the dining room, with the sideboard now grown to its natural size and with plates around the walls. Above the table a lone, fluffy little toy devil was hanging from the low lamp. There was a bay window, and from there one could see a small public garden with a fountain at the end of the street. Returning to the dining table, she looked through the drawing room into the distant study, at the Gobelin (now in turn reduced), and then went from the dining room into the corridor and passed through the entrance hall into the bedroom. There, pressing close up to one another, stood two flocculent beds. The lamp was in the Mauretanian style, the curtains over the windows were yellow—deceptively promising sunlight in the mornings—and an engraving on the wall in the space between the windows showed a child prodigy, in a nightgown that reached to his heels, playing on an enormous piano, while his father, wearing a gray dressing gown and carrying a candle, stood stock-still in the partly open door.

Something had to be added and something taken away. A portrait of the landlady's grandfather was removed from the drawing room and the study was hastily cleared of an Oriental-looking small table inlaid with a mother-of-pearl chessboard. There was a cracked pane in the upper part of the bathroom window, whose lower part was of sparkly blue frosted glass, and a new pane had to be put in. In the kitchen and servant's room the ceilings were whitewashed anew. A phonograph grew up in the shade of the drawing-room palm tree. As Luzhin's fiancée inspected and arranged this apartment, she could not throw off the thought that all this was only temporary, that no doubt it would be necessary to take Luzhin away from Berlin, to amuse him with other countries. Any future is unknown, but sometimes it acquires a particular fogginess, as if some other force had come to the aid of destiny's natural reticence and distributed this resilient fog, from which thought rebounds.

But how gentle and sweet Luzhin was these days; how cozily he sat at the tea table in his new suit, adorned by a smoke-colored tie, agreeing politely, if not always in the right places, with the person who addressed him. His future mother-in-law told her acquaintances that Luzhin had decided to abandon chess because it took up too much of his time, but that he did not like to talk about it, and now Oleg Sergeyevich Smirnovsky no longer asked for a game but disclosed to Luzhin, with a gleam in his eye, the secret machinations of the Masons and even promised to give him a remarkable pamphlet to read.



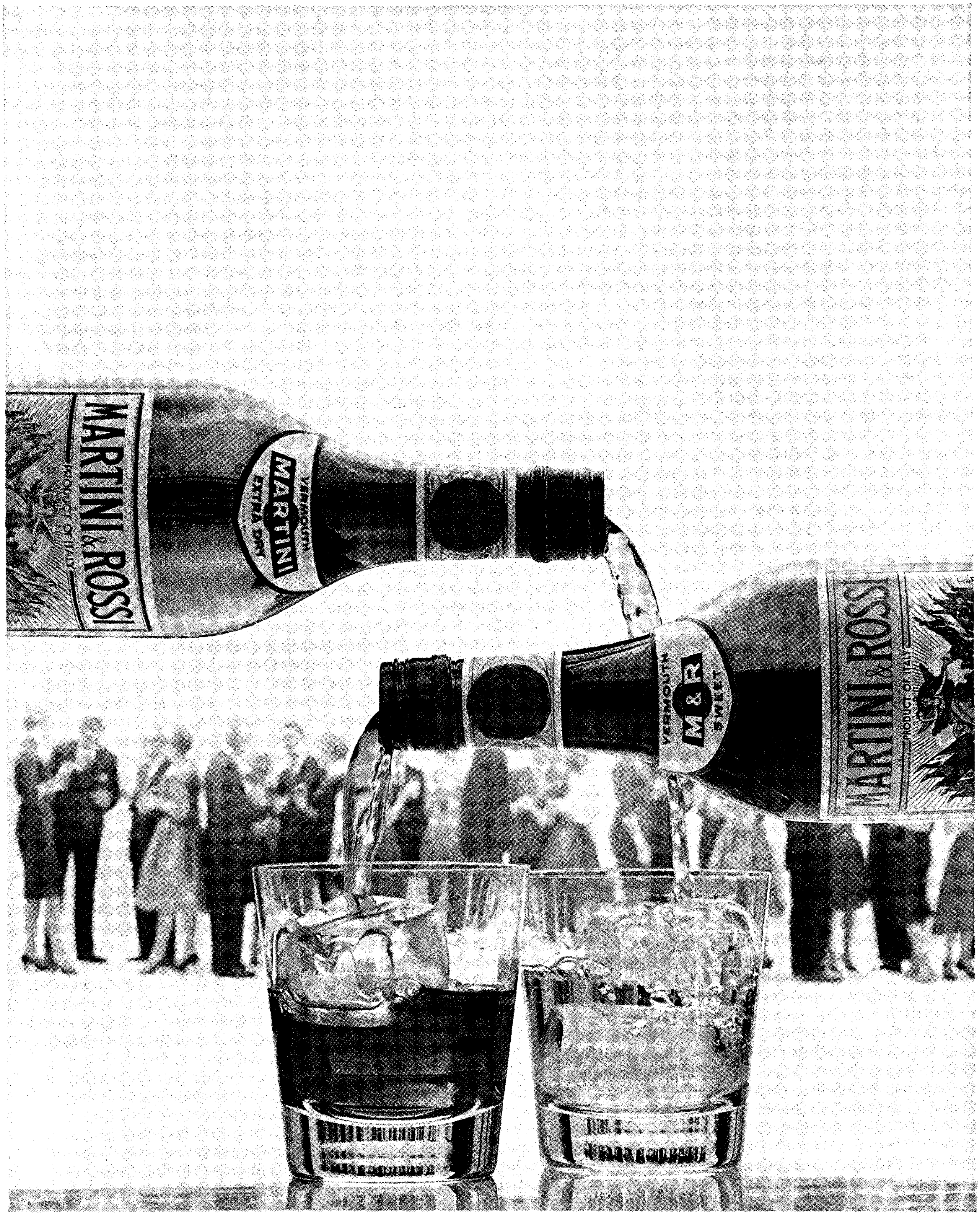
In the establishments that Luzhin and his fiancée visited to inform officials of their intention to enter into matrimony, he conducted himself like a grownup, carried all the documents himself, reverently and considerately, and lovingly filled in the forms, distinctly tracing out each letter. His handwriting was small, round, and extraordinarily neat, and not a little time was expended in unscrewing his new fountain pen, which he somewhat affectedly shook to one side before beginning to write, and then, when he had thoroughly enjoyed the glide of the gold nib, thrust back into his breast pocket with its gleaming clip outside. And it was with pleasure that he accompanied his fiancée around the stores and waited for the interesting surprise of the apartment, which she had decided not to show him until after the wedding.

During the two weeks that were required for the posting of the banns, various wide-awake firms began to send them offers, sometimes to the future groom and sometimes to the future bride: vehicles for weddings and funerals (with a picture of a carriage harnessed to a pair of galloping horses), dress suits for hire, top hats, furniture, wine, halls to rent, and pharmaceutical appurtenances. Luzhin conscientiously examined the illustrated catalogues and stored them in his room, at a loss to know why his fiancée was so scornful of all these interesting offers. There was also an offer of another kind. Luzhin had a pleasant conversation with his future father-in-law, in the course of

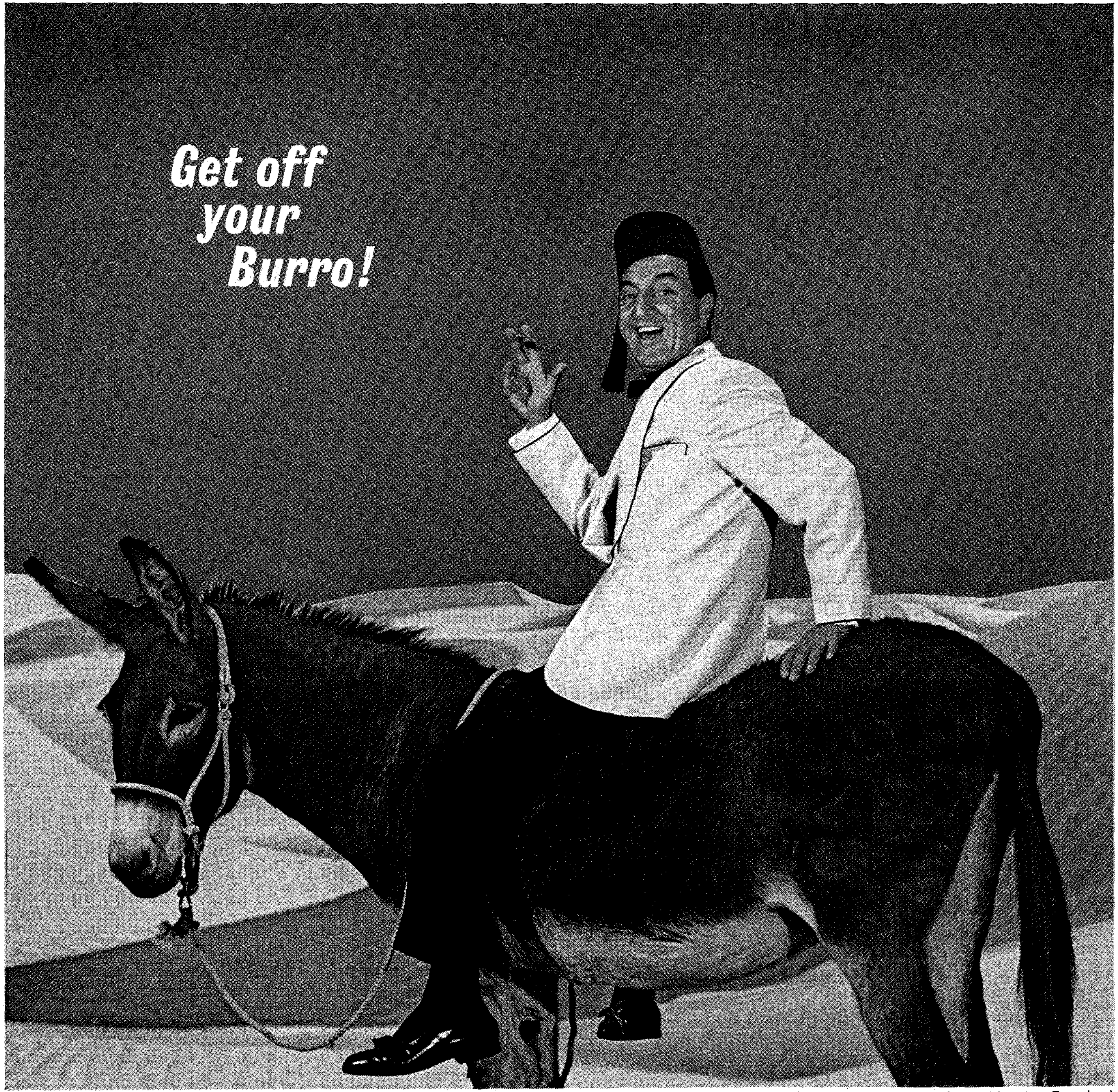
this is your drink...IF you've already enjoyed Martini & Rossi sweet or extra dry vermouth in matchless Manhattans or marvelous Martinis... **IF** you want to discover how delicious it can be straight on-the-rocks... **IF** you're a sophisticate who chooses the drink that's fashionable wherever you go... **IF** you're a modern moderate who wants to join the fun at the party... **IF** you're an experimenter with discerning taste—Martini & Rossi Vermouth on-the-rocks is your drink, no ifs...ands or buts.

MARTINI & ROSSI

Imported Vermouth... *Sweet or Extra Dry*


MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH
M & R
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY

OUTSIDE THE U. S. AND CANADA IT'S SIMPLY **MARTINI** VERMOUTH · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



Danny Thomas, Star of the Danny Thomas Show (CBS-TV Network, Every Monday Evening)

Jet to the Sands Hotel. *Take a bus, a train or drive. You could take a horse and buggy if you're really determined to "go west." ☐ But why waste time? By jet, it's less than five hours from anywhere, U.S.A. Call it "Fun Saving Time." ☐ Join the whirl of continuous excitement. Thrill to the vibrant Monte Carlo atmosphere, the pleasure of all outdoor recreation plus* ***free golf.*** *☐ Sit ringside for the greatest moments of show business. Enjoy gourmet dining at one of three elegant continental restaurants. Luxuriate in a magnificent room or suite in the new Aqueduct Building...the ultimate in plush living. So get off your burro and get on your phone! Make your reservation today.*

LET'S JET TO THE Sands
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

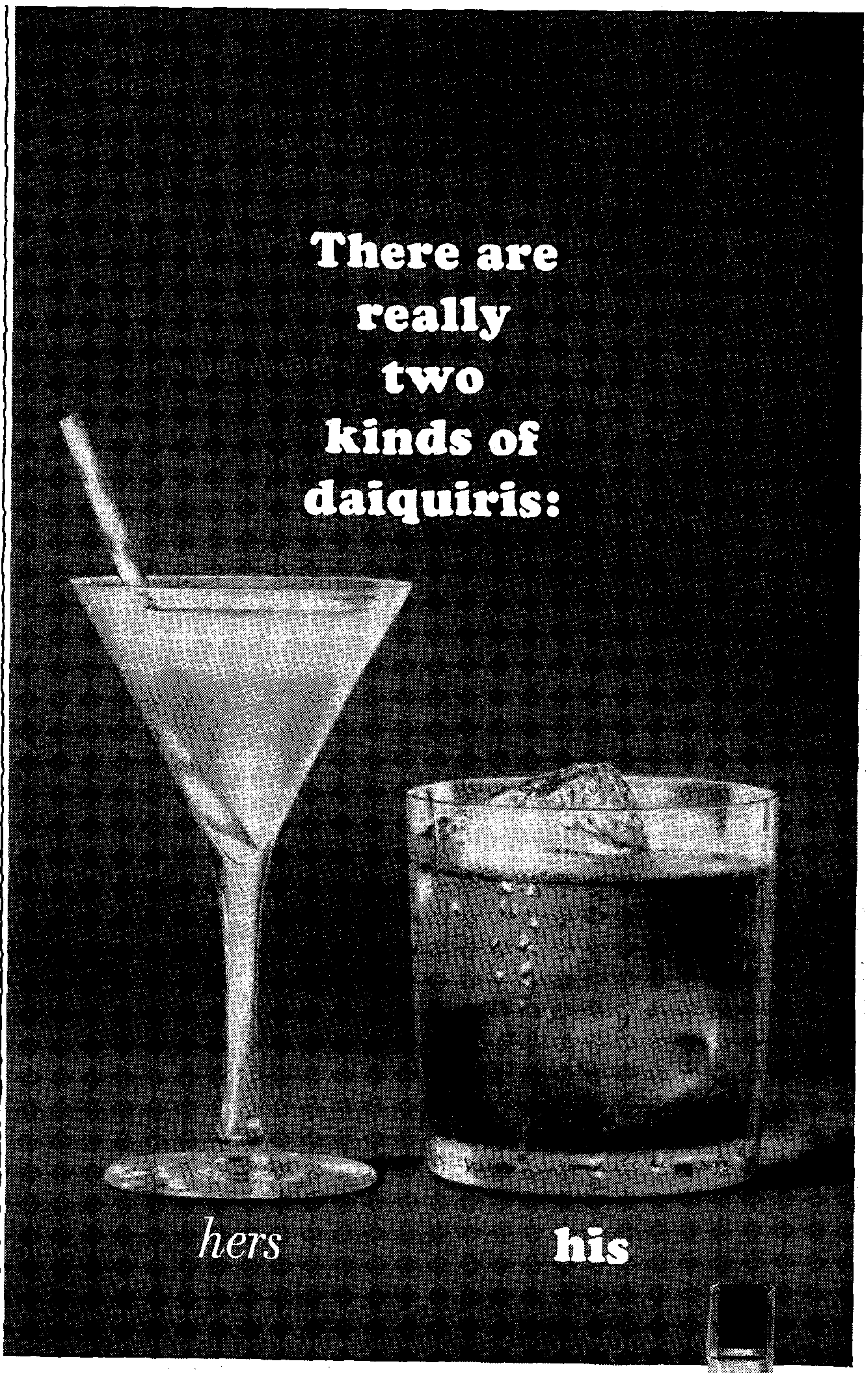
COMPLETE CONVENTION FACILITIES *including Private Meeting and Dining Rooms.* **NOW BOOKING FUTURE RESERVATIONS:** *Call your Local Travel Agent or our Nearest Office: ■ Chicago/CEntral 6-3317 ■ Dallas/RIverside 2-6959 ■ Houston/CApitol 8-6292 ■ Las Vegas/735-9111 ■ Los Angeles/BRadshaw 2-8611 ■ New York/PLaza 7-4454 ■ Pittsburgh/391-4028 ■ San Francisco/EXbrook 7-2287 ■ Toronto/EMpire 3-6728 ■ Washington, D.C./347-2644 or Teletype direct 702-248-7069*

which the latter said, "I am prepared at first—the first year, let's say—to give you generous assistance. But later on, of course— Look, come see me sometime at the office."

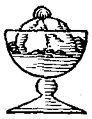
Thus, in the most pleasant manner possible, the people and things around him tried to adorn the emptiness of Luzhin's life. He allowed himself to be lulled, spoiled, and titillated, and with his soul rolled up in a ball he accepted the caressive life that enveloped him from all sides. The future appeared to him vaguely as a long, silent embrace, through which the diverse playthings of this world of ours would pass by, entering a ray of light and then disappearing again, laughing and swaying as they went. But at unavoidable moments of solitude, late at night or early in the morning, there would be a sensation of blankness. And once he dreamt he saw Turati sitting with his back to him. Turati was deep in thought, leaning on one arm, but from behind his broad back it was impossible to see what it was he was bending over and pondering. Luzhin did not want to see what it was, was afraid to see, but nonetheless he cautiously began to look over the black shoulder. And then he saw that a bowl of soup stood before Turati, and that he was not leaning on his arm but was merely tucking a napkin into his collar. And on the November day that this dream preceded, Luzhin was married.

OLEG SERGEYEVICH SMIRNOVSKY *and a certain Baltic baron* were witnesses when Luzhin and his bride were led into a large room and seated at a long, cloth-covered table. An official changed his jacket for a worn frock coat and read the marriage sentence. At this, everyone stood up. After which, with a professional smile and a humid handshake, the official paid his respects to the newlyweds and everything was over. A fat janitor by the door bowed to them in expectation of a tip, and Luzhin good-naturedly proffered his hand, which the other received upon his palm, not realizing at first that this was a human hand.

That same day, there was also a church wedding. The last time Luzhin had been in church was many years ago, at his mother's funeral. Peering farther into the depths of the past, he remembered, on Catkin Night, holding a candle whose flame darted about in his hands, maddened at being carried out of the warm church into the unknown darkness, and finally died of a heart attack at the corner of the street. He remembered going to confession at the chapel on Pochtamtskaya Street, and how footfalls had a special way of re-

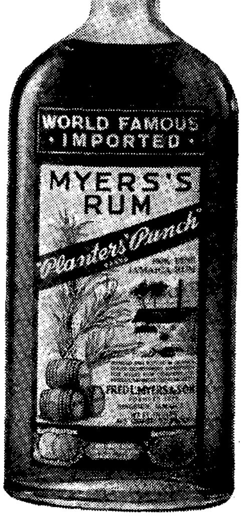


MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! A "dainty" daiquiri is fine for the distaff side . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a *Jamaica* rum, spirited, golden and robust. Adds *great character and flavor*—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This Golden Daiquiri on-the-rocks is a superb example: 2 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Myers Rum, tsp. sugar, dash of bitters. Shake with ice or use blender. Strain into glass . . . enjoy! You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor. **97 PROOF.**



P.S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a gala dessert, try Rum Cherries Jubilee: drain 1 lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save ¼ cup syrup; combine with ½ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Leroux Curaçao. Marinate cherries 3 hrs. Make 1 tsp. cornstarch paste using syrup; add to fruit. Boil, simmer 1 min. Lower rum-filled ladle into hot syrup, ignite. Let flame die; serve over vanilla ice cream. What a treat!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



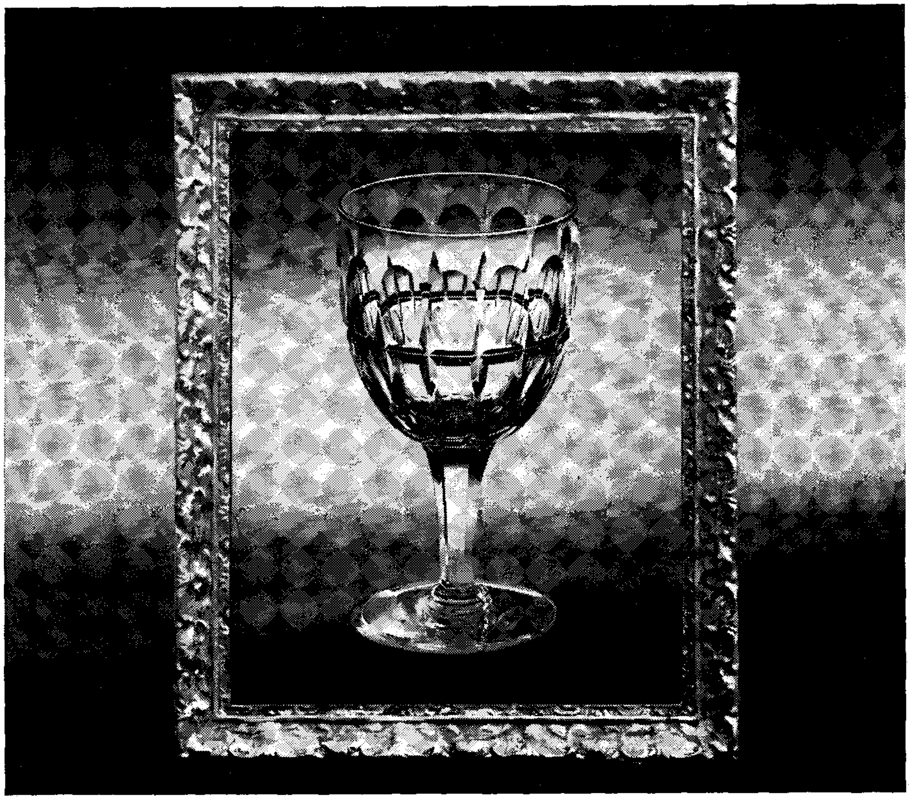
A&F the greatest sporting goods store in the world

make it strong, make it cold

Summer drinks, alcoholic or not, are more refreshing made with our modern drink cooler. Mix your drink with ice cubes...the "cold capsule" keeps it icy-cold with minimum dilution. Cold capsule, container, pitcher, cover and stirrer 25.00

come in, write or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
MADISON AVE. at 45th ST., NEW YORK 10017—MU 2-3600
CHICAGO COLORADO SPRINGS SAN FRANCISCO
SHORT HILLS



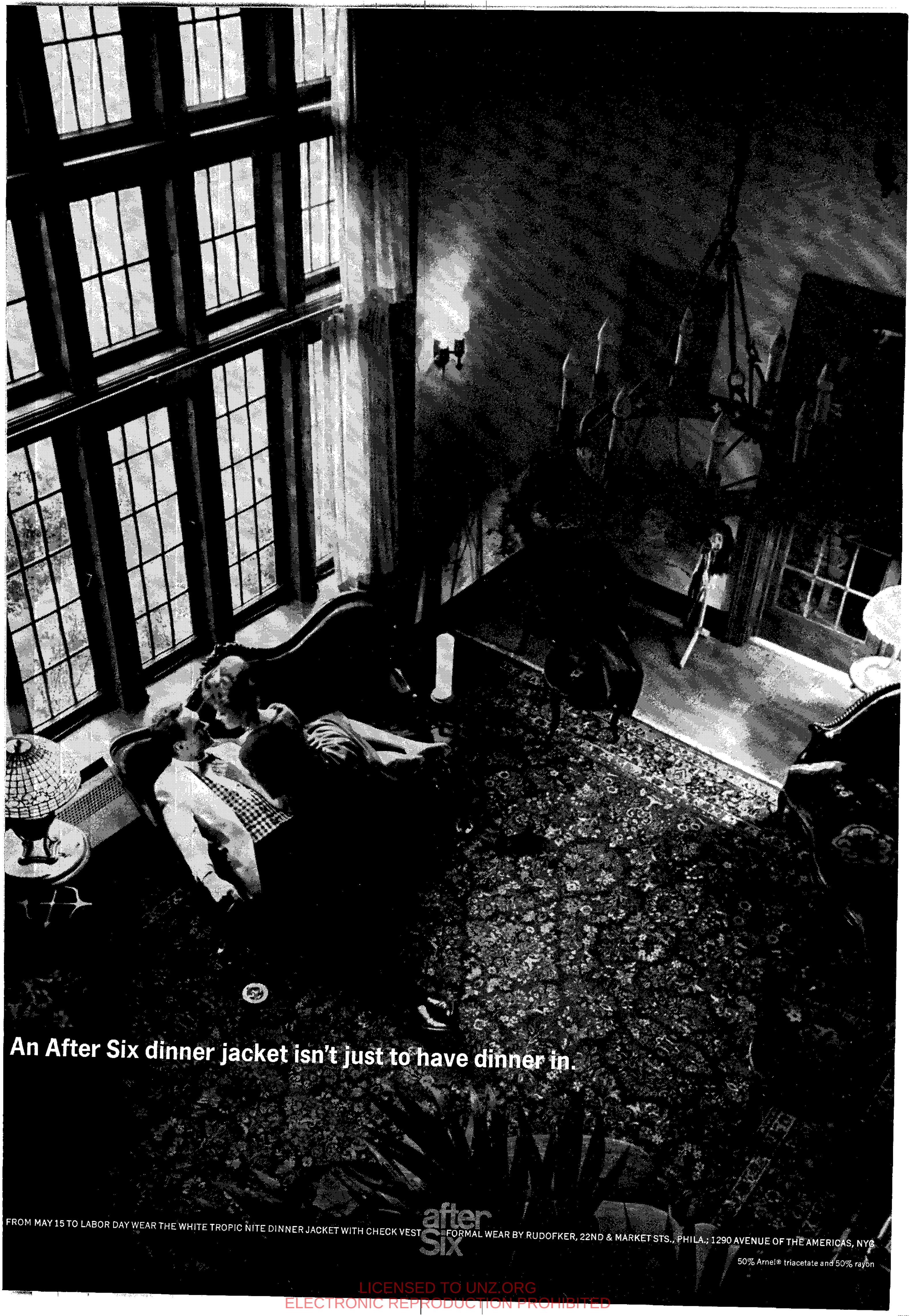
Go hang yourself, Stuart Crystal

Stuart Crystal of England upstaged the Gainsborough again. But then how can a painting glow under candlelight? Or ring for service in three different octaves? Hand cut and blown, Stuart Crystal will do anything to steal the scene. It's England's proudest export. Hanging here: Clifton Park, $9.50 the goblet. Send 25¢ for Stuart booklet to Stuart Crystal, 11 East 26 St., N. Y. 10.

sounding in its twilight emptiness, and the chairs moved with the sound of throats being cleared, and the waiting people sat one behind the other, and from time to time a whisper would burst out from the mysteriously curtained corner. And he remembered the nights at Easter: The deacon would read in a sobbing bass voice, and, still sobbing, would close the enormous gospel with a sweeping gesture. And he remembered how difficult it always was to catch the moment when the smoothly swaying censer was aimed at you—precisely at you and not at your neighbor—and to bow so that the bow came exactly on the thurible's swing. There was a smell of incense, and the hot fall of a drop of wax on the knuckles of one's hand, and the dark, honey-hued lustre of the ikon awaiting one's kiss. Languorous recollections, duskiness, fitful gleams, saporous church air, and pins and needles in the legs. And to all this now was added a veiled bride, and a crown that trembled in the air over his very head and looked as if it might fall at any minute. He squinted up at it cautiously, and it seemed to him once or twice that the invisible hand of someone holding the crown passed it to another, also invisible, hand. "Yes, yes," he replied hastily to the priest's question, and he wanted to add how nice everything was, and strange, and heart-melting. But he only cleared his throat agitatedly, and rays of light wheeled blurrily in his eyes.

Afterward, in his father-in-law's apartment, it was hot and noisy, and lots of people were sitting at table who must have been in church as well. Mrs. Luzhin looked at her husband, at his curl, at his beautifully tailored dress suit, and at the crooked half smile with which he greeted the courses. Her mother, liberally powdered and wearing a very low dress that showed, as in the old days, the tight groove between her raised, eighteenth-century breasts, was bearing up heroically, and even used the familiar second person singular—"*ty*"—to her son-in-law, so that at first Luzhin did not realize to whom she was speaking. He drank two glasses of champagne, and a pleasant drowsiness came over him in waves.

They went out onto the street. The black, windy night struck him softly on the breast, which was unprotected by his underdeveloped dress waistcoat, and his wife requested him to button up his overcoat. Her father, who had been smiling the whole evening and raising his glass until it was level with his eyes—a mannerism he had adopted from a certain diplomat who used to say "*sko̊l*"


An After Six dinner jacket isn't just to have dinner in.

FROM MAY 15 TO LABOR DAY WEAR THE WHITE TROPIC NITE DINNER JACKET WITH CHECK VEST

after Six

FORMAL WEAR BY RUDOFKER, 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA.; 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NYC

50% Arnel® triacetate and 50% rayon

WHAT IS THE 'SECRET OF VENUS' BY WEIL?

Intense and lasting allure!

SECRET of VENUS

This heavenly perfume oil from France captures an intoxicating loveliness that lasts for hours—grows more intense the longer you wear it. You need only a few drops on your skin to radiate fragrance that is never obtrusive—always gently alluring!

½ oz. 5.00 • 1 oz. 8.50
2 oz. 15.00

plus fed. tax at your favorite store.

Made and sealed in France by

PARFUMS WEIL
PARIS

very elegantly—now raised a bunch of door keys, glinting in the lamplight, as a mark of farewell, still smiling, but with his eyes alone. Her mother, with an ermine wrap on her shoulders, tried not to look at Luzhin's back as he climbed into the taxicab. The guests, all a little drunk, took leave of their hosts and one another and, laughing discreetly, surrounded the car, which finally moved off, and then someone yelled "Hurrah," and a late passerby, turning to his woman companion, remarked approvingly, "*Zemlyachki shumyat*" ("Fellow-countrymen celebrating").

Luzhin immediately fell asleep in the cab. Reflected gleams of whitish light unfolded fanwise, bringing his face to life, and the soft shadow made by his nose circled slowly over his cheek and then his lip, and again it was dark until another light went by, stroking Luzhin's hand, which appeared to slide into a dark pocket as soon as darkness returned. And then came a series of bright lights, and each one flushed out a shadowy butterfly from behind his white tie, and then his wife carefully adjusted his muffler, since the cold of the November night penetrated even into the closed automobile. He woke and screwed up his eyes, not realizing immediately where he was, but at that moment the taxi came to a halt and his wife said softly, "Luzhin, we're home."

In the elevator, he stood smiling and blinking, somewhat dazed but not in the least drunk, and looked at the row of buttons, one of which his wife pressed. "Quite a way up," he said, and looked at the elevator ceiling, as if expecting to see the summit of their journey. The elevator stopped. "Hic," Luzhin said, and dissolved into quiet laughter.

They were met in the entrance hall by the new servant, who held out her red, disproportionately large hand to them. "Oh, why did you wait up for us," said his wife.

Speaking rapidly, the maid congratulated them, and reverently took Luzhin's opera hat. Luzhin, with a subtle smile, showed her how it banged flat. "Amazing!" exclaimed the maid.

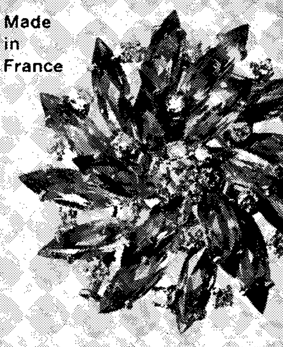
"You can go—go to bed," his wife said anxiously. "We'll lock up."

The lights went on, in turn, in the study, the drawing room, and the dining room. "Opens like a telescope," mumbled Luzhin sleepily.

He did not look at anything properly—he could not keep his eyes open enough. He was already on his way into the dining room when he noticed he was carrying in his arms a large plush dog with pink soles. He put it on the table, and a fluffy imp hanging

CHARTREUSE GREEN TOURMALINE AND DIAMOND CLIP SET IN 18KT GOLD

Made in France



$1750.*

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

Our Seal of Authenticity

Etienne Aigner

LEATHER AND NATURAL STRAW COVERED TOTE, ABOUT $11.00.
LEATHER AND HEMP THONG SANDAL, ABOUT $11.00.

Lord & Taylor and authorized dealers
Etienne Aigner, 22 West 32 Street, New York City

Ever curl up with a good tag?

Ours is a lulu.

It's all about this amazing nylon zipper. The Talon Zephyr.®

About how it can't pinch, bite, catch or snag. About how it can mend itself in a trice. Then there's the marvelous part about…

Well, you wouldn't want us to give away the whole plot.

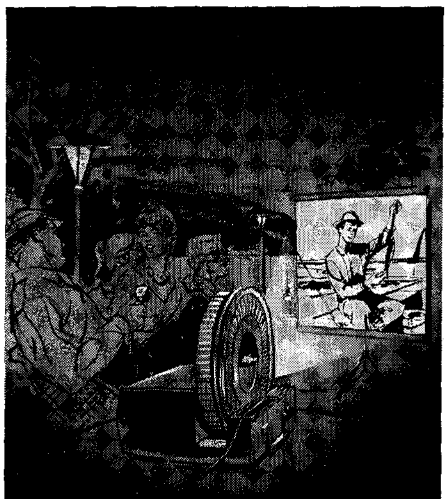
Just remember the next time you bring home a new dress, read the tag attached to the Talon Zephyr.

We guarantee, you won't put it down till you've reached the very end.

Or don't you have 15 seconds to spare for great literature?

Talon ZEPHYR®
new nylon zipper

ZEPHYR, A REG. TRADEMARK OF TALON, INC. © 1964 BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA./ MEXICO: TALON de MEXICO S.A. de C.V./CANADA: LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD.



This is an
indoor-outdoor
slide projector

Porch, patio,
or living room.
Does it easy.

Shows 100 slides
uninterrupted with new
circular tray. Handles
regular trays, too.

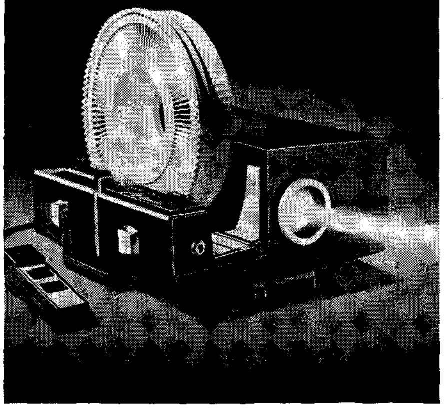
Also shows up to 40
slides without a tray.

It's a Sawyer's.
Outperforms others
costing much more.

From less than $55.
Deluxe Rotomatic
Slide Projector shown,
less than $120.

SAWYER'S ®

Makers of View-Master Products, Portland 7, Oregon



from the lamp immediately came down like a spider. The rooms went dark, like the sections of a telescope being folded together, and Luzhin found himself in the bright corridor. "Go to bed," shouted his wife to someone who at the far end rustled and bid them good night. "That's the servant's room," said his wife. "And the bathroom's here, to the left."

"Where's the little place?" whispered Luzhin.

"In the bathroom, everything's in the bathroom," she replied, and Luzhin cautiously opened the door, and then locked himself in.

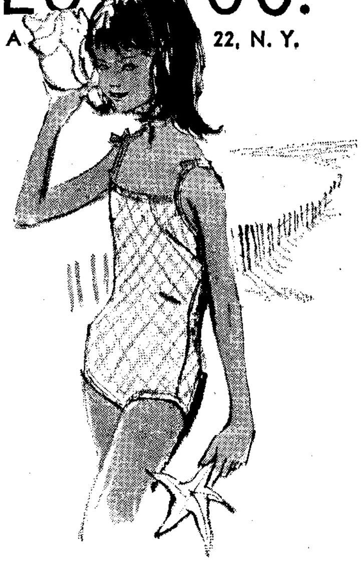
His wife passed through the hallway into the bedroom and sat down in an armchair, looking at the entrancingly flocculent beds. "Oh, I'm tired." She smiled and for a long time watched a big, sluggish fly that circled around the Mauretanian lamp, buzzing hopelessly, and then disappeared. "This way, this way!" she cried, hearing Luzhin's uncertain, shuffling step in the hallway.

"Bedroom," he said approvingly, and, placing his hands behind his back, he looked about him. She opened the wardrobe where she had put away their things the day before, hesitated, and turned to her husband. "I'll take a bath," she said. "All your things are in here."

"Wait a minute," said Luzhin and suddenly yawned with his mouth wide open. "Wait a minute," he repeated in a palatal voice, gulping down between syllables the elastic pieces of yawn. But, picking up her pajamas and bedroom slippers, she quickly left the room.

The water poured from the tap in a thick blue stream and began to fill the white bathtub, steaming tenderly and changing the tone of its murmur as the level rose. Looking at its gushing gleam, she reflected with some anxiety that the limits of her feminine competency were now in sight and that there was one sphere in which it was not her place to lead. As she immersed herself in the bath she watched the tiny water bubbles gathering on her skin and on the sinking, porous sponge. Settling down up to the neck, she saw herself through the already slightly soapy water, her body thin and almost transparent. A quarter of an hour later, causing a small storm in the bathtub, she stepped out and unhurriedly began to dry herself. The water in the bath that had been flowing out with a gurgle suddenly squeaked and all was quiet: the bathtub was now empty. Suddenly she realized she was dawdling on purpose, and a shiver went through her breast, as when you are leafing through last year's magazine, knowing that in a

BEST & CO.
5th A 22, N. Y.



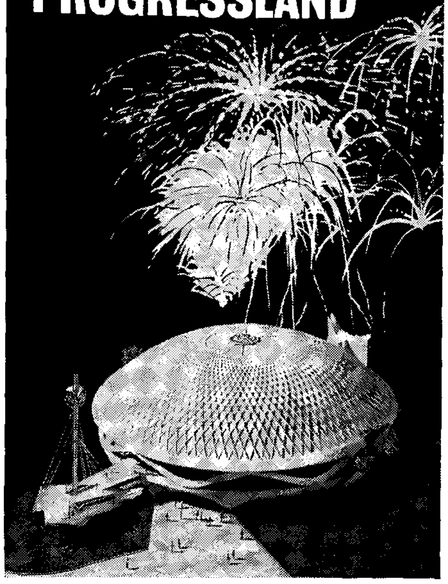
Twinkle check maillot

. . . a smooth line of fashion
for the young set who love
the water and want their
suits uncluttered. Nylon and
Lycra spandex bias checks
in blue or pink with white.
By Catalina. Sizes 7 to 14. **8.00**
6th Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

You'll love Walt Disney's magic touch at

GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESSLAND



See the Carousel of Progress,
Sky-Dome Spectacular,
Atomic Fusion, fascinating
Medallion City (ADMISSION FREE)

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

FOR THE LORD'S SAKE... COULD IT BE ELOISE?

Or could it be another naughty little girl going straight at The Plaza? Or a good little girl being wonderfully wicked for the first time? Or *your* little girl? She *ought* to be in New York this summer.

The city will bloom. The World's Fair will boom. And here at The Plaza, where it all begins, the world will stop short just for her.

Her Plaza room is big enough for Red Rover. Magic enough to huddle up in bed and dream about. And the view of Central Park from it is enough to be left alone with, and to love.

Later, in The Palm Court After 8, she'll soak up every ounce of buzz and laughter and go. Even a Sachertorte couldn't faze her! The violins are hers. And the dim lights. Every eye's on her: she's a celebrity!

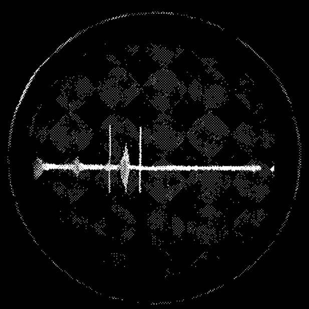
There will also be weddings and debuts and balls to spy on. And rooms and adventures. And nooks and crannies for ambushes.

Little girls grow up at The Plaza. Parents find their youth lying in wait for them there. When will you join us for finders-keepers?

P.S. And The Plaza doesn't charge for little girls (or little boys) in the same room with their parents.

THE PLAZA

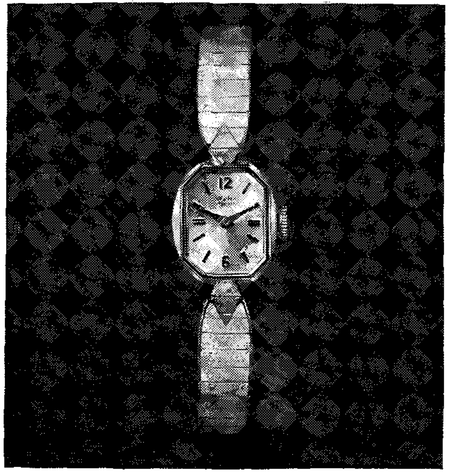
Hotel Corporation of America



Cardiogram of a Watch

Before a Wyler watch goes out into the world, it gets an electronic checkup. Happily it has the world's soundest heart—the Incaflex balance wheel, guaranteed against shock for the life of the watch. If this heart *ever* breaks, we'll replace it without charge but with much amazement.

14K Gold Case. $79.50 p.t.



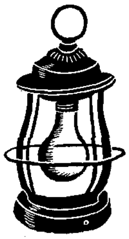
Wyler incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

second, in just a second, the door will open and the dentist will appear on the threshold.

Whistling loudly, she walked to the bedroom, and the whistle was immediately cut short. Luzhin, covered to the waist by an eiderdown, his starched shirt front undone and bulging, was lying on the bed with his hands tucked under his head and emitting a purring snore. His collar hung on the foot of the bed, his trousers sprawled on the floor, their suspenders spread out, and his dress coat, set crookedly on the shoulders of a hanger, was lying on the couch with one tail tucked underneath it. All this she quietly picked up and put away.

Before going to bed she moved back the window curtain to see if the blind had been lowered. It hadn't been. In the dark depths of the courtyard, the night wind rocked a shrub, and in the faint light shed from somewhere unknown something glistened—perhaps a puddle on the stone path that skirted the lawn—and in another place the shadow of some railings fitfully appeared and disappeared. Suddenly everything went dark and there was only a black chasm.



She thought she would fall asleep as soon as she jumped into bed, but it turned out otherwise. The cooing snore beside her, a strange melancholy, and this dark, unfamiliar room kept her suspended and would not allow her to slip off into sleep. And for some reason the word "match" kept floating through her brain—"a good match," "find yourself a good match," "match," "match," "an unfinished, interrupted match," "such a good game." "Give the Maestro my anxiety, anxiety . . ." "She could have made a brilliant match," her mother said distinctly, floating past in the darkness. "Let's drink a toast," whispered a tender voice, and her father's eyes appeared round the edge of a glass, and the foam rose higher, higher, and her new shoes pinched a bit, and it was so hot in the church.

THE long trip abroad was postponed until spring—the sole concession Mrs. Luzhin made to her parents, who wanted, at least for the first few months, to be near at hand. Mrs. Luzhin herself somewhat feared Berlin life for her husband, entwined as it was with chess memories; it turned out, however, not to be difficult to amuse Luzhin even in Berlin.

A long trip abroad, conversations about it, travel projects. In the study, which Luzhin had become very fond of, they found a splendid atlas in one of the bookcases. The world was shown at first as a solid sphere, tightly bound in a net of longitudes and latitudes; then it was rolled out flat, into two halves, and served up in sections. When it was rolled out, some place like Greenland, which at first had been a small affair, a mere appendix, suddenly swelled out almost to the dimensions of the nearest continent. There were white bald patches on the poles. The oceans stretched out smoothly azure. If what appeared on the map as water were actually that, there would be enough water to, say, wash your hands; what then was it in reality—so much water, depth, breadth? Luzhin showed his wife all the shapes he had loved as a child—the Baltic Sea, like a kneeling woman, the jackboot of Italy, the drop of Ceylon falling from India's nose. He thought the equator was unlucky—its path lay mostly across oceans; it cut across two continents, true, but it had no luck with Asia, which had pulled up out of the way. Moreover, it pressed down and squashed what it did manage to cross—the tips of one or two things and some untidy islands. Luzhin knew the highest mountain and the smallest state, and looking at the relative positions of the two Americas he found something acrobatic in their association. "But in general, all this could have been arranged more piquantly," he said, pointing to the map of the world. "There's no idea behind it, no point." And he even grew a little angry that he was unable to find the meaning of all these complicated outlines, and he spent hours looking, as he had looked in childhood, for a way of going from the North Sea to the Mediterranean along a labyrinth of rivers, or of tracing some kind of rational pattern in the disposition of the mountain ranges.

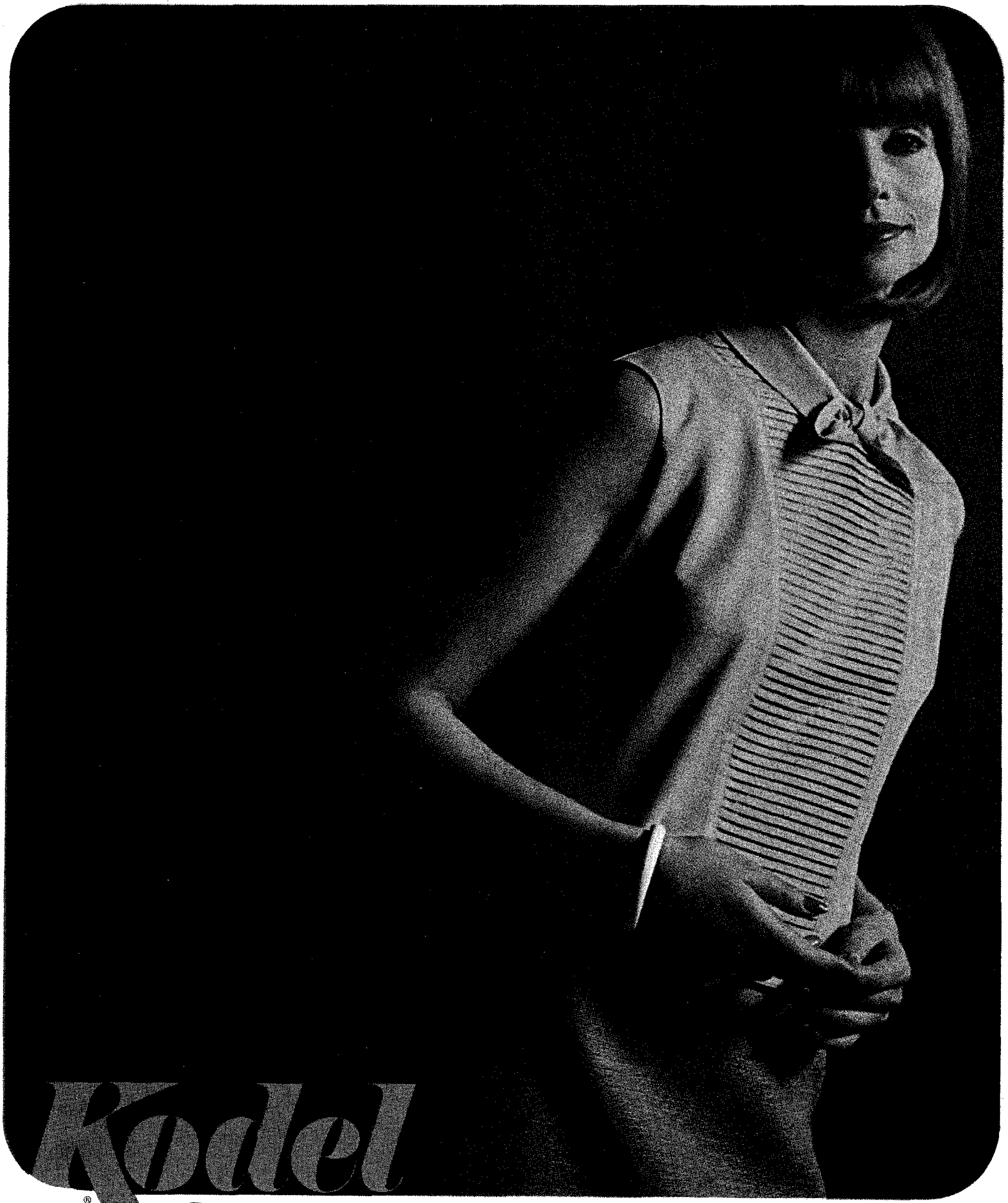
"Now where shall we go?" said his wife, and clucked slightly, the way adults do to indicate pleasant anticipation when they begin to play with children. "First down here, to the Riviera," she suggested. "Monte Carlo. Nice. Or, say, the Alps."

"And then this way a bit," said Luzhin. "They have very cheap grapes in the Crimea."

"What are you saying, Luzhin? The Lord have mercy on you, it's impossible for us to go to Russia."

"Why? They invited me to go."

"Nonsense. Stop it, please," she said, angered not so much by Luzhin's talking of the impossible as by his referring obliquely to something connected with chess. "Look down here," she said, and



Kodel®

it's vital for freshness that lasts

EVERFAST® helps you summer in coolest comfort...with stay-fresh, wash-and-wear fabric of Kodel polyester and cotton. The colors are guaranteed by Everfast. Delightful extra: Everglaze® Easy Care. Overblouse in cool blue, ice pink, champagne, white. Made to sell for about $10. Sizes 30-38. By SIDNEY HELLER

At fine stores including: B. ALTMAN & CO., New York & branches; R. H. Stearns. Boston; H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

a certified fabric with
KODEL®
POLYESTER FIBER
Kodak

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or blouses.

Four out of five wagon

The car just above these words is a Special Deluxe. It holds six people comfortably. If you only have a front-seat-full of people, you flip *down the second seat and voilà*. Some 88 cubic feet of empty air for you to fill up. The whole thing's moved by a perky 225-cu. in. V-6 that runs on regular.

Move clockwise around the ring, please, so that you'll see the LeSabre 9-Passenger Wagon. See? If you could lift the hood, you'd see a 325-cu. in. Wildcat V-8. Behind it is the extra-cost Super Turbine 400. Behind *that* is a suspension system that's all Buick, which means "smooth." Lots of cargo space, too.

Every crowd has its maverick. If we ignore him, maybe he'll go away.

Buick Motor Division

buyers can afford a Buick

Another Special (on the right) shares Buick quality in full measure. This is as thrifty a wagon as Buick makes, which is thrifty indeed. It sports an all-vinyl interior for easy cleaning. (Indians? Who worries about 'em?) The roof racks are extra-cost options, by the way.

If this were a menu, we'd call the next Buick (in the center) the pièce de rèsistance. It's the Skylark Sports Wagon with raised Skyroof and well over 97 cubic feet of cargo space (second and third seats down). A forward-facing third seat and a new kind of shaded glass to look up and out of. Why, you could visit your Buick dealer for the Skylark alone—if there weren't so many other Buick wagons.

above all, they're Buicks

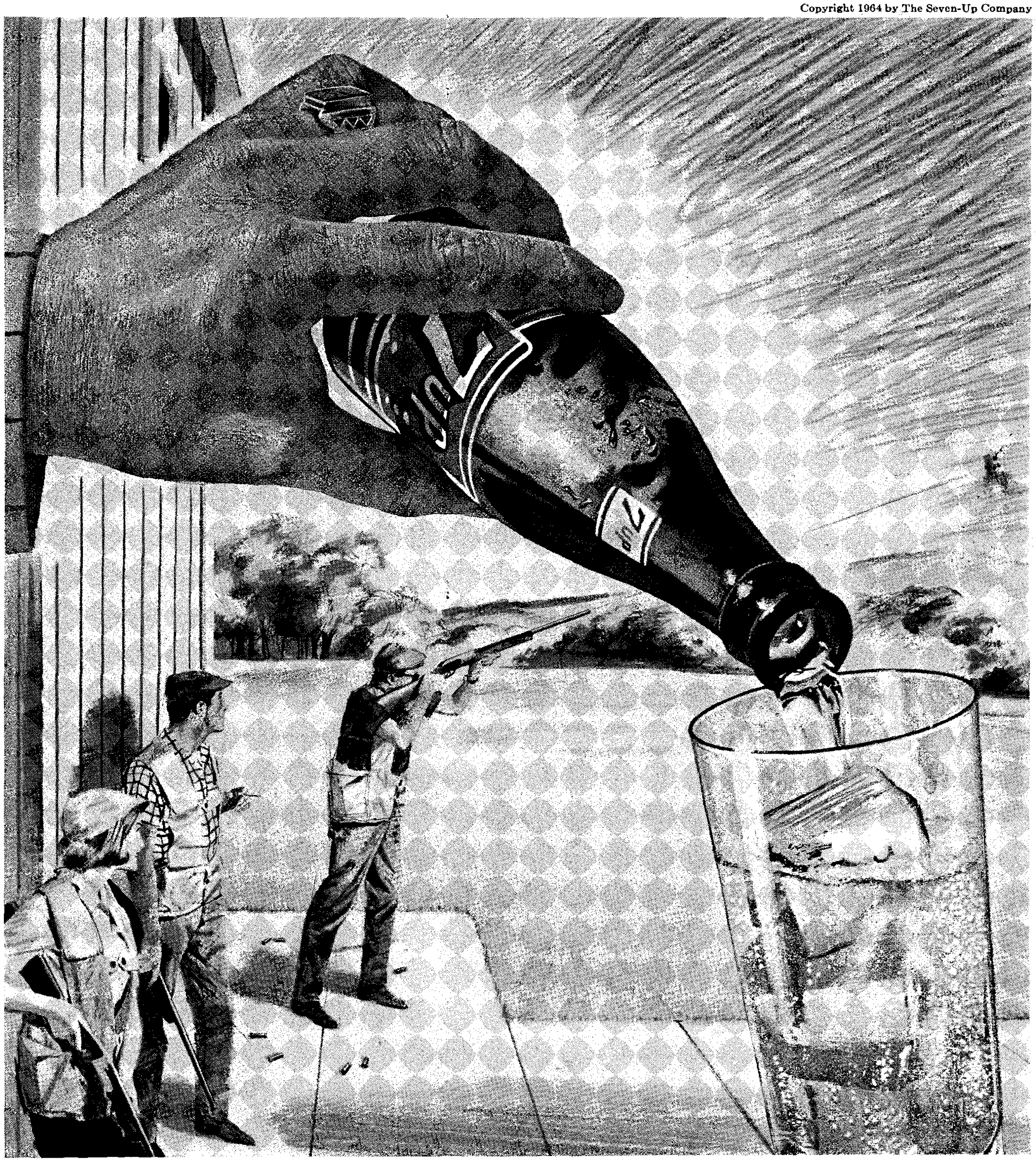
SEE THE BUICK EXHIBIT AT THE GENERAL MOTORS *Futurama*
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

7UP the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

Seven-Up doesn't overdo it. It polishes whiskey flavor — but never rubs it out. A difficult accomplishment, but one we think you appreciate. Seven-Up also puts a two-fisted sparkle in your highball, which—aside from making stirring unnecessary—adds distinctive heartiness and character. Skoal, gentlemen!

Copyright 1964 by The Seven-Up Company



Luzhin obediently transferred his gaze to another place on the map.

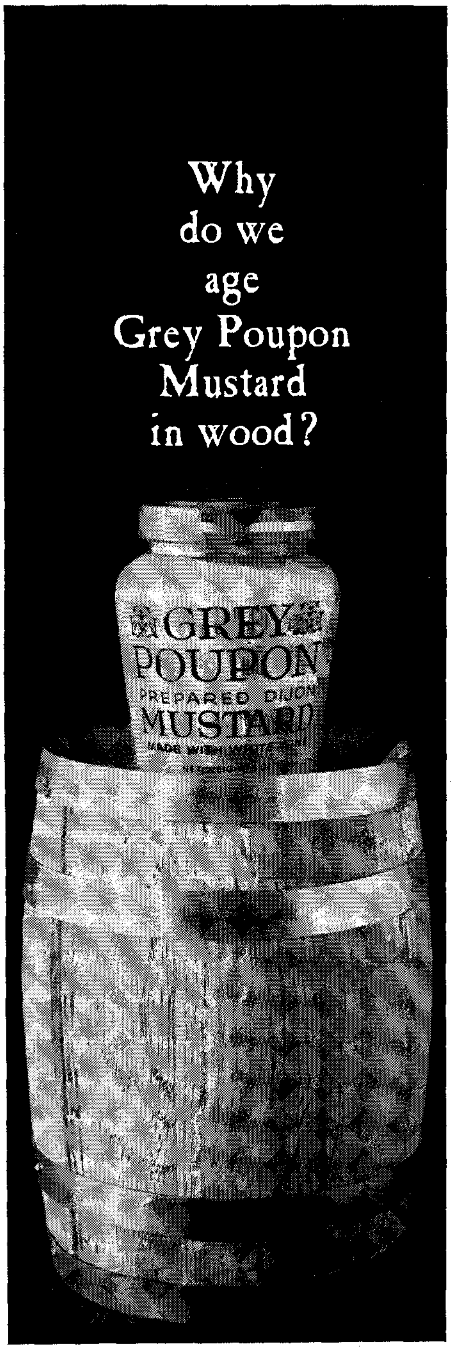
Knowing that he probably had already been more than once in the large cities, she did not name any of them, in order to avoid harmful reminiscences. A superfluous caution. The world in which Luzhin had travelled in his time was not depicted on the map, and if she had mentioned Rome or London, then from the sound of these names on her lips and from the big whole note on the map he would have imagined something completely new, never seen before, and not in any event that vague chess café, which was always the same, whether situated in Rome or in London or even in that innocent Nice, so trustfully named by her. And when she brought innumerable folders back from the railroad office, the world of his chess-playing trips separated still more sharply from this new world, where the tourist strolled in his white suit with a pair of binoculars on a strap. There were black palms silhouetted against a rosy sunset, and the reversed silhouettes of the same palms in the rosy Nile. There were snowy mountaintops, and suspension bridges, and lagoons with gondolas, and an infinite number of ancient churches, and a narrow cobbled lane, and a small donkey with two thick bales on its sides. . . . The musical names, the millions of saints, the waters that cured all sicknesses, the age of a town rampart, hotels of the first, second, third class—all this rippled before the eyes, and everything was fine, Luzhin was awaited everywhere.

It was during these first days of married life that Luzhin visited his father-in-law's office. His father-in-law was dictating something, but the typewriter stuck to its own version, repeating the word "tot" in a rapid chatter, with something like the following intonation: "tot Hottentot tot tot tot do not totter"—and then something would move across with a bang. His father-in-law showed him sheafs of forms, account books with Z-shaped lines on the pages, books with little windows on their spines, the monstrously thick tomes of commercial Germany, and a calculating machine, very clever and quite tame. However, Luzhin liked Tot-tot best of all, the words spilling swiftly out onto the paper, the wonderful evenness of the lilac lines—and several copies at the same time.

"I wonder if I, too . . . One needs to know," he said.

His father-in-law nodded approvingly, and a typewriter appeared in Luzhin's study. It was proposed to him that one of the office employees come and ex-

Big Fettuccine Premiere Tonight at
Trattoria
The new restaurant on East 45th Street. Pan Am Building. MO 1-3090.
Open very late every night.



It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

plain how to use it, but he said no, he would learn on his own. And so he did. He fairly quickly made friends with all the little levers. It proved to be more difficult to remember the distribution of the letters. The typing went very slowly. There was none of Tot-tot's rapid chatter, and for some reason—from the very first day—the exclamation mark dogged him; it leaped out in the most unexpected places. At first he copied out half a column from a German newspaper, and then composed a thing or two himself. A brief little note took shape with the following contents: "You are wanted on a charge of murder. Today is November 27th. Murder and arson. Good day, dear Madam. Now when you are needed, exclamation, where are you? The body has been found. Dear Madam! Today the police will come!!" Luzhin read this over several times, re-inserted the sheet, and typed out the signature: "Abbé Busoni." At this point he grew bored; the thing was going too slowly. Burrowing in the telephone directory, he found a Frau Louisa Altman, wrote out the address by hand, and sent her his composition.

The phonograph also provided him with a certain amount of entertainment. Luzhin, one arm around his wife, would sit on the sofa and listen, and think it would soon be night. She would get up and change the record, holding the disc up to the light, and one sector of it would be a silky shimmer, like moonlight on the sea. And again the cabinet would exude music, and again his wife would sit next to him, and lower her chin onto interlaced fingers and listen, blinking. Luzhin remembered the airs and even attempted to sing them. There were moaning, clattering, and ululating dances, and a most tender American, who sang in a whisper, and there was a whole opera of fifteen records—"Boris Godunov"—with church bells ringing in one place and with sinister pauses.

His wife's parents dropped in frequently, and it was established that the Luzhins would dine with them three times a week. The mother tried several times to learn a detail or two about their marriage and would ask inquisitively, "Are you pregnant? I'm sure you're going to have a baby soon."

"Nonsense," replied the daughter. "I've had twins."

She was still her usual calm self, still smiled the same way, with her brows lowered, and still addressed Luzhin by his surname and by the second person plural. "My poor Luzhin," she would say, tenderly pursing her lips. "My poor, poor man." And Luzhin would rub his cheek on her shoulder, and she would

SAUSAGE MAKES A WISCONSIN FARM FAMOUS

JONES
Little Sausages

There's only one JONES Sausage

Next time you're shopping in your supermarket, look around. You'll find plenty of sausages to choose from . . . all good . . . at varying prices.

But, when you do buy sausage, remember, there's *only one Jones.* It's more expensive than most, but worth every extra penny!

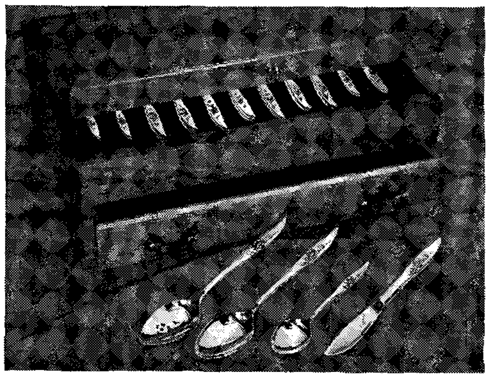
JONES
DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE
At your favorite market
JONES DAIRY FARM, Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin

Lighted Curio Cabinet from the oriental-inspired Nikko Collection. Superbly crafted in Solid Wood with "Tan Teak" or "Ebony" finish.

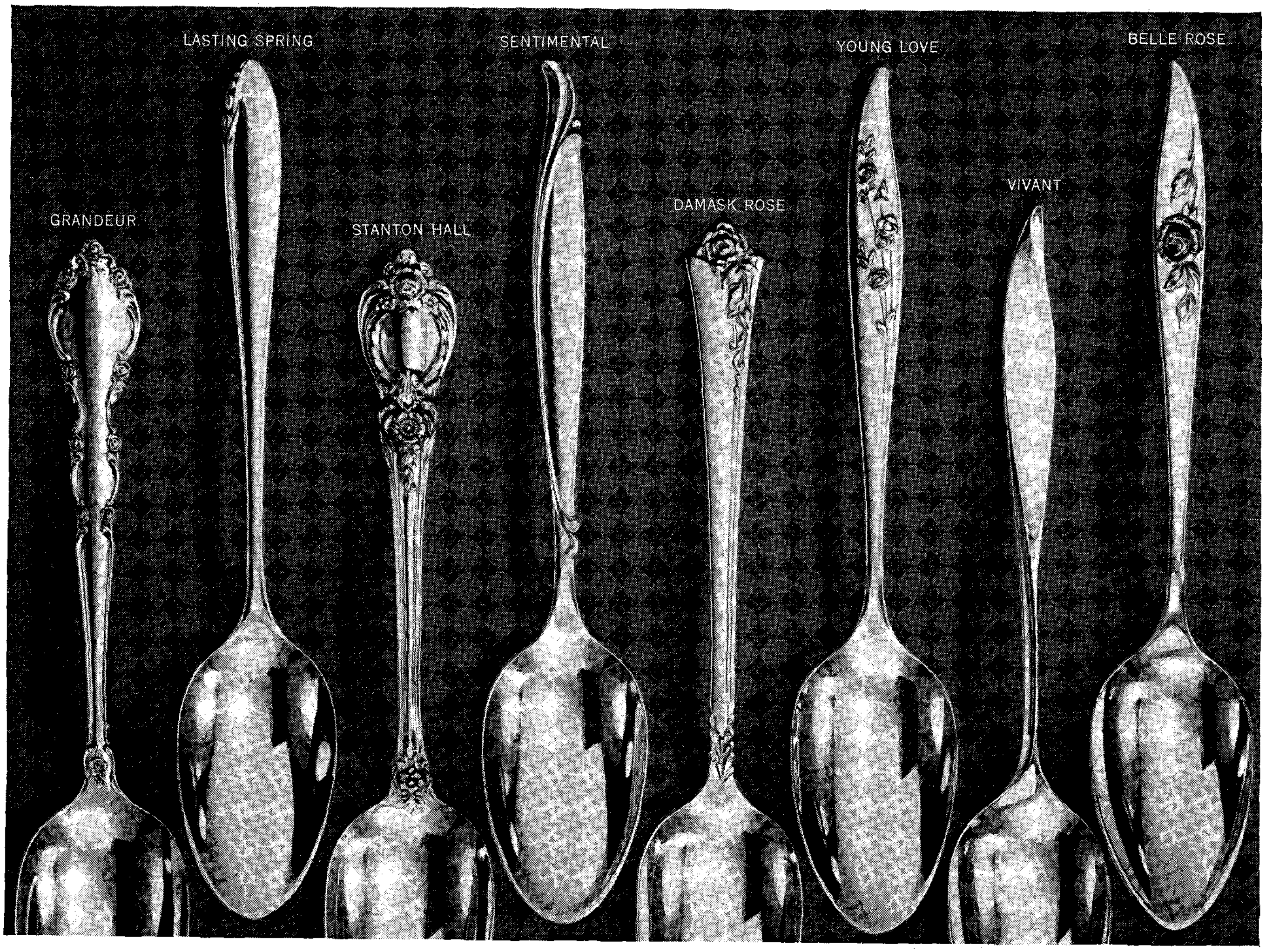
nikko

For Free Brochure
Write Dept. N-3

Davis
CABINET COMPANY
NASHVILLE 6, TENNESSEE



The "extras" are enticing, the patterns enchanting...



Announcing: the new "Service Dividend" plan for Heirloom® Sterling. With a purchase of eight four-piece place settings (eight each of teaspoons, knives, forks and salad forks, all for just $272.00*) you get a dividend of: a dramatically beautiful drawer chest *and* four service pieces (butter knife, sugar spoon and two tablespoons), adding up to a $73.00 value. With a minimum purchase of four settings ($136.00*) you get: the chest (a $25.00 value) *or* the two tablespoons (a $30.00 value). Handsome "dividends," indeed!...And handsome is the word for Heirloom Sterling. Here are stately, swirling traditionals, romantic florals, clean-lined contemporaries, all with the deep luster, satin-cool touch, perfect weight and balance that have made Oneida Silversmiths famous. A wise investment, a wonderful gift...Take advantage *now* of this dividend plan. For dealer nearest you and complete brochure on all Heirloom Sterling patterns, write Oneida Silversmiths, Department NY-5, Oneida, New York.

*Stanton Hall slightly higher. All prices include federal tax.

HEIRLOOM STERLING BY Oneida SILVERSMITHS

THE CENTAUR...YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

Only V.S.O.P.
Fine Champagne Cognac
can bear this label

REMY MARTIN

Connoisseurs know it
as the world's finest
V.S.O.P. Cognac

REMY MARTIN

The largest shippers of
V.S.O.P. quality cognac
in the world

REMY MARTIN

REMY MARTIN

PRIDE OF COGNAC SINCE 1724 • 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

think vaguely that there were probably greater joys than the joys of compassion but that these were no concern of hers. Her only care in life was a minute-by-minute effort to arouse Luzhin's curiosity about things in order to keep his head above the dark water, so that he could breathe easily. She asked Luzhin in the mornings what he had dreamed, enlivened his matutinal appetite with a cutlet or English marmalade, took him for walks, lingered with him before shopwindows, read "War and Peace" aloud to him after dinner, played jolly geography with him, and dictated sentences for him to type. She took him to the museum and showed him her favorite pictures and explained that in Flanders, where they had rain and fog, painters used bright colors, while it was in Spain, a country of sunshine, that the gloomiest Master of all had been born. She said also that the one over there had a feeling for glass objects, while this one liked lilies and tender faces slightly inflamed by colds caught in Heaven, and she directed his attention to two dogs domestically looking for crumbs beneath the narrow, poorly spread table of "The Last Supper." Luzhin nodded and slit his eyes conscientiously, and was a very long time examining an enormous canvas on which the artist had depicted all the torments of sinners in hell—in great detail, very curiously.

They also went to the theatre, and the zoo, and the movies. It turned out that Luzhin had never been to the movies before. The picture ran on in a white glow, and finally, after many adventures, the girl—now a famous actress—returned to her parents' house, and paused in the doorway; in the room, not seeing her yet, her grizzled father was playing chess with the doctor, a faithful friend of the family who had remained completely unchanged over the years. In the darkness came the sound of Luzhin laughing abruptly. "An absolutely impossible position for the pieces," he said, but at this point, to his wife's relief, everything changed and the father, growing in size, walked toward the spectators and acted his part for all he was worth; his eyes widened, then came a slight trembling, his lashes flapped, there was another bit of trembling, and slowly his wrinkles softened, grew kinder, and a slow smile of infinite tenderness appeared on his face, which continued to tremble—and yet, gentlemen, the old man had cursed his daughter in his time. . . . Head bowed, hands limply hanging, one of them holding a hat, the famous actress (a fallen woman, alas!) stands in the doorway. And the father, still trembling, slowly opens his arms,

FROM SWITZERLAND—
S.F.A's WING TIP
SLIP-ON, 32.50

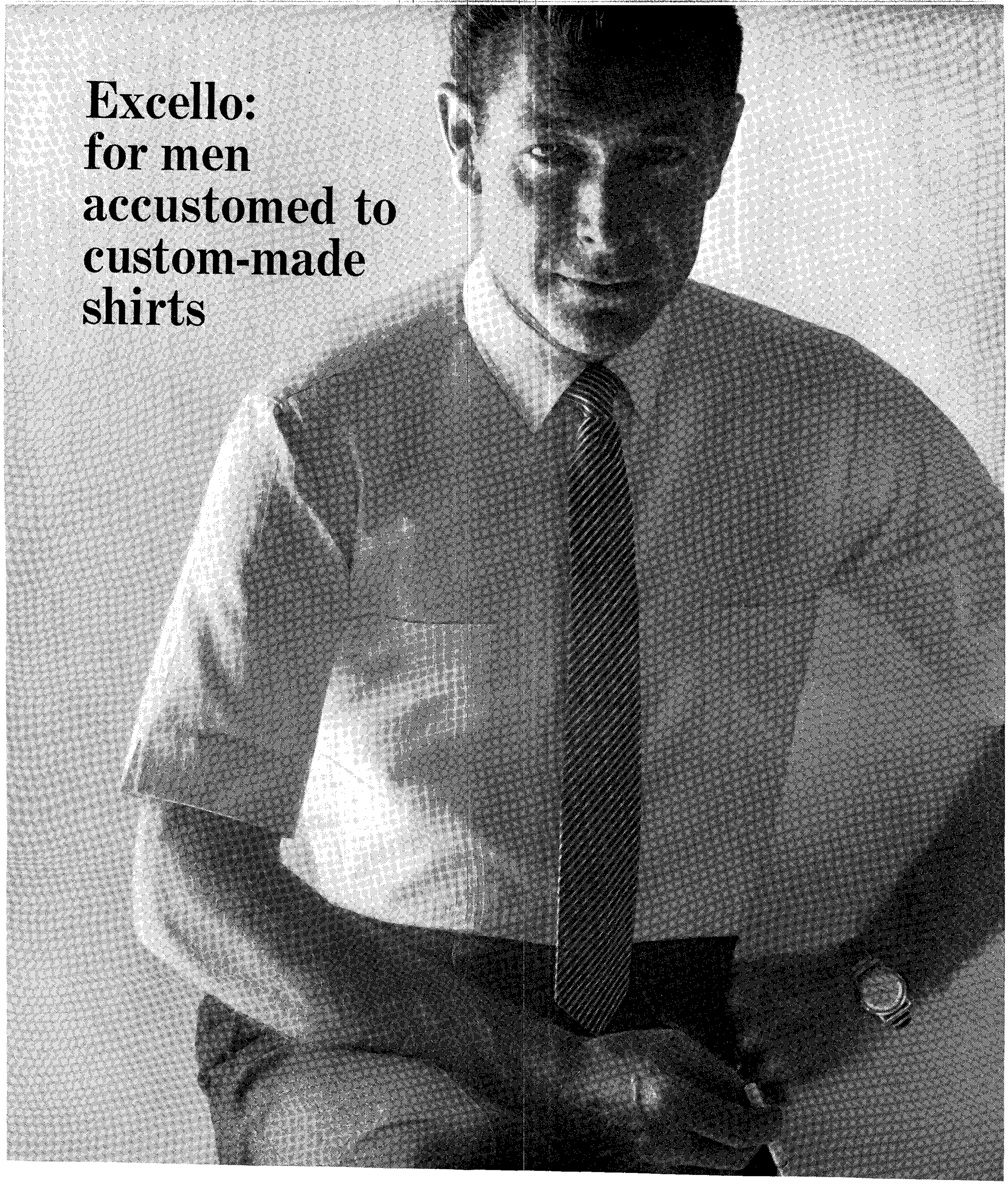
This handsome shoe for summer weekends is made expressly for us. Crafted with flexible construction, it comes in a combination of white buckskin and dark brown or black calf. Also, in all white buckskin or all calf in black or brown. 6 to 13 sizes. Men's Shoes.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

WE KNEW HE WAS A FAKE
ENGLISH LORD WHEN HE ASKED
"WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Anklet length...$1.75 per pair. Garter length and over-the-calf length...$2.00 per pair.

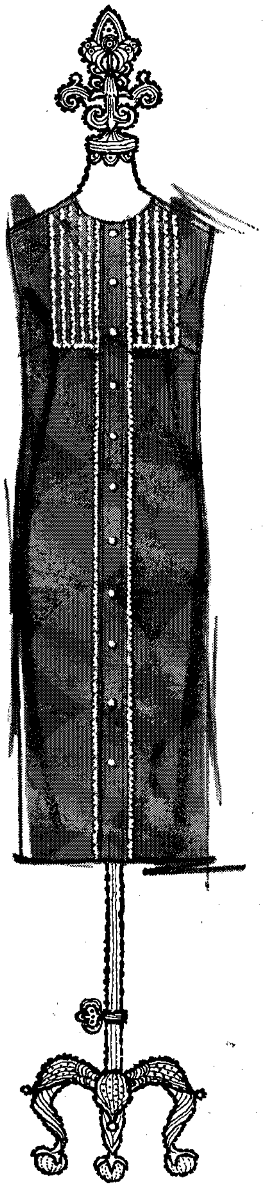
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH



Excello's Satin Magic is the shirt for that kind of man. The costly fabric is woven for us in Italy. It's made of luxurious long staple Karnac cotton. Other details? The trim, tapered tailoring. The extra-long back and six inch lap-over fronts that keep the shirt just where it belongs. In stripes and jacquards in white, blue and champagne. Choose the new roll-tab collar with snap or medium spread collar. $8.95. For stores selling Excello write to: Excello, Inc., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. Another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth

Excello

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Rickrack Shift

The VILLAGER® shift . . . a portrait in chalks. Chalk-White rickrack against Chalk-Blue denim chambray, simple and exact as a Mondrian, striping the bib and framing the row of buttons down the front. Very restful to the eye. Very easy to live with. A worthy addition to any VILLAGER® collection. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

and suddenly she kneels before him. Luzhin began to blow his nose.

When they left the movie house he had red eyes, and he cleared his throat, and denied that he had been crying. The following day, over morning coffee, he leaned an elbow on the table and said thoughtfully, "Very, very good, that picture. But they don't know how to play."

"What do you mean?" said his wife with surprise. "They were first-class actors."

Luzhin looked at her out of the corner of his eyes, and then looked away, and there was something about this she did not like. Suddenly she realized what was up and began to debate with herself how to make Luzhin forget this unfortunate game of chess, which that fool of a director had seen fit to introduce for the sake of atmosphere. But Luzhin, evidently, had forgotten it himself—he was engrossed in some genuine Russian bread that his mother-in-law had sent, and his eyes were again quite clear.

In this way a month passed. A second. The winter that year was a white, St. Petersburg one. An overcoat with an interlining was made for Luzhin. Indigent refugee Russians were given certain of his old things—including a green woollen scarf of Swiss origin. Mothballs exuded a rough-edged melancholy smell. In the entrance hall hung a condemned jacket. "It's so comfortable," implored Luzhin.

"Leave it alone," said his wife from the bedroom. "I haven't looked at it yet. It's probably teeming with moths."

Luzhin put the condemned jacket on. A darling jacket; not the slightest trace of moth in it. A tiny hole in the pocket, but not right through, the way they sometimes were. "Wonderful," he cried in a high voice.

His wife, sock in hand, looked out into the entrance hall. "Take it off, Luzhin. It's torn and dusty—goodness knows how long it's lain about."

"No, no," said Luzhin.

She inspected it from all sides. Luzhin stood and slapped himself on the thighs, and it felt, incidentally, as if there were something in his pocket. He thrust his hand in—no, nothing, only a hole. "It's very decrepit," said his wife, frowning, "but perhaps as a work coat . . ." The jacket felt a trifle heavier on the left side, but he remembered that the pockets were empty and did not investigate the cause of the heaviness.

THERE was a crush near the cloakrooms, and the attendants were accepting wraps and carrying them

You can dawdle over a Danish menu for hours. One restaurant lists 177 kinds of sandwich. But women linger even longer when it comes to choosing from our magnificent array of furs unlimited.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 OSTERGADE — COPENHAGEN — DENMARK

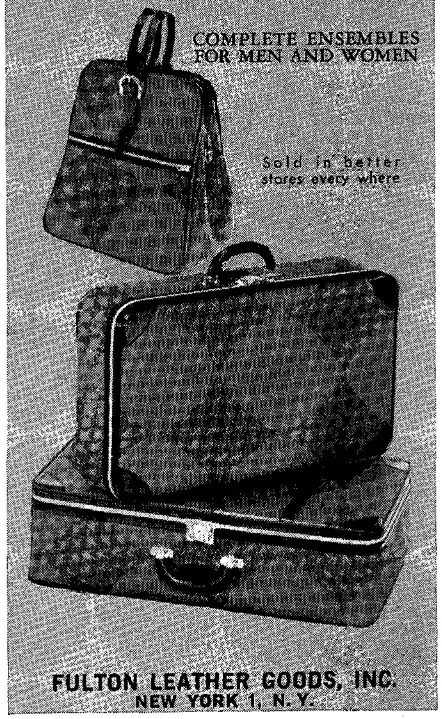
for the finest in Lightweight Luggage

SOLIGHT

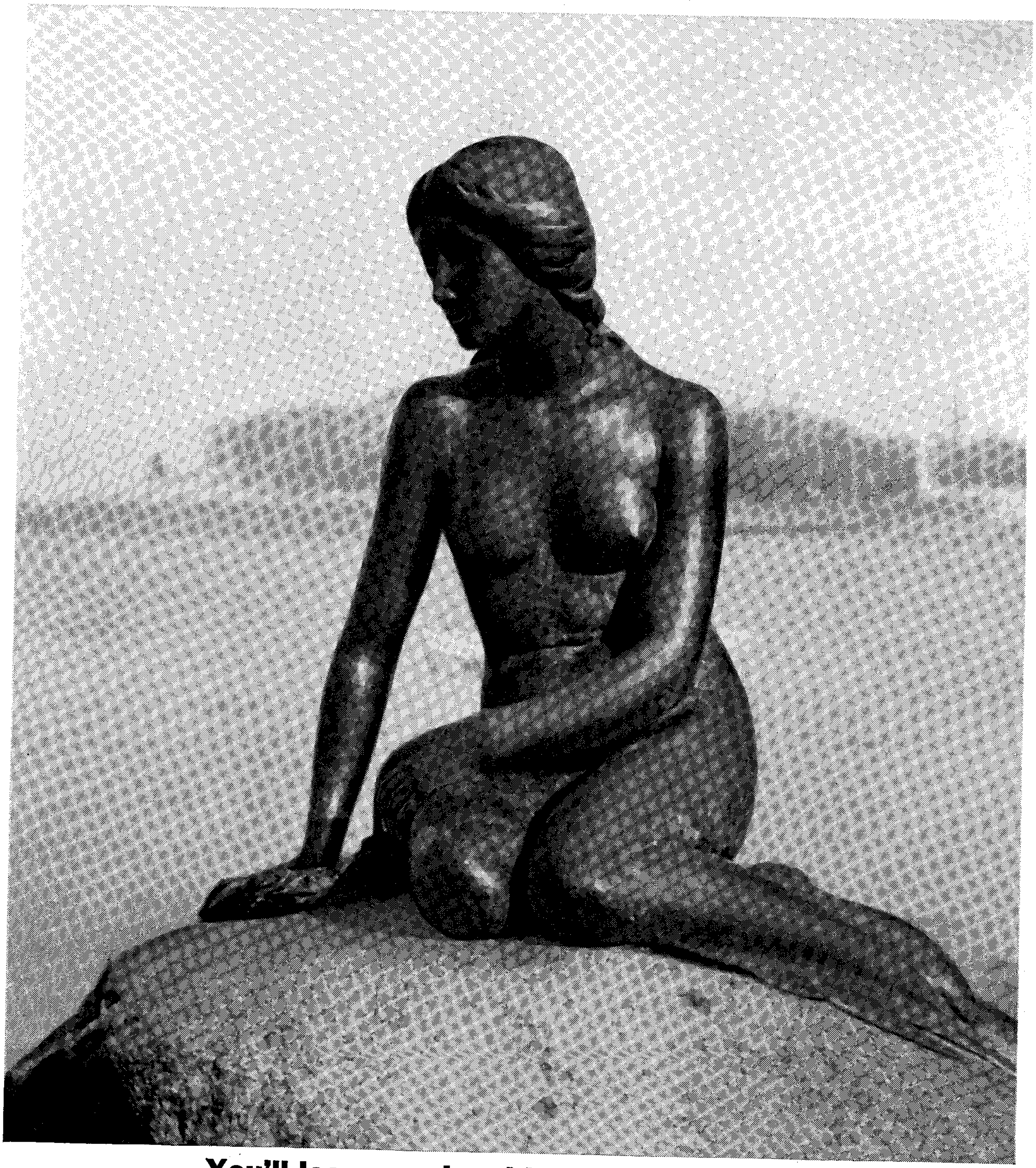
Built over one piece aircraft quality duralumınum frame for lasting service . . . fashionable imported yarn dyed flax and vat dyed duck outer coverings

COMPLETE ENSEMBLES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Sold in better stores every where



FULTON LEATHER GOODS, INC.
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



You'll lose your head in Copenhagen, too.

Some visitors blame it on the marvelous shopping. Or on the old-world gaiety of Tivoli Gardens.

Others flip for the exciting whirl of Copenhagen after dark. The wonderful food. The happy-go-lucky friendliness of the Danes.

It's hard to put your finger on any one thing. But there's something in the air that steals over you when you come to Copenhagen. That makes you remember the fun you had, long after your vacation is over.

Ask your SAS travel agent to fix up a trip for you. We'll have the Little Mermaid's head safely on her shoulders by the time you come. We can't make any promises about yours.

SAS SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
638 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020

SURREY
by MURIEL RYAN

The Stein Collection . . . what a refreshing print for a spirit-raising shirtwaister®! A casual, comfortable cotton etched with the colorful charm of olden drinking steins. Predominately green or plum on beige. Hemp belt with Surrey motif buckle. Sizes 5 to 15 . . . . **$16**

Slightly higher on west coast.

a division of Serbin, Inc.
For your nearest Serbin dealer,
dial Western Union.
Ask for operator 25.

away like sleeping children. Luzhin was given a neat metal number. He missed his wife, but found her immediately; she was standing in front of a mirror. He placed the metal disc against the tender hollow of her smooth, powdered back. "Brr, that's cold," she exclaimed, moving her shoulder blade.

"Arm in arm, arm in arm," said Luzhin. "It's a ball, and we have to enter arm in arm." And that is how they entered.

The first thing Luzhin saw was his mother-in-law, looking much younger, rosy red, and wearing a magnificent, sparkling headdress—a Russian woman's *kokoshnik.* It was a charity ball, held in one of the best hotels in Berlin, and she was selling punch, and an elderly Englishman (who had simply come down from his room) was quickly becoming drunk, one elbow propped on her table. At another table, near a fir tree adorned with colored lights, there was a pile of lottery prizes: a dignified samovar with red and blue reflected lights on the tree side, dolls dressed in *sarafans,* a phonograph, and liqueurs (donated by Smirnovsky). A third table had sandwiches, Italian salad, caviar—and a beautiful blond lady was calling to someone, "Marya Vasilyevna, Marya Vasilyevna, why did they take it away again? *I had asked . . .*"

"A very good evening to you," said somebody close by, and Mrs. Luzhin raised an arched, swanlike hand.

Farther on, in the next room, there was music, and dancers circled in the space between the tables. Someone's back banged into Luzhin at full speed, and he grunted and stepped back. His wife had disappeared, and, searching for her, he returned to the first room. Here the tombola again attracted his attention. Paying out a mark each time, he would plunge his hand into the box and fish out a tiny cylinder of rolled-up paper. Snuffling through his nose and protruding his lips, he would take a long time to unroll the paper, and, finding no number inside, would look to see if there was one on the other, outer side—a useless but very normal procedure. In the end he won a children's book—"Purry Cat" or some such title—and, not knowing what to do with it, left it on a table where two full glasses were awaiting the return of a dancing couple.

The crush and the movement and the bursts of music now got on his nerves, and there was nowhere to hide, and everyone, probably, was looking at him and wondering why he did not dance.

In the intervals between dances, his wife looked for him in the other room,

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

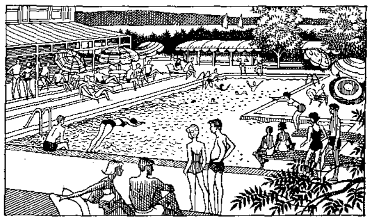
RIVAGE
Calf
with lizard trim
$60

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

Brand-new pool at Basin Harbor!

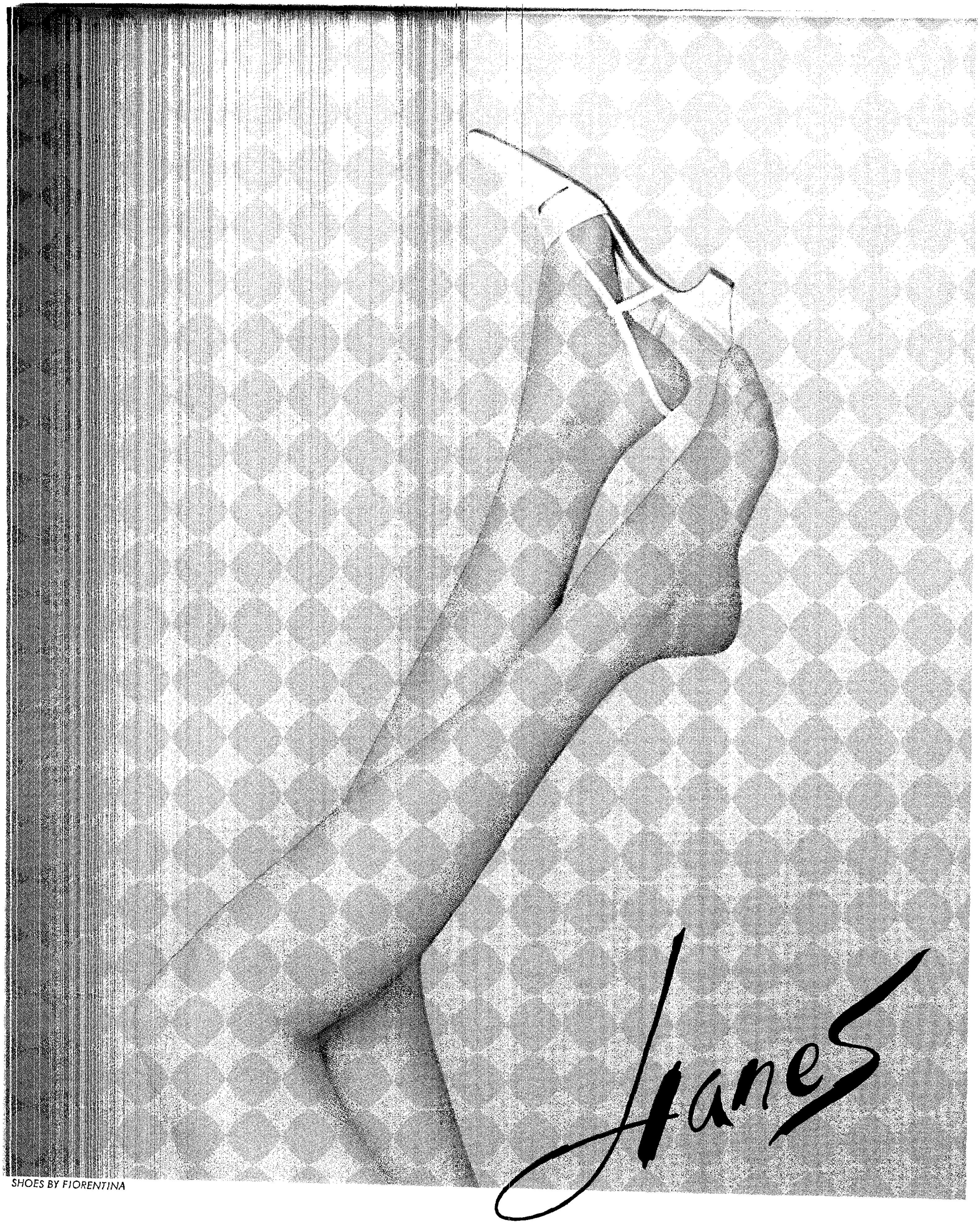


Opening June 6th

Our 75-foot pool has twin diving boards, temperature control, and special poolside luncheon daily. There's also 18 holes of uncrowded golf, tennis, supervised children's programs, and 126 lakefront miles of lovely Lake Champlain for water sports and fine fishing. Victuals are famous, as are the Club's snug lodgings. For reservations and details: N. Y. Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. LT 1-6595.

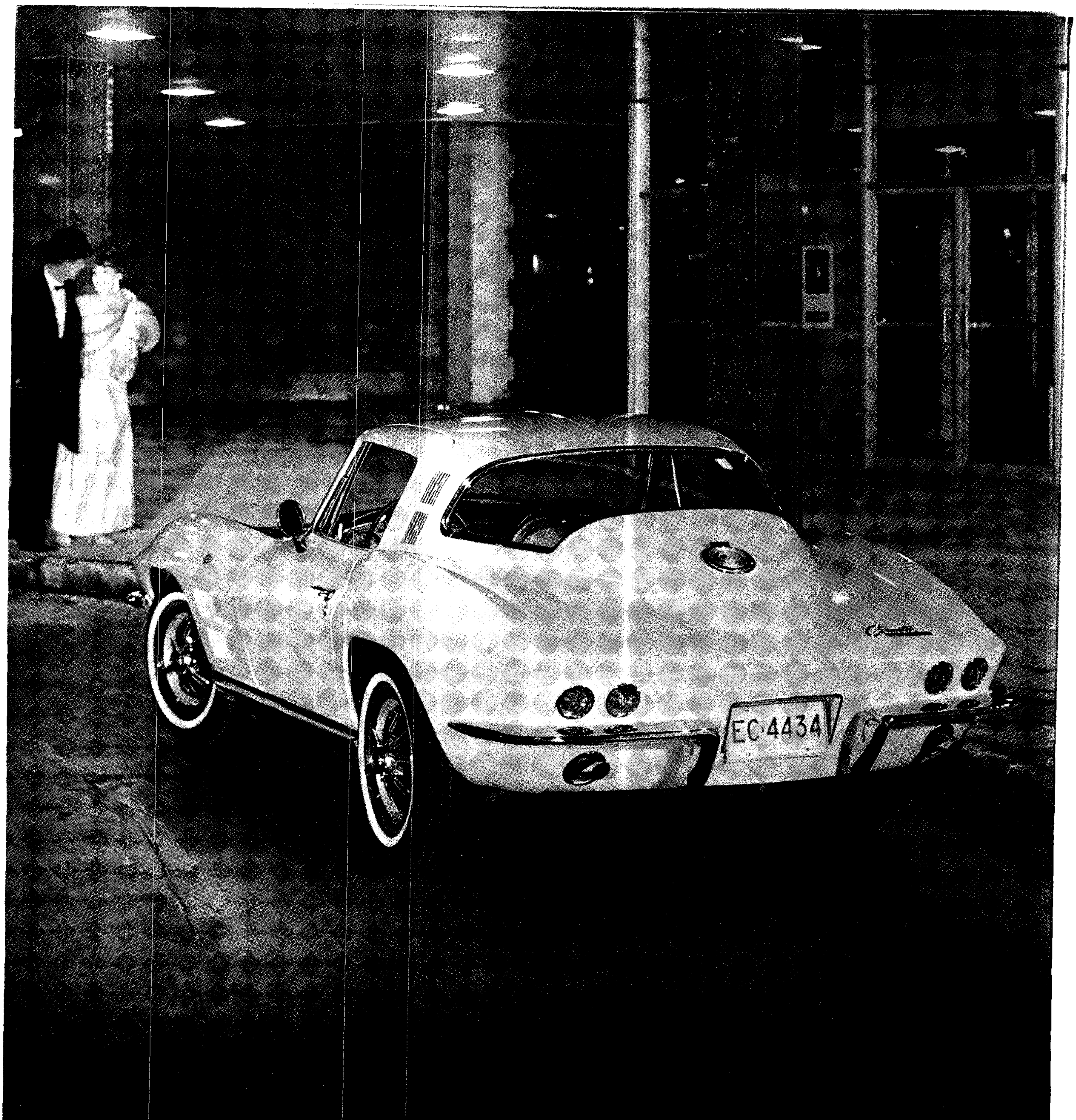
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Manager

VERGENNES • VERMONT



SHOES BY FIORENTINA

it's back! the original nude-heel seamless stocking
flawless fit in your choice of twenty fashion tints



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA COUPÉ

Ever think of Corvette's gentler side? All it takes is a change of mood. Suddenly the Corvette Sting Ray Sport Coupe is an up-to-date image of yesterday's opera coupé.

Gone the mohair, the sidemounts, the running boards. In their place, American Contemporary. All the soft comfort and genteel manners of the noble old opera coupé, but wrapped in a two-place projectile about as nostalgic as a space shot.

Go ahead. Pamper it once in a while with a night at the opera. But docile as it can be, the real Corvette spirit lurks below the surface. No opera coupé ever had a V8 like this or a ride like this or a rage to punch holes in the humdrum like this.

Any pleasure a car can give, Corvette gives you—sedate to snarly. What could be more versatile? Yet even we can think of one situation where Corvette is totally out of place: standing still.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

'64 CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET

but at every step she was stopped by acquaintances. There were a great many people at this ball—including a foreign consul, obtained with great difficulty, and a famous Russian singer, and two movie actresses. Somebody pointed out their table to her. The ladies wore artificial smiles, and their escorts—three well-fed men of the movie producer-businessman type—kept clucking their tongues and snapping their fingers and abusing the pale, sweating waiter for his slowness and inefficiency. One of these men seemed particularly obnoxious. He had very white teeth and shining brown eyes. Having dealt with the waiter, he began to relate something in a loud voice, sprinkling his Russian with the most hackneyed German expressions. All at once, she felt depressed that everyone was looking at these movie people, at the singer, and at the consul, and nobody seemed to know that a chess genius was present at the ball—a man whose name had been in hundreds of newspapers and whose games had already been called immortal. "You are amazingly easy to dance with" . . . "They have a good floor here" . . . "Excuse me" . . . "It's terribly crowded" . . . "The receipts will be excellent" . . . "This man over here is from the French Embassy" . . . "It is amazingly easy dancing with you" . . .

In the meantime, Luzhin had found a deep armchair not far from the staircase and was looking at the crowd from behind a column and smoking his thirteenth cigarette. Into the armchair next to him, after making a preliminary inquiry as to whether it was taken or not, settled a swarthy gentleman with a tiny mustache. People still continued to go by, and Luzhin gradually became frightened. There was nowhere he could look without meeting inquisitive eyes, and from the accursed necessity of looking somewhere he fixed on the mustache of his neighbor. This person, feeling Luzhin's gaze on him, turned his face and said amicably, "It's a long time since I was at a ball."

"The main thing is not to look," uttered Luzhin hollowly, using his hands as a form of blinkers.

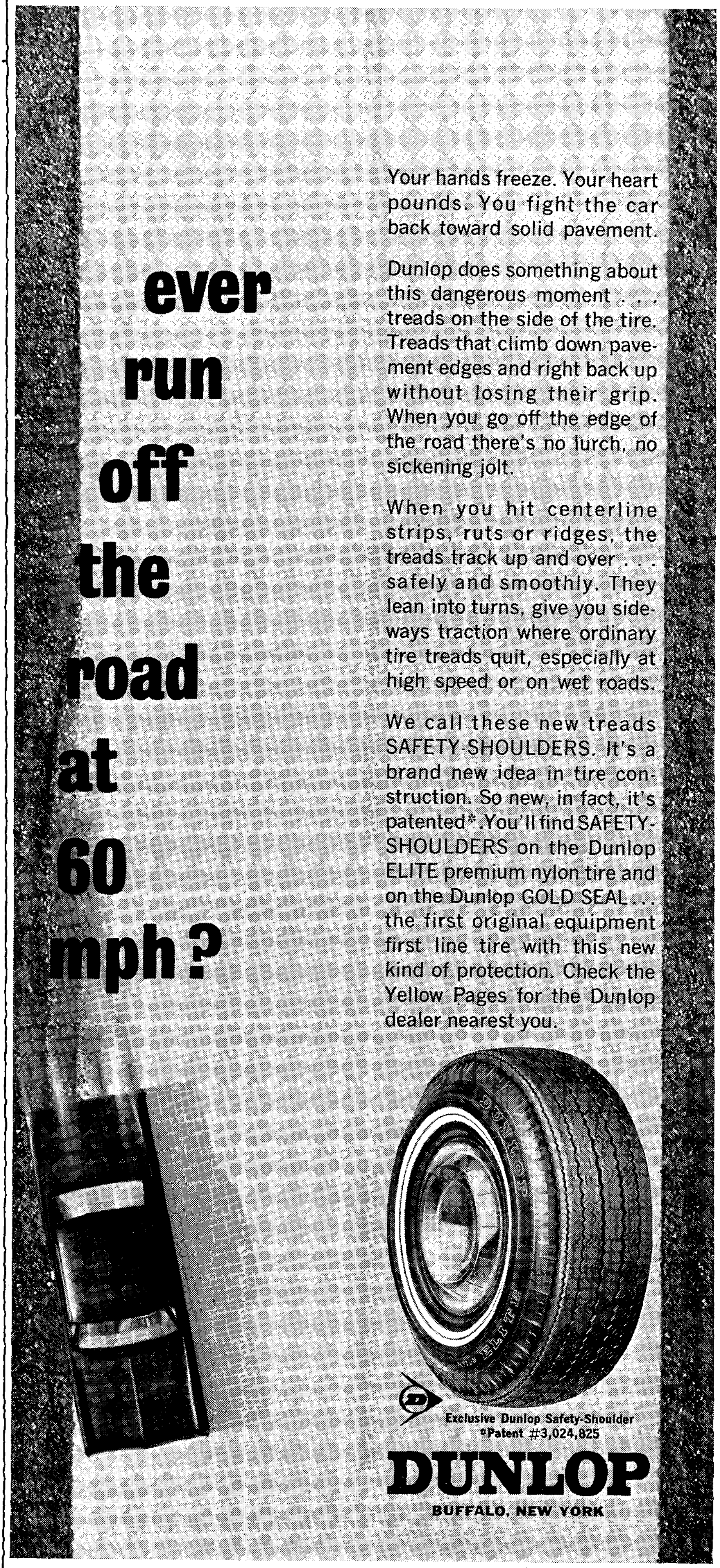
"I've come a long way," explained the man. "A friend dragged me here. To tell the truth, I'm tired."

"Tiredness and heaviness." Luzhin nodded. "Who knows what it all means? It surpasses my conception."

"Particularly when you work, as I do, on a Brazilian plantation," said the gentleman.

"Plantation," repeated Luzhin after him like an echo.

"You have an odd way of living



ever run off the road at 60 mph?

Your hands freeze. Your heart pounds. You fight the car back toward solid pavement.

Dunlop does something about this dangerous moment . . . treads on the side of the tire. Treads that climb down pavement edges and right back up without losing their grip. When you go off the edge of the road there's no lurch, no sickening jolt.

When you hit centerline strips, ruts or ridges, the treads track up and over . . . safely and smoothly. They lean into turns, give you sideways traction where ordinary tire treads quit, especially at high speed or on wet roads.

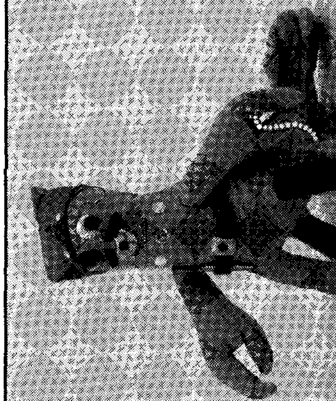
We call these new treads SAFETY-SHOULDERS. It's a brand new idea in tire construction. So new, in fact, it's patented*. You'll find SAFETY-SHOULDERS on the Dunlop ELITE premium nylon tire and on the Dunlop GOLD SEAL . . . the first original equipment first line tire with this new kind of protection. Check the Yellow Pages for the Dunlop dealer nearest you.

Exclusive Dunlop Safety-Shoulder
*Patent #3,024,825

DUNLOP
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Gurney's Inn
"On the brink o' the beach"

If I were a Jolly Roger...



I'd set sail for the waters off the coast of Montauk. I hear tell of treasures to last ye a lifetime. Silken sanded shores, shimmering strands of gold flowing from the sun, a sky the color of sapphires and an ocean that's sparkling with the treasures from beneath. 'Tis the place any Jolly Roger dreams of. **And for first-rate mates...** *Gurney's Inn ... a treasure on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath-taking seascape set among the windswept dunes, where the foamy waves break on the shining shore.*

Your own ocean-front cottages with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio, and living room. Exceptional cuisine served in a manner fit for the captain of any ship, in a jeweled setting, overlooking a panoramic view of surf, sand and wide sky. You'll find that Gurney's Inn is Montauk's proudest treasure of all. Modified American Plan: May 1st through the end of October—Remainder of the year on the Continental Plan. ... Color brochure and tariff schedule on request: write Dept. NY1

Gurney's Inn . . . Ocean front cottages & hostelry on the brink o' the beach at Montauk, L.I. • 516 MO 8-2345 • Ownership-management: Joyce & Nick Monte.

here," continued the stranger. "The world is open on all four sides, and here they are pounding out Charlestons on an extremely restricted fragment of floor."

"I'm also going away," said Luzhin. "I've got the travel folders."

"There is nothing like freedom!" exclaimed the stranger. "Free wanderings and a favorable wind. And what wonderful countries. . . . I met a German botanist in the forest beyond Río Negro, and lived with the wife of a French engineer on Madagascar."

"I must get their folders, too," said Luzhin. "Very attractive things, folders. Everything in great detail."

"Luzhin, so that's where you are!" His wife was passing by on her father's arm. "I'll be back immediately. I'll just get a table for us," she cried, looking over her shoulder, and disappeared.

"Is your name Luzhin?" asked the gentleman curiously.

"Yes, yes," said Luzhin, "but it's of no importance."

"I knew somebody named Luzhin," said the gentleman, screwing up his eyes (for memory is shortsighted). "You didn't happen to go to the Balashevsky school, did you?"

"Suppose I did," replied Luzhin, and, seized by an unpleasant suspicion, he began to examine his companion's face.

"In that case we were classmates!" exclaimed the other. "My name is Petrishchev. Do you remember me? Oh, of course you remember! What a coincidence. I would never have recognized you by your face. Tell me, Luzhin—your first name and patronymic? . . . Ah, I seem to remember—Tony . . . Anton . . ."

"You're mistaken," said Luzhin with a shudder.

"I have a poor memory for names," continued Petrishchev. "Do you remember that quiet boy we had? Later he lost an arm fighting under Wrangel, just before the evacuation. I saw him in church in Paris. Hmm, what is his name? . . . And there was Gromov—he's also in Paris now; fixed himself up nicely, it seems. But where are the others? Where are they all? Dispersed, gone up in smoke. It's odd to think about it. Well, and how are you getting on, Luzhin, old boy?"

"All right," said Luzhin, and averted his eyes from the expansive Petrishchev, seeing his face suddenly as it had been then—small, pink, and unbearably mocking.

"Wonderful times, they were!" cried Petrishchev. "Do you remember how our geography teacher used to burst like a hurricane into the classroom,

Gift Problem?

Two wonderful suggestions for wedding, week-end, hostess, or house-warming presents . . a 14" tray and a 12" brass trimmed scrap basket. Both come in a choice of Sage Green or Ivory with these sporty subjects: Mallard, Quail, Pheasant or Fox Mask.

The full color, sporty decorations are laminated for permanent protection between layers of indestructible Fiberglas®.

Tray $10.00
Basket $17.50
Postpaid

When ordering by mail, please state color and design.

Write for free illustrated catalog of other fine products for country living.

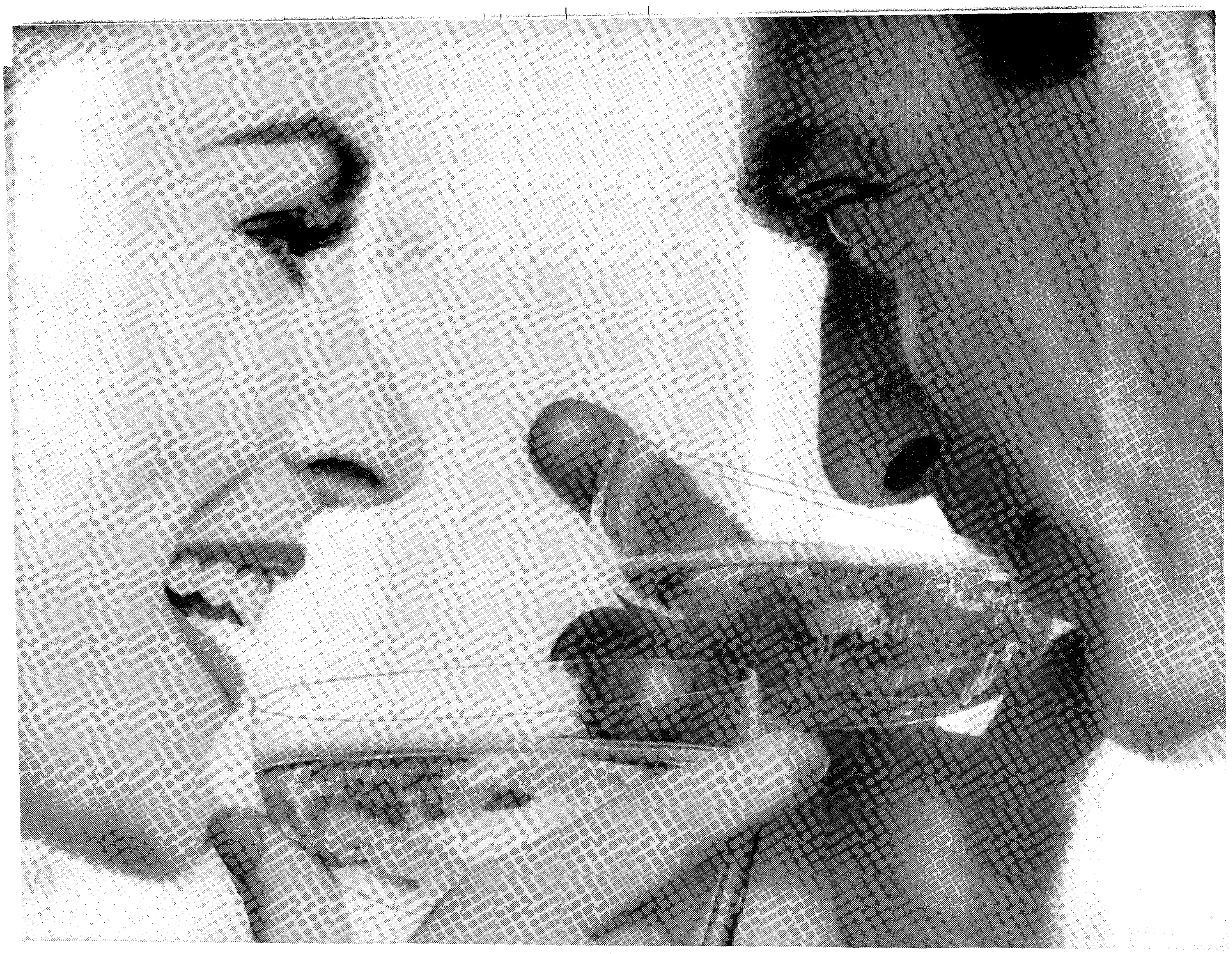
Adirondack Store
108 LAKE PLACID ROAD
SARANAC LAKE • NEW YORK

Baby Owl,
4½" high, $18; in color at the finest stores, brochure available

Cybis

CYBIS PORCELAIN ART, TRENTON 8, N.J.

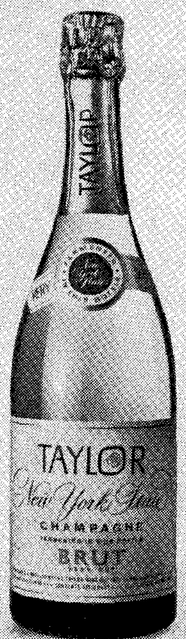
On Exhibit-World's Fair-Pavilion American Interiors

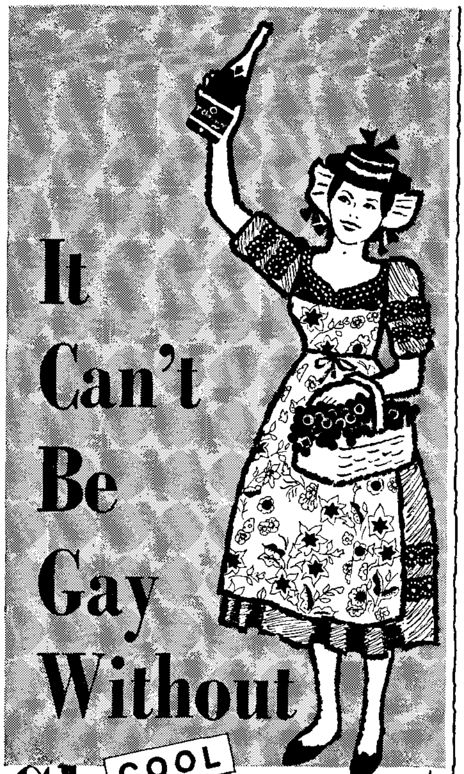


It's a Taylor Champagne...and you'll love it! Get-together people add gaiety to any occasion with the pop, bubble and sparkle of Taylor New York State Champagne. Celebrating? Entertaining? Always have some in the refrigerator. Need a gift idea? This is it. Dining out? Order it with pride. / Ask your wine merchant for Taylor booklets that show you how to enjoy wine more—cooking, dining or entertaining.

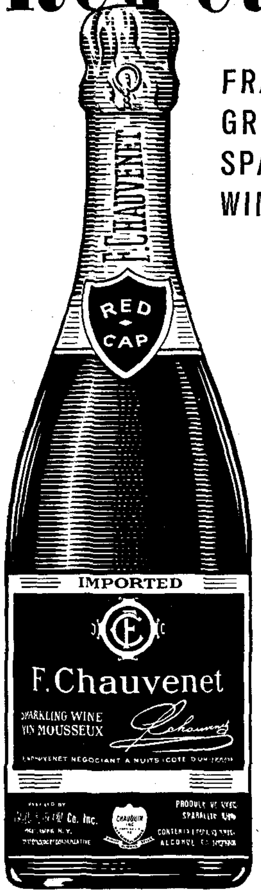
**See the
Taylor Wine Exhibit
in the New York State
Pavilion at the
New York World's Fair.
Informative exhibit
of grape growing,
wine making,
and wine enjoyment.**

©The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, N.Y.—producers of Wines, Champagnes, Vermouths




It Can't Be Gay Without
COOL

Chauvenet Red Cap®



FRANCE'S
GREAT RED
SPARKLING
WINE

N. B.
Also remember the
same "Chauvenet"
for Beaujolais,
Pommard,
Pouilly Fuisse
and many others—
all of
superb quality.

©1963 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

holding a map of the world? Wonderful times. And how we used to whip down those stairs, into the yard, you remember? And how it turned out at the school party that Arbuzov could play the piano?"

"Just don't react," Luzhin said to himself.

"And all that's vanished," continued Petrishchev. "Here we are at a ball. . . . Oh, now I remember. You took up something, some occupation, when you left school. What was it? Yes, of course—chess!"

"No, no," said Luzhin. "Why on earth must you—"

"Oh, excuse me," said Petrishchev affably. "Then I'm getting mixed up. Yes, yes, that's how it is. The ball's in full swing and we're sitting here talking about the past. You know, I've travelled the whole world. That time in the jungle—"

"It's all lies," said a lazy voice from behind. "He was never in any jungle whatsoever."

"Now, why do you spoil everything?" drawled Petrishchev, turning round.

"Don't listen to him," continued a bald, lanky person, the owner of the lazy voice. "He has been living in France since the Revolution, and left Paris for the first time the day before yesterday."

"Luzhin, allow me to introduce you," began Petrishchev, with a laugh, but Luzhin hastily made off, tucking his head into his shoulders.

Stumbling into people and exclaiming in a tearful voice "*Pardon, pardon!*" and stumbling into more people and trying not to see their faces, Luzhin looked for his wife, and when he finally caught sight of her he seized her by the elbow from behind, so that she started and turned round; but at first he was unable to say anything, he was puffing too much.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Let's go," he muttered, still holding her by the elbow.

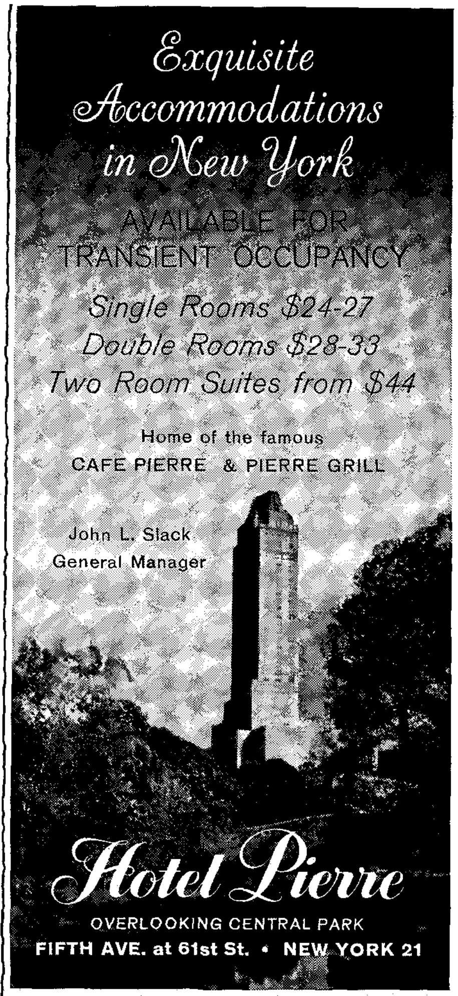
"Calm down, please, Luzhin, that's not necessary," she said, nudging him slightly to one side, so that the bystanders could not hear. "Why do you want to go?"

"There's a man there," said Luzhin, breathing jerkily. "And such an unpleasant conversation."

"Whom you knew before?" she asked quietly.

Luzhin nodded. "Let's go. I beg you."

Half closing his eyes, so that Petrishchev would not notice him, he pushed his way through to the vestibule, rum-


Exquisite Accommodations in New York

AVAILABLE FOR
TRANSIENT OCCUPANCY

Single Rooms $24-27
Double Rooms $28-33
Two Room Suites from $44

Home of the famous
CAFE PIERRE & PIERRE GRILL

John L. Slack
General Manager

Hotel Pierre
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVE. at 61st St. • NEW YORK 21

"George II"
ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

SUITED TO THE FAIR

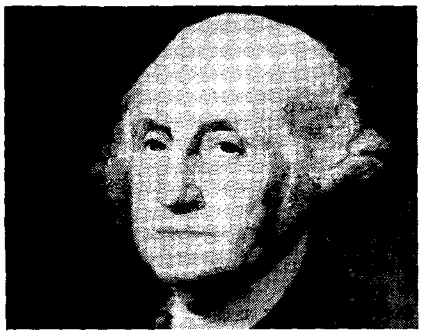
Crease resistant
spun linen suit
made in Italy
white, black, pink,
navy, beige, rose
Sizes 8-20
$25.00
add $1.00 for postage

Janet Sloane
136 E. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.

Barbados is a singular island

It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square, and feel the trade breezes off the Caribbean. Or watch championship cricket-matches in the afternoon, and a flaming limbo dance under the moon. Or see a flying-fish fleet, an old-time sailing schooner, and an internationally famous yacht all in one day. Certainly it's the only place in the world where taxi-drivers inquire, with Elizabethan courtliness, "Cab, Mistress?" Delightfully, the Barbadians' tradition of old-world courtesy and custom hasn't changed much in 300 years. Even the modern luxury hotels have a way of clinging to the landscape with the discreet air of private estates. People who love the island say the friendliness and laughter of Barbados, the music and wit, the hospitality all have a flavor that's completely distinctive.

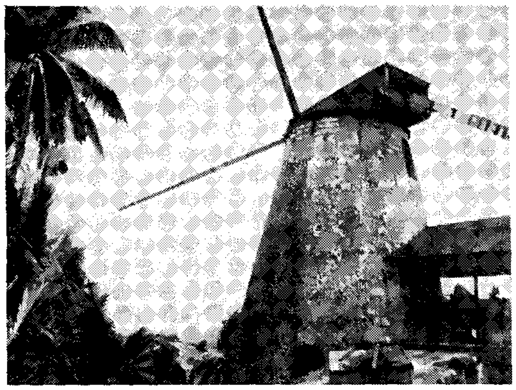
You might say, it's absolutely singular.



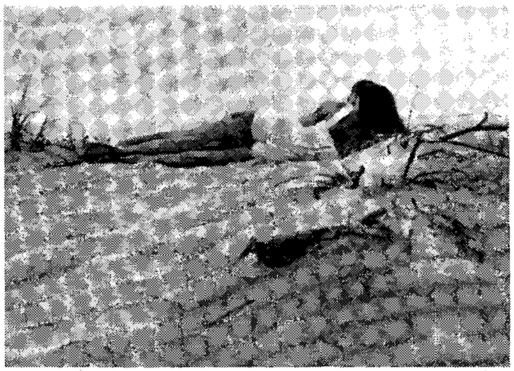
Barbados was the only place outside America George Washington ever slept.

Unique tradition: the island's mounted police in impeccable uniform.

Bring your camera, if only to catch Barbadian women carrying everything under the sun on their heads.



Barbados windmills used to grind sugar cane. Today they simply stand there looking picturesque.



Barbados gets the Eastern trade breezes every day of the year. Great place to cool off *in the summer!*

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

THE COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED
PRESIDENT

The Siamese Starlight Roof with its breathtaking panorama of the harbour, surrounding waters and the city—in every respect, Hong Kong's gourmet highlight.

The Three Kingdoms Restaurant presents international cuisine and specialties from the four corners of the earth.

Hong Kong's newest hotel—the President—800 magnificent and luxuriously decorated guest rooms and suites—most conveniently located—Hong Kong's intriguing shopping area is at your doorstep ...a rare combination of Oriental mystery and Western glamour and elegance. Five superb dining rooms, supper club, and intimate and memorable cocktail lounges. Dedicated to gracious living... symbolized by your attentive personal page, **"Ah So"**.

EUROPEAN and MODIFIED AMERICAN PLAN

Superb convention facilities for more than 1000 delegates.

ROBERT M. SOUERS, General Manager

REPRESENTED BY
LEONARD HICKS, JR., INC.
ATLANTA JA 4-3486 NEW YORK MU 8-0123
CHICAGO MO 4-5100 WASHINGTON FE 8-6481
DETROIT WO 2-2700 TORONTO EM 3-1648
MIAMI PL 4-1667 LONDON REG 6567
JOHN A. TETLEY CO., INC.
LOS ANGELES DU 8-1151 SAN FRANCISCO EX 7-2717
SEATTLE MA 3-1177

maged in his pockets, looking for his tag, found it at last, after several enormous seconds of confusion and despair, and shuffled this way and that impatiently while the cloakroom attendant, like a somnambulist, looked for his things. His wife followed him out of the hotel, pulling her moleskin coat together as she went. Only in the car did Luzhin begin to breathe freely, and his expression of distracted sullenness gave way to a guilty half smile.

"Dear Luzhin met a nasty person," said his wife, stroking his hand.

"A schoolfellow—a suspicious character," explained Luzhin.

"But now dear Luzhin's all right," whispered his wife, and kissed his soft hand.

"Now everything's gone," said Luzhin.

But this was not quite so. Something remained—a riddle, a splinter. In the middle of the night, he asked himself why this meeting had made him so uneasy. Of course, there were all sorts of individual unpleasantnesses—the fact that Petrishchev had once tormented him in school and had now referred obliquely to a certain torn book about little Tony. And the fact that a whole world full of exotic temptations had turned out to be a braggart's rigmarole, and therefore it would no longer be possible in future to trust travel folders. But it was not the meeting itself that was frightening but something else—this meeting's secret meaning, which he had to divine.

He began to think intensely at night, the way Sherlock had been wont to do over cigar ash, and gradually it began to seem that the combination was even more complex than he had at first thought, that the meeting with Petrishchev was only the continuation of something, and that it was necessary to look deeper, to return and replay all the moves of his life, from his illness until the ball.

"LISTEN, Luzhin," said his wife. "I've wanted to ask you for a long time—didn't some things come to you after your father's death? Where are they all?"

Luzhin shrugged. "There was a man called Khrushchenko," he muttered. "He wrote to me in Paris—about the death and funeral and all that, and that he preserved the things left after the late father."

"Oh, Luzhin," she sighed, "what you do to the language." She reflected a moment and added, "It doesn't matter to me, but I just thought it might be pleasant for you to have a few things

INDIA SILK DINNER JACKETS

India Mulberry pure silk dinner jackets in handsome stripings, made with single-breasted shawl collar, satin facing. Swatches on request. $95.

Spring/Summer Catalog Now Available

Travel exhibits in major cities. Dates on request.

Minneapolis—Radisson—May 22, 23
Chicago—LaSalle—May 25, 26, 27

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898

THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS—FURNISHERS
NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

WINES OF HUNGARY

TOKAJI ASZU

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

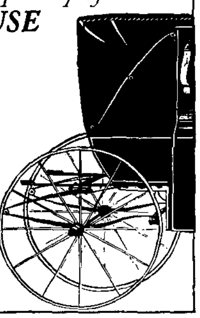
SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

There is a distinctly new and quietly lavish way to live or visit in Manhattan.

If you are successful, and would like to remind yourself of your well-being, rejoice in the exquisite privacy of the

CARRIAGE HOUSE HOTEL

of New York.



Reservations:
661-2100 200 E. 38 St.

©1964 ⚲ THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

NEW PARKER
super Quink
PERMANENT BLUE-BLACK INK
2 FL. OZ. 59 C.C. MADE IN U.S.A.

The pen that fills itself

All you do is dip the filling end (not the point) of a Parker 61 into a bottle of ink. In just seconds the 61 drinks enough ink to write 5,000 words.

Because it fills by capillary action, there's no mechanism to touch. The pen (and your fingers) are clean—and the 61 is as leakproof as a pen can be, so it *stays* clean.

The 61 can also make its own ink, with an Instant Ink capsule that transforms plain tap water into a quality writing fluid.

You choose the point to fit your writing style, all solid 14K gold. Touch any one of them to paper and the ink flows as smoothly as your thoughts.

We proudly put the Parker name on this one. $15 can hardly buy a gift more certain to make someone grateful. See the remarkable 61 at your Parker dealer's.

PARKER *Maker of the world's most wanted pens.*
Visit the Parker Pavilion at the New York World's Fair

The remarkable Parker 61

BEST & CO.
5th Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Tattersall scores

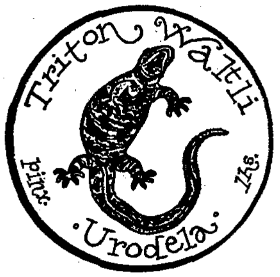
on the golf course or leading the good life in this easy shirtdress by Vin Draddy of imported woven check cotton. With front pleat, convertible collar, action back, elasticized waist, front and back pocket, stretch web belt. White with black/suntan or navy/red, sizes 8-18. (N-33) **18.00** Matching hat, M-L sizes, **5.00** 3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

that had belonged to your father." Luzhin remained silent. She imagined those unwanted things—perhaps the pen that old man Luzhin wrote his books with, documents, photographs—and she grew sad and mentally reproached her husband for hardheartedness. "But one thing has to be done without fail," she said decisively. "We must go to the cemetery to see his grave, to see that it's not neglected."

Luzhin, remembering that depressing waste patch and the cemetery wind, begged that their trip be postponed to the following week, because of the cold weather. The frost, incidentally, was extraordinary. The ice rink was closed. Not even schoolboys were up to skating in this weather. In the parks little high-breasted birds lay on the snow with feet in the air. The helpless mercury, under the influence of its surroundings, fell ever lower and lower. And even the polar bears in the zoo found that the management had overdone it.

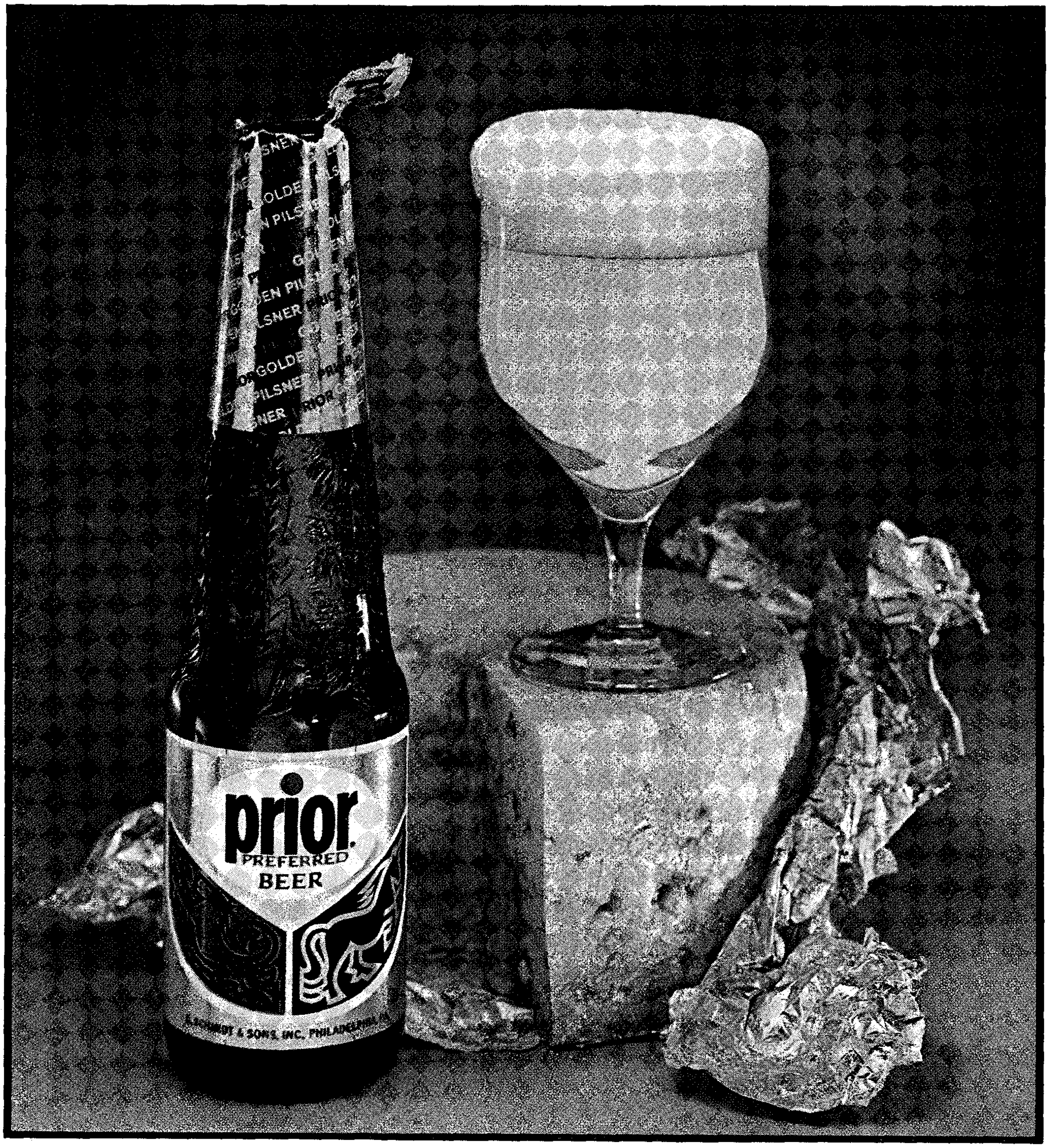
The Luzhin apartment turned out to be one of those fortunate flats with heroic central heating, where one did not have to sit around in fur coats and blankets. His wife's parents, driven insane by the cold, were remarkably willing guests of the central heating. Luzhin, wearing the old jacket that had been saved from destruction, sat at his desk, assiduously drawing a white cube standing before him. His father-in-law walked about the study telling long, perfectly proper anecdotes or else sat on the sofa with a newspaper, from time to time breathing deep and then clearing his throat. Luzhin's mother-in-law and wife stayed by the tea table, and from the study, across the dark drawing room, one could see the bright yellow lampshade in the dining room, his wife's illuminated profile against the brown background of the sideboard, and her bare arms, which, with her elbows a long way in front of her on the table, she bent back to one shoulder, her fingers interlaced—or suddenly she would smoothly stretch an arm out and touch some gleaming object on the tablecloth.



Luzhin put the cube aside, took a clean sheet of paper, opened a tin box with buttons of watercolor in it, and hastened to draw this vista. But while he was painstakingly tracing out the lines of perspective with the aid of a ruler, something changed at the far end; his wife disappeared from the vivid rectangle of the dining room, and the light went out and came on again closer, in the drawing room, and no perspective existed any longer. In general, he rarely got to the colors, and, indeed, preferred pencil. The dampness of watercolors made the paper buckle unpleasantly and the wet colors ran together; no sooner did you get a small bit of Prussian blue on the very tip of your brush than it was running all over the enamel inside of the box, devouring the shade you had prepared and turning the water in the glass a poisonous blue. There were thick tubes of India ink and opaque white, but the caps invariably got lost, the necks would dry up, and when he pressed too hard the tube burst at the bottom. His daubings were fruitless, and even the simplest things—a vase with flowers, or a sunset copied from a travel folder of the Riviera—came out spotty, sickly, horrible. But drawing was nice. He drew his mother-in-law, and she was offended; he drew his wife in profile, and she said that if she looked like that, there was no reason to marry her; on the other hand, his father-in-law's high, starched collar came out very well. Luzhin took great pleasure in sharpening pencils and in measuring things before him, screwing up one eye and raising his pencil with his thumb pressed against it, and he would move his eraser over the paper with care, pressing with his palm on the sheet, for he knew from experience that otherwise there would come a loud crack and the sheet would crease. And he would blow off the particles of rubber very delicately, fearing to smudge the drawing by touching it with his hand. Most of all, he liked what his wife had advised him to begin with and what he constantly returned to: white cubes, pyramids, cylinders, and a fragment of plaster ornament that reminded him of drawing lessons at school—the sole acceptable subject. He was soothed by the thin lines that he drew and redrew a hundred times, achieving a maximum of sharpness, accuracy, and purity. And it was remarkably nice to shade, tenderly and evenly, not pressing too hard, in regularly applied strokes.

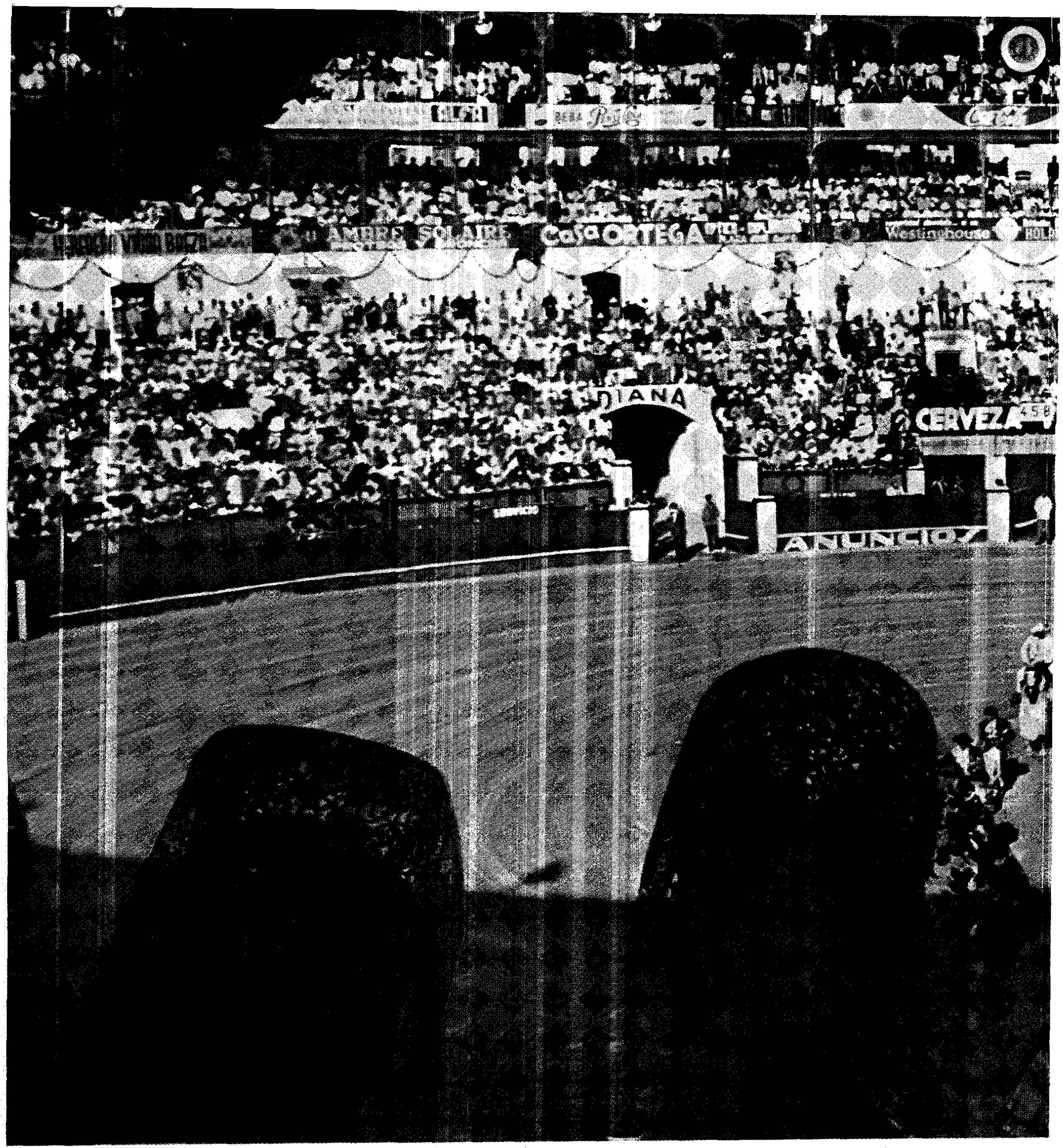
"Finished," he said, holding the paper away from him and looking at the completed cube through his eyelashes. His father-in-law put on his pince-nez and looked at it for a long time, nodding his head. Luzhin's mother-in-law and wife came from the drawing room and also looked.

"It even casts a tiny shadow," said his


GOLDEN PILSNER
PRIOR
prior
PREFERRED
BEER
C. SCHMIDT & SONS, INC. PHILADELPHIA

This, Sir, is Prior Preferred~an Original Pilsner Beer

Brewed in America to today's discriminating tastes... Taking a 500-year-old formula from the fabled Bohemian city of Pilsen—a formula handed down as a precious bequest from father to son—we have recreated, with lavish use of imported hops, this noble beer. Faithful in appearance, flavor, bouquet. Yet, with careful art, subtly modified to please today's discerning tastes. ❧ This is Prior Preferred. Truly Liquid Luxury, it leaves a memory on the tongue. Costs more—naturally. Prior Preferred is also to be had in Double Dark Beer, a Muenchner type. BREWED IN AMERICA BY C. SCHMIDT & SONS, INC., PHILADELPHIA



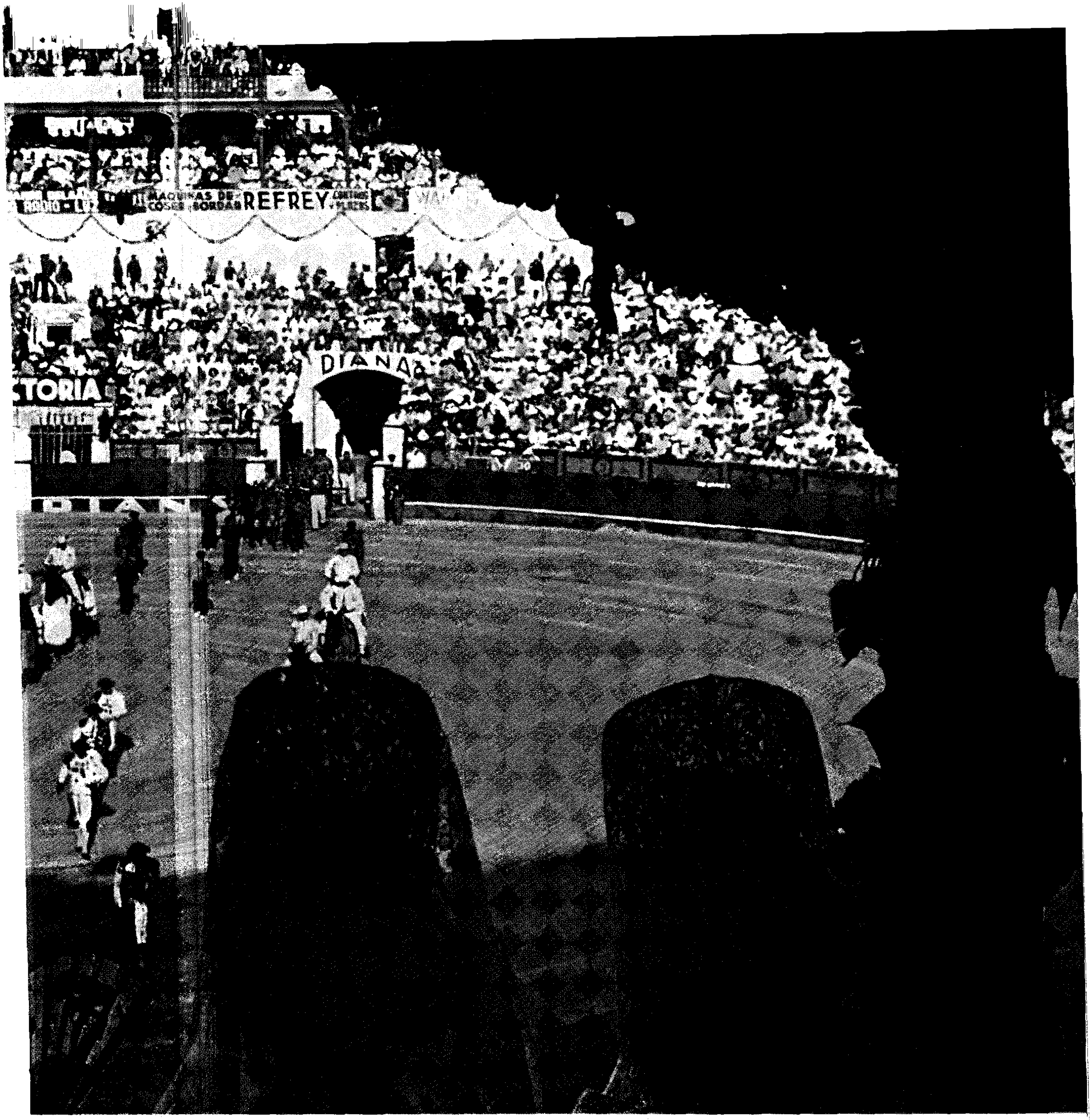
¡TOROS!

In Spain a bullfight is far more than mere spectacle. It is an act of valor, grace and skill expressed in pageantry both gay and dramatic. ¡Toros! The brave bulls! Just one more reason why people are falling in love with Spain. Fly to Spain by Iberia Fan Jet—the place to go—the way to get there.

You cannot simply watch a bullfight in Spain. You become a part of its tension, caught up in the ebb and flow and final rush of its excitement.

Bullfighting in Spain begins in March, and lasts until the end of October. During this season, you can follow the major bullfights, and the festivals which surround them, from city to city: Seville, Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, San Sebastián, Santander.

Be sure to explore Avila, Segovia, Toledo. They are Medieval towns rich with glowing cathedrals, palaces and museums. They are but 70 miles or so from the modern city of



Symbols of eternal Spain: black lace mantillas and the bull ring at Malaga.

Madrid, and yet they have changed little: The skyline of Toledo is still just as El Greco painted it.

In the Prado Museum in Madrid, you'll find one of the finest art collections in the world. Works of the great Spanish painters that reflect that superb blend of the vital and the graceful that is utterly Spanish.

Fly to Spain by Iberia

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will fly you to Madrid, the gateway to Europe, in 6½ hours aboard a modern DC-8 Fan Jet. You will enjoy the flavor and color of Spain the moment you join your flight; delicious food and wine will be served to you by multi-lingual stewardesses. The cabin of your DC-8 is spacious, comfortable and tastefully decorated in the gracious Spanish tradition. Only the plane gets more attention than you do and your pilots are veterans of millions of flying miles, men whose training is unsurpassed.

Give yourself a truly memorable vacation this year. For complete information about the glories of Spain, write to the Spanish National Tourist Office. Be sure to see your Travel Agent. And visit the Pavilion of Spain at the New York World's Fair.

Fall in love with Spain.

FLY TO SPAIN BY IBERIA

THE PLACE TO GO
THE WAY TO GET THERE

©1964 Spanish National Tourist Office
589 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
1418 Commerce Street, Dallas 1, Texas
23 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois
453 Post Street, San Francisco 2, California
13 Queen Street East, Toronto 1, Canada

Face powder.
Flatterer, finisher, the final touch to your entire make-up.
Made-to-order face powder.
The ideal. The shade created by our Consultant for you alone.
$2.50 plus tax, at the best department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz

wife. "A very, very handsome cube."

"Well done. You're a real Cubist," said his mother-in-law.

Luzhin, smiling on one side of his mouth, took the drawing and looked round the walls of his study. By the door one of his productions was already hanging: a train on a bridge spanning an abyss. There was also something in the drawing room: a skull on a telephone directory. In the dining room there were some extremely round oranges, which everyone for some reason took for tomatoes. And the bedroom was adorned by a bas-relief done in charcoal and a confidential conversation between a cone and a pyramid. He went out of the study, his eyes roving over the walls, and his wife said with a sigh, "I wonder where dear Luzhin will hang this one."

"You haven't yet deigned to inform me," began her mother, pointing with her chin to a heap of gaudy travel folders lying on the desk.

"But I don't know myself," said Mrs. Luzhin. "It's very difficult to decide; everywhere's beautiful. I think we'll go to Nice first."

"I would advise the Italian lakes," said her father, and folding up the newspaper and removing his pince-nez, he began to describe how beautiful the lakes were.

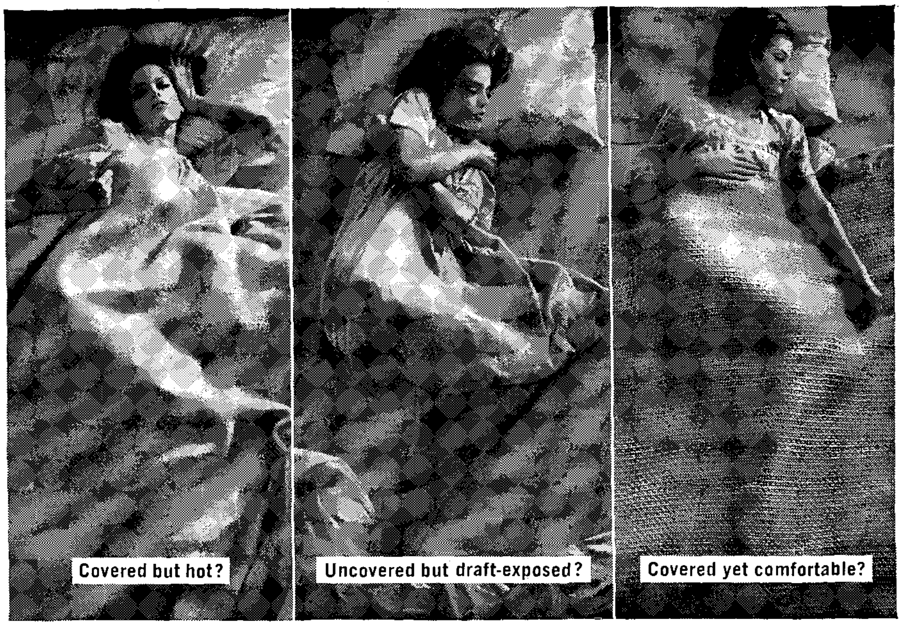
"I'm afraid he has grown rather tired of the talk about our journey," said Mrs. Luzhin. "One fine day we'll simply get in the train and go."

"Not before April," said her mother imploringly. "You promised me, you know. . . ."

Luzhin returned to the study. "I had a box of thumbtacks somewhere," he said, looking at the desk and slapping his pockets—whereupon he again, for the third or fourth time, had a feeling there was something in his left pocket, but not the box, and there wasn't time to investigate. The tacks were found on the desk. Luzhin took them and hastily went out.

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you," Luzhin's mother-in-law said. "Just imagine, yesterday morning . . ." and she began to tell her daughter about a telephone call from a woman who had just arrived from Russia, and who, as a young girl, used to come to their house in St. Petersburg. She was now married to a Soviet businessman or official—it had been impossible to make out exactly what he was—and on her way to a spa, with her husband and her little boy, she had stopped off for a week or two in Berlin. "I feel a bit awkward, you know, about a Soviet citizen coming to our place, but she's so persistent. I'm

How well will you sleep this summer?



Covered but hot?
Uncovered but draft-exposed?
Covered yet comfortable?

Amazing lightweight blanket from England lets you sleep covered yet comfortable on hot summer nights.

NOW, THANKS TO BRITISH INGENUITY WITH TEXTILES, you can sleep *covered yet comfortable*... protected from early-morning chills... under a new kind of blanket so *amazingly light* you hardly know it's there. Forget that oppressive feeling of weight on your body or feet. You'll sleep soundly (and awake refreshed) all summer long... with a Shillcraft *Thermal* Blanket.

IT WORKS BY THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE OF THERMAL INSULATION. You know how that's used in thermal underwear and thermos bottles: pockets of still air insulate against outside temperatures. Similarly, thousands of tiny air cells are woven into a Shillcraft *Thermal* Blanket. These air cells fully protect you from drafts (you don't need any other cover) and at the same time allow your body to "breathe" and keep cool. Ideal for snug sleeping in an air-conditioned room.

USE IT ALL-YEAR-ROUND. Unlike other blankets, a Shillcraft *Thermal* Blanket can be used *winter and summer,* eliminating storage problems. In cold weather, simply place a light cover on top of your *Thermal* Blanket. This seals off the air pockets, keeping your body warmth *in* and the cold *out.* You get 50% more warmth than you do with conventional blankets of the same weight—by actual laboratory tests.

SO BEAUTIFUL it has the look of a fine bedspread. And durable, too. That's why you'll find Shillcraft *Thermal* Blankets in the first-class cabins of great ocean liners and in the best suites of leading hotels.

FULL RANGE OF POPULAR COLORS IN FOUR BASIC SIZES. White, pink, blue, yellow, green, beige, lilac, peach.

CHOOSE 100% WOOL OR COTTON. Both are effective all-year-round. Want downy-soft luxury? Then take nylon-bound WOOL—a stunning gift for shower, wedding, baby or business remembrance. Or if you prefer COTTON—it has self-hemmed edges and is machine-washable.

ORIGINAL SHILLCRAFT THERMAL BLANKETS ARE NOT SOLD IN STORES. Available only by mail order—for immediate delivery at direct-from-importer prices. No duty or postage to pay.

ORDER NOW for quick service. Mail the coupon below to Shillcraft, Dept. 9-N, 106 Hopkins Pl., Baltimore, Md. 21201.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

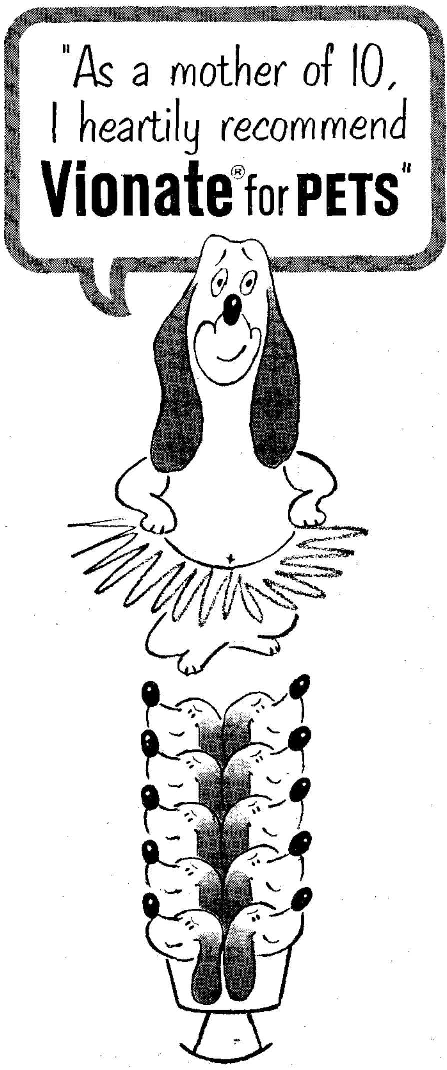
SHILLCRAFT, Dept. 9-N, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.
Please send the following order for Shillcraft Thermal Blankets, postage paid, on unconditional money-back guarantee.

Quan.	100% WOOL	Color	Quan.	100% COTTON	Color
	Crib Size $ 7.75			Crib Size $ 4.95	
	Twin Size 18.75			Twin Size 12.95	
	Double Size 22.75			Double Size 14.95	
	King Size 25.75			King Size 16.95	

Maryland Residents only add 3% Sales Tax

I am enclosing
☐ Check for $____ ☐ Money Order for $____

PRINT:
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State & Code..........


"As a mother of 10, I heartily recommend Vionate® for PETS"

"That's because Vionate contains 21 essential vitamins and minerals in a formula developed by Squibb *especially for dogs* and other pets. Helps keep youngsters healthy and full of pep, helps them grow fast with strong bones and teeth. Land's sake, I get Vionate myself every day. Helps keep me fit as a fiddle. No vitamin and mineral deficiencies for this family! Nosirree, not with Vionate for Pets!"

12 Vitamins, 9 Minerals. Mix Vionate with food to promote vigor and vitality, rich red blood, lustrous coat. Ideal for mother dogs, puppies, apartment shut-ins, show dogs, *all* dogs. Get at Veterinarian, pet shops or pharmacies. The Guaranteed Analysis on the label is your proof of potency.

Got a Horse?

Ask your veterinary supply dealer for VIONATE-L, formulated especially for horses. 18 vitamins and minerals help build good bone and endurance—and horses love its apple-molasses flavor.

FREE BOOKLETS about scientific nutrition for pets and horses. Tell us which—write SQUIBB, *Veterinary Department*, 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

SQUIBB DIVISION Olin

SQUIBB – A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

amazed she's not afraid to telephone. Why, if they learn that she rang me up—"

"Oh, Mama, she's probably a very unhappy woman—she's broken out temporarily to freedom, and she feels like seeing somebody."

"Well, then, I'll pass her on to you," said her mother, with relief, "especially as it's warmer at your place."

SEVERAL days afterward, at midday, the lady appeared. Luzhin was still slumbering, since he had slept badly the night before. Twice he woke up with choking cries, suffocated by a nightmare, and Mrs. Luzhin did not feel up to guests this morning. The visitor turned out to be a slim, animated, nicely made-up, nicely bobbed lady, who was dressed, like Mrs. Luzhin, with expensive simplicity. Loudly, interrupting one another, and assuring one another that *neither had changed a bit*, except perhaps to grow prettier, they went down the hall to the study, which was cozier than the drawing room. The newcomer remarked to herself that Mrs. Luzhin ten to twelve years ago had been a rather graceful, lively little girl and now had grown plumper, paler, and quieter, while Mrs. Luzhin found that the modest, silent young lady who used to visit them and was in love with a student, later shot by the Reds, had turned into a very interesting, confident woman.

"I don't understand politics," Mrs. Luzhin said plaintively, after a few minutes. "But it does seem to me—"

"I'm only saying that one has to be broadminded," continued the visitor. "For instance: As soon as I arrived, I bought an émigré paper. My husband said, 'Why do you waste money on such filth?'—only he didn't use any such polite word, you understand. 'No,' I said, 'you have to look at everything, find out everything absolutely impartially.' And I opened the paper and began to read—and there was such slander printed there, such lies!"

"I rarely see the Russian newspapers," said Mrs. Luzhin. "Mama gets a Russian newspaper from Serbia, I believe."

"It is a conspiracy. Nothing but abuse, and nobody dares to utter a word in our favor."

"Really, let's talk about something else," said Mrs. Luzhin distractedly. "I can't express it, I'm very poor at speaking about these matters, but I feel you're mistaken. Now, if you want to talk about it with my parents someday . . ." (And saying this Mrs. Luzhin imagined to herself, not without a certain pleasure,

SPLENDID WITH SPAGHETTI...
BRILLIANT WITH BARBECUE

BERTOLLI CHIANTI

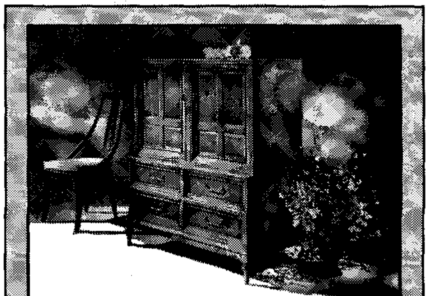
CLASSICO

CHIANTI
BERTOLLI

IMPORTED FROM ITALY

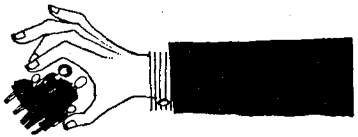
Costs a little more but well worth it—because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!

Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.



LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**



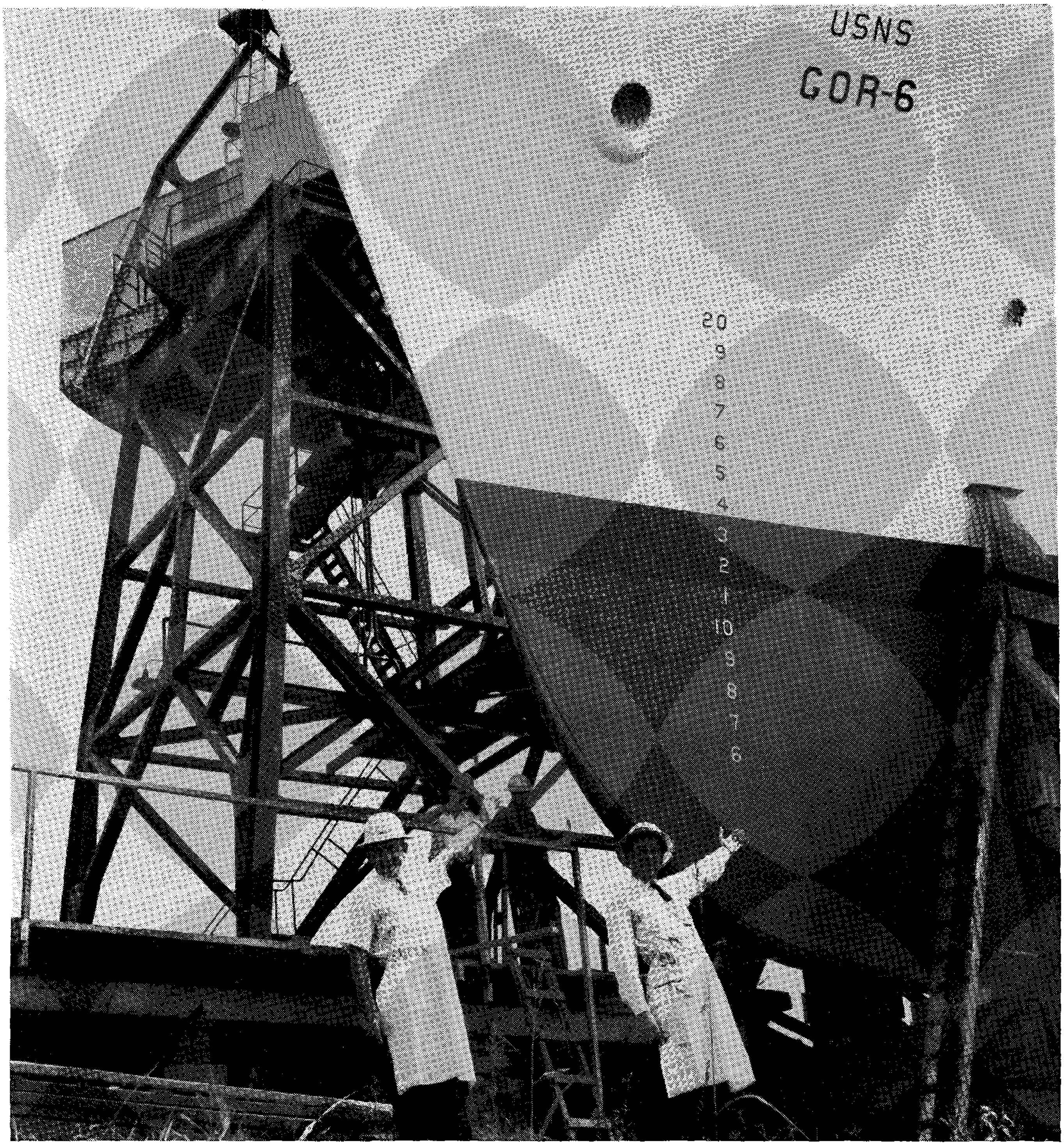
RELOCATING *in an Unfamiliar City?* We'll find exactly your house—in any major city or prime suburb of the U.S., Canada, the Caribbean Islands, Europe or elsewhere. Homerica safeguards your interests, charges you nothing. Tell us your requirements. We'll respect your confidence.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

Chicago
Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111



"We are featuring geodetic vessels today!"

So say Supermarket proprietors Tom Garten, right, and John Sinclair (General Manager and Charleston Manager of WSAZ-TV, respectively). And what they're talking about is another bit of handiwork of the highly skilled, highly paid residents of their area.

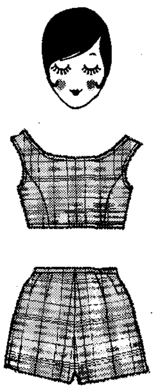
It's the Marietta Manufacturing Company's giant survey vessel, the *Sands*, a U.S. Navy project that speaks well for the industrial diversification of the 4-state 72-county advertising buy we call Supermarket. And which is, as well, one of the more interesting ways in which Supermarket's 2 million residents earn more than 4 billion bananas per annum.

Tom and John invite you, as an advertiser, to stop in—or to consult your Katz Agency man—for an equally interesting *Superstation* story. The story of WSAZ-TV, the one and *only* way to tell *your* story to *all* of Supermarket.

WSAZ-TV, Channel 3, has studios in Charleston and Huntington, West Virginia, and is a Goodwill Station and NBC Primary.

SUPERMARKET SERVED BY SUPERSTATION WSAZ-TV 3

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



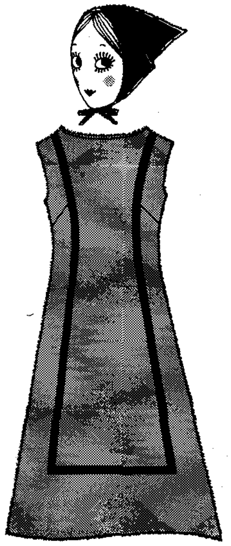
the shape revealed

India madras takes its natural colorings of earth, air, and water, and matches them against the sea, the beach, the blue of pools. The shaping here is obviously you . . . but modest. The bra covers more territory than most. The pants are shorts. Cotton lined. 5 to 13. At nicer stores. About $18.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

© 1964, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



the shape suggested

Blue cotton denim shift . . . and on the front, in dark dungaree-denim, a shape is outlined. A soft curved shape, suggestive of you. It gives an intriguing double-impression, like reflections on a window. Reversible denim kerchief; optional sash. 5 to 15. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. About $15.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

her mother's bulging eyes and strident cries.)

"Well, you're still very young." The lady smiled indulgently. "Tell me what you are doing, what does your husband do, what is he?"

"He used to play chess. He was a remarkable player. But then he overstrained himself and now he is resting—and please, you mustn't talk to him about chess."

"I know he's a chess player, but what is he? A reactionary? A White Guardist?"

"Really, I don't know," Mrs. Luzhin said, and laughed.

"When your *maman* told me you had married a Luzhin, I thought immediately that it was he. I had a good friend in Leningrad, and she told me—with such naïve pride, you know—how she had taught her little nephew to play chess, and how he later became a remarkable—"

At this point in the conversation, a strange noise occurred in the next room, as if someone had knocked against something and let out a cry.

"One moment," said Mrs. Luzhin, jumping up from the sofa. She was about to open the sliding door to the drawing room, but, changing her mind, she went via the hall. In the drawing room she saw a completely unexpected Luzhin. He was in his dressing gown and bedroom slippers and holding a piece of white bread in one hand—but it was not this, of course, that was surprising; the surprising thing was the trembling excitement distorting his face, the wide-open, gleaming eyes, and the forehead looking as if it had grown lumpier, the vein as if it had swollen. He paid no attention to her at first, but continued to stand looking with open mouth *in the direction of the study. It turned* out his excitement was joyful. He clicked his teeth joyfully at his wife, then turned heavily in a circle, almost knocking the palm over, lost a slipper, which slithered, like a live thing, into the dining room, where some cocoa was steaming, and speedily went after it.

"*There's a lady here* who is from Russia," said his wife probingly. "She knows your aunt who— She knows an aunt of yours."

"Excellent, excellent," said Luzhin, and choked with laughter.

What am I frightened of, she thought. He's simply feeling jolly. He woke up in a good mood and wanted, perhaps . . . "Is it some private joke, Luzhin?"

"Yes, yes," said Luzhin and added, finding a way out, "I want to introduce myself in my dressing gown."

Berlé's exquisite new salon reflects the perfection of workmanship inherent in our Paris-made Delineators, lingerie, bathing suits and foundations. Designed for your specific figure requirements exclusively.

J. Berlé 15 E 57th St-PL 5-6250
DELINEATOR © (between Madison & Fifth)

Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.

After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

"So then we're feeling jolly—that's good," she said with a smile. "Have something to eat and then get dressed. It seems to be a little warmer this morning." And leaving her husband in the dining room, Mrs. Luzhin quickly returned to the study.

Her visitor was sitting on the couch and looking at a travel folder. "I'm going to take advantage of you," she said. "I need to buy a few things, and I have absolutely no idea where the best stores are here. Also, my German isn't . . ."

Luzhin remained sitting in the dining room and continued from time to time to slap himself on the knees. The combination he had been struggling to discern ever since the ball suddenly had revealed itself to him, thanks to a chance phrase that had come flying out of the next room. During these first minutes, he had only had time to feel the keen delight of being a chess player, and pride, and relief, and that physiological sensation of harmony which is so well known to artists. He still made many more small motions—finished his cocoa, shaved, transferred his studs to a clean shirt—before he realized the true nature of his discovery. And suddenly the delight vanished and he was overcome by other sensations.

Just as some combination, known from chess problems, can be indistinctly repeated on the board in actual play, so now the consecutive repetition of a familiar pattern was becoming noticeable in his present life. And as soon as his initial delight in having established the actual fact of the repetition had passed, as soon as he began to go carefully over his discovery, Luzhin shuddered. With admiration and horror he observed how awesomely, how elegantly, and how flexibly, move by move, the images of his childhood had been repeated (country house . . . town . . . school . . . aunt), but he still did not quite understand why this combinational repetition inspired his soul with such dread. He felt one thing keenly: a certain vexation that he had gone so long without noticing the cunning sequence of moves. And now, recalling some trifle—and there had been so many of them, and at times presented so skillfully, that the repetition was almost concealed—Luzhin was indignant with himself for not having reflected, for not taking the initiative but with trustful blindness letting the combination unfold. He resolved to be more circumspect, to keep an eye on the further development of these moves, if there was to be one—and of course, of course, to keep his discovery an impenetrable se-

See the new shape in sunglasses.
They're distortion-free, too!

And who but American Optical could give you such styling and quality?

The new Sunfarer (his) and Sunmate (hers) beautifully combine today's smartest styling with the finest in sunglass lenses – the new Tru-Tone neutral gray. Scientifically designed panoramic curves provide 180° distortion-free vision, unmatched by any other deep-curve lens.

Other AO sunglass styles are available in Calobar* lenses, a restful green; Cosmetan* lenses, a soft tan; or True Color* lenses, a neutral gray. And any of these may be combined with a Polaroid® polarizing filter that eliminates *reflected glare*. AO lenses may also be ground to your prescription.

The truth is, all dark glasses are *not* sunglasses. Many only shut out visible light and create distortion, make it harder to see. But AO sunglass lenses are made to the same high-standards as prescription lenses, precisely ground and polished to give you undistorted vision, filter out harmful ultraviolet and infrared rays, protect your eyes from glare.

For the smartest styling and finest quality, see a member of the Eye Care Professions and ask about AO sunglasses.

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Since 1833.... Better Vision for Better Living

*TM registered by American Optical Company
®by Polaroid Corp.

Kahlúa Drinkers are Fireplace Watchers

They also read a lot. Know the verses to Porter tunes. Turn off television when company drops in. Smile and laugh. Take trips. Work crossword puzzles with pens. Hold hands.

And give nice parties.

IMPORTED
KAHLÚA
LICOR DE CAFE
COFFEE LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
KAHLUA S. A.
53 Proof

KAHLÚA Far and away the most popular, largest selling coffee liqueur in the whole wide world.

JULES BERMAN & ASSOCIATES, INC.
9025 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
Send for free recipe book

cret, and to be merry, extraordinarily merry.

BUT from that day on, there was no rest for him—he had, if possible, to contrive a defense against this perfidious combination, to free himself of it, and for this he had to foresee its ultimate aim, its dire direction, but this did not yet appear feasible. And the thought that the repetition would probably continue was so frightening that he was tempted to stop the clock of life, to suspend the game for good, to freeze. At the same time, he noticed that he continued to exist, that some kind of preparation was going on—a creeping development—and that he had no power to halt this movement.

Perhaps his wife would have noticed the change in Luzhin sooner—his wooden jollity between intervals of sullenness—had she been with him more these days. But it so happened that she was taken advantage of, as had been promised, by the importunate lady from Russia, who forced her to spend hours taking her from store to store and unhurriedly tried on hats, dresses, and shoes and then paid the Luzhins prolonged visits. She maintained that there was no theatre in Europe—only in Russia did it exist—and said "Leningrad," instead of "Petersburg," with cold glibness. And for some reason Mrs. Luzhin took pity on her, accompanied her to cafés, and bought her son, Ivan—a fat, gloomy little boy deprived of the gift of speech in the presence of strangers—toys, which he accepted fearfully and unwillingly.

The lady from Russia also met Mrs. Luzhin's parents, but unfortunately the conversation about politics did not take place; they reminisced about former acquaintances, while Luzhin silently and concentratedly fed chocolates to little Ivan, and Ivan silently and concentratedly ate them, and then turned deep red and was hastily led out of the room.

Meanwhile, the weather got warmer, and Mrs. Luzhin said that once this unfortunate woman with her unfortunate child and unpresentable husband had finally left, they should go, the very first day, and visit the cemetery, and Luzhin nodded with an assiduous smile.

The typewriter, geography, and drawing were abandoned, for he knew now that all this was part of the combination, was an intricate repetition of all the moves that had been taken down in his childhood. Ridiculous days. . . . Mrs. Luzhin felt she was not paying enough attention to her husband's moods, something was slipping out of control, and yet she continued to listen

alfred dunhill
OF LONDON

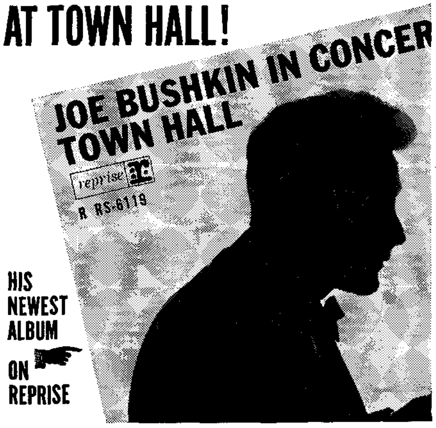
cologne for men
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Next Trip to Houston
Make A Nest At Hotel America

Roost in supreme executive comfort at Houston's newest hotel facility. Perfect downtown location. First and final stop for airport limousines. Three superb restaurants including The Rib Room. Resort facilities, too, including swimming pool, 18-hole putting green. Free parking. Prices from $9. single. In New York, PLaza 2-9100 for instant reservation service.

Cullen Center—Smith at Jefferson
Hotel Corporation of America

BUSHKIN BREAKS IT UP AT TOWN HALL!



politely to the newcomer's chatter and to translate her demands to shop assistants, and it was particularly unpleasant when a pair of shoes that had already been worn once turned out to be unsuitable, and she had to accompany the lady to the store, where, purple-faced, she bawled out the firm in Russian and demanded the shoes be changed.

On the evening before her departure, she came, with little Ivan, to say goodbye. She left Ivan in the study while she went to the bedroom with Mrs. Luzhin, who for the hundredth time showed her her wardrobe. Ivan sat on the couch and scratched his knee, trying not to look at Luzhin, who also did not know where to look and was thinking how to occupy the flabby child.

"Telephone!" exclaimed Luzhin finally in a high voice, and, pointing to it with his finger, he began to laugh with deliberate astonishment. But Ivan, after looking sullenly in the direction of Luzhin's finger, averted his eyes, his lower lip hanging.

"Train and precipice!" tried Luzhin again, and stretched out his other hand, pointing to his own picture on the wall. Ivan's left nostril filled with a glistening droplet and he sniffed, looking apathetically before him.

"The author of a certain divine comedy!" bellowed Luzhin, raising a hand to the bust of Dante. Silence, a slight sniffing.

Luzhin, tired by his gymnastic movements, also grew still. He wondered whether there was any candy in the dining room, or whether to play the phonograph in the drawing room, but the little boy on the couch hypnotized him with his mere presence, and it was impossible to leave the room. "A toy would do it," he said to himself, then looked at his desk, measured the paper knife against the little boy's curiosity, found that his curiosity would not be roused by it, and began in despair to burrow in his pockets. Again he felt that his left pocket, although empty, mysteriously retained some intangible contents. He sat down on the edge of the couch beside little Ivan and winked slyly. "Conjuring trick," he said, and demonstrated that the pocket was empty. "This hole has no connection with the trick," he explained. Listlessly and malevolently Ivan watched his movements. "But nevertheless there *is* something here," Luzhin said, and winked.

"In the lining," Ivan said, and with a shrug of his shoulders turned away.

"Right!" cried Luzhin, and thrust one hand through the hole, holding on to the bottom of the jacket with his other one. The red corner of some-

Sero
OF NEW HAVEN

A GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT

takes on added interest in half sleeves...with stripings that confirm his sense of color values...in a button down that respects changing time and place...in a fine quality batiste Oxford. About six dollars and fifty cents.

For the store nearest you, write **SERO OF NEW HAVEN,** New Haven, Ct. © Pending 1964

Specialist

in warm-weather travel—
a very trim little suit of
polyester-cotton seersucker,
coolly unlined and skirted
with pleats. Navy, brown or
green with white stripes, by
Couture Specialties. 8 to 18,
35.00—sports collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor

thing came into view, and then the whole object, which had the shape of a flat leather notebook. Luzhin looked at it with raised brows, turned it around in his hands, pulled a little flap out of its slit, and cautiously opened the thing. It was not a notebook but a small folding chessboard of morocco leather. It had been given to him at a club in Paris; all the participants in that tournament were given this knickknack—an advertisement for some firm, and not simply a souvenir from the club. Lateral compartments on both leaves of this pocket board contained little celluloid pieces resembling fingernails, and each one bore the picture of a chess figure. These were placed in position on the board by inserting the pointed end into a tiny crack at the lower edge of each square, so that the rounded top of the piece with the drawn figure on it lay flat on the square. The effect was very elegant and neat; one could not help admiring the little red-and-white board, the smooth celluloid fingernails, and also the stamped gold letters along the horizontal edge of the board and the golden numbers along the vertical one. Opening his mouth wide with pleasure, Luzhin began to slip in the pieces—at first just a row of pawns along the second rank, but then he changed his mind, and, taking the tiny insertable figures out of their compartments with the tips of his fingers, he set out the position of his game with Turati at the point where it had been interrupted. This setting out was accomplished almost instantaneously, and immediately the whole material side of the matter dropped away. The tiny board lying open in the palm of his hand became intangible and weightless, the morocco dissolved in a pink-and-cream haze, and everything disappeared save the chess position itself—complex, pungent, charged with extraordinary possibilities.

Luzhin, one finger pressed to his temple, was so immersed in thought that he did not notice when Ivan clambered down from the couch and started to rock the black standard of the lamp. It heeled over, and the light went out. Luzhin came to his senses in complete darkness, and for the first moment did not realize where he was or what was going on around him. An invisible creature was fidgeting and grunting close by, and suddenly the orange shade lit up again with transparent light and a pale little boy with a shaven head was kneeling and straightening out the cord. Luzhin started and banged the board shut. His terrible little double, little Luzhin, for whom the chess pieces had been set out, crawled over the carpet on his knees. . . . All this had happened once before. . . . And again he had been caught, had not understood how exactly the repetition of a familiar theme would come out in practice.

The following instant, everything regained its balance. Ivan, snuffling, clambered back onto the couch; in the slight gloom beyond the orange light floated Luzhin's study, swaying gently; the red morocco notebook lay innocently on the carpet—but Luzhin knew that this was all a trick, the combination had still not completely developed, and soon a new, dire repetition would manifest itself. Bending down quickly, he picked up and thrust into his pocket the material symbol of what had so voluptuously and so horribly possessed his imagination again, and he wondered where would be a surer place to hide it. But just then voices were heard, his wife came in with their visitor, and both swam toward him as if through cigarette smoke.

"Ivan, get up, it's time to go. . . . Yes, yes, my dear, I still have so much to pack," said the lady, and then came up to Luzhin and began to take leave of him. "Very pleased to have made your acquaintance," she said, and between the words managed to think what she had more than once thought before: What a dunderhead, what a queer fish! . . . "Very pleased. Now I can tell your aunt I've seen her little chess player, big now, and famous—"

"You must not fail to come and see us on your way back," interrupted Mrs. Luzhin hastily, for the first time looking with hatred at the woman's smiling, wax-red lips and mercilessly stupid eyes.

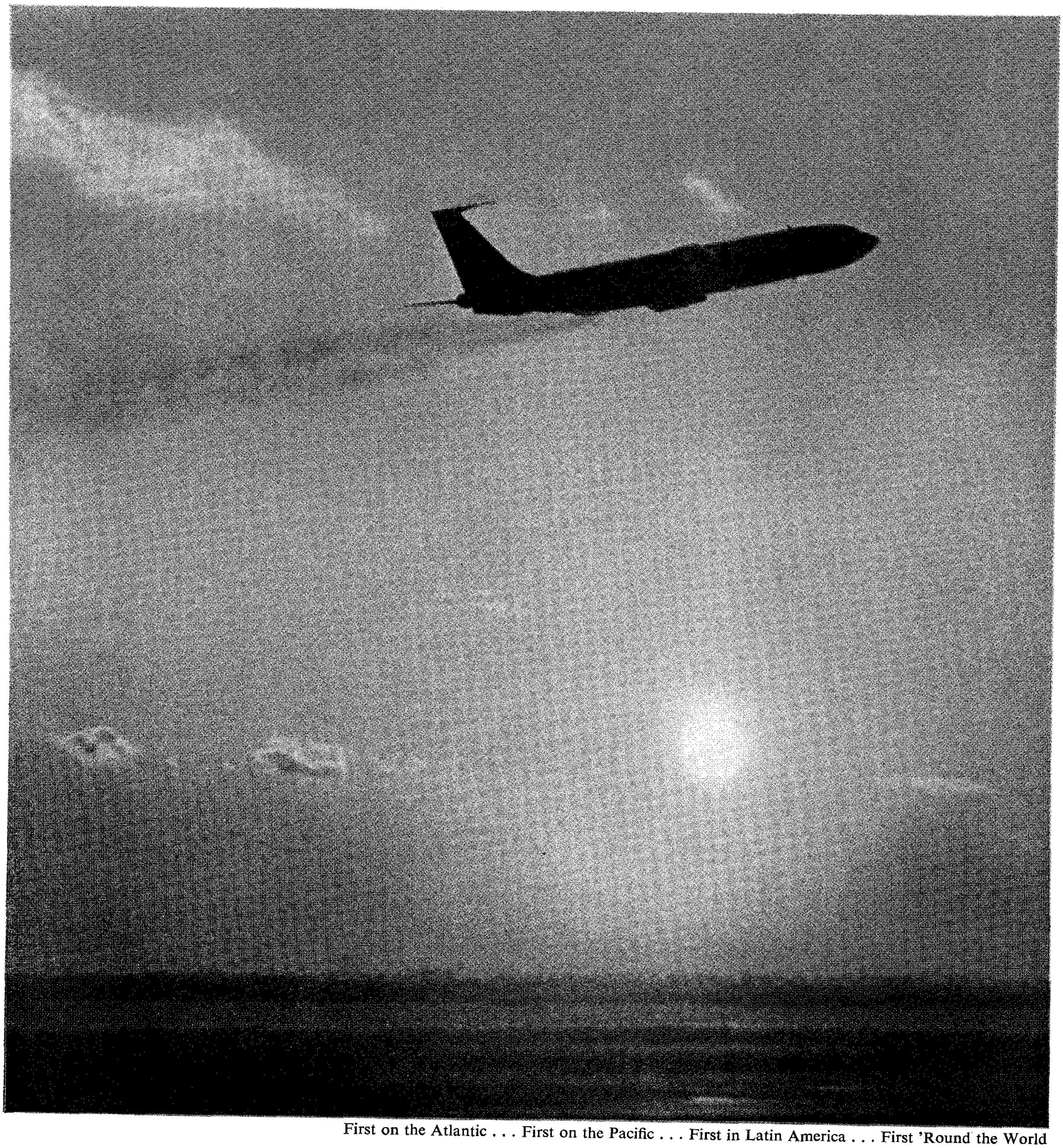
"But of course. It goes without saying. Ivan, get up and say goodbye!"

Ivan carried this out with some reluctance, and they all went into the entrance hall.

"There's always a lot of fuss with letting people out here in Berlin," the visitor said ironically, watching Mrs. Luzhin take the keys from the pier table.

"No, we have an elevator," replied Mrs. Luzhin irrelevantly, and she signed to Luzhin with her eyebrow to offer the sealskin coat. Luzhin instead took down the child's overcoat from the hall stand. Fortunately, the maid turned up at this moment.

"Goodbye, goodbye," said Mrs.



First on the Atlantic . . . First on the Pacific . . . First in Latin America . . . First 'Round the World

That wonderful Pan Am feeling

It's a feeling reserved for travelers who choose Pan Am.

Wherever they go—Europe, Africa, the Caribbean, Central or South America, Asia, throughout the Pacific or 'Round the World—they feel *better* because they're flying Pan Am. No wonder. Pan Am is the world's most experienced airline.

Pan Am's Experience means more to them—and to you—than all that we or anyone else can offer you on a Jet trip.

It means more than the convenience of hundreds of Pan Am flights linking major U.S. cities with the world, more than cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris* and matchless cabin service.

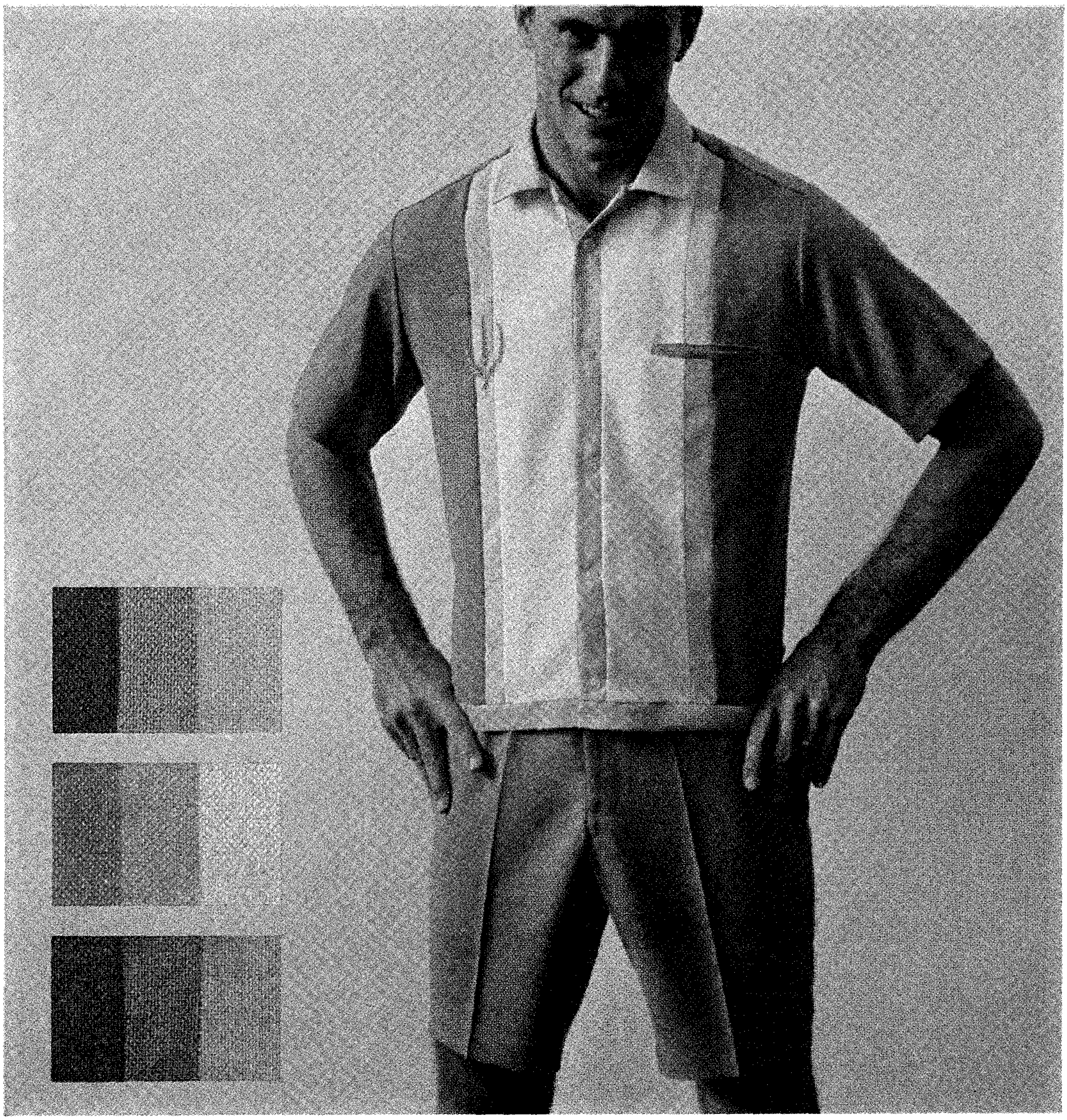
It goes much deeper than the fact that Pan Am's flight and maintenance crews are trained to U.S. standards, highest in the world.

It goes far beyond the fact that Pan Am can be your home away from home, where you can get travel help —and get it in English—in 900 offices throughout the world.

It has everything to do with your frame of mind—the sure feeling that's yours when you know that you've chosen to fly the very best there is: *the World's Most Experienced Airline.*

PAN AM

This is not a handmade shirt. It only looks like one.



Wear this Italian-inspired jac-shirt around the country club and people might think you're Italian nobility. Especially if they take a close look at the intarsia technique on those stripes (which is about the way exotic woods are inlaid in fine cabinetry).

Wear the jac-shirt with these color-coordinated shorts and they'll *really* think you're Italian nobility. Especially if you have lots of money and speak a fluent Italian.

BALBOA II JAC and DUKE SET, $15.00.*

*Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

McGregor makes sense.

McGREGOR®

In Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger, Inc., New York 19, N.Y.

Luzhin, standing in the doorway while the departing visitors, accompanied by the maid, arranged themselves in the elevator. From behind his wife's shoulder Luzhin saw Ivan clamber onto the little bench. Then the doors closed and the elevator sank down in its iron cage.

Mrs. Luzhin ran into the study and fell face down on the couch. Luzhin sat beside her and began deep down inside him, with difficulty, to produce, glue together, and sew up, a smile, preparing it for the moment when his wife turned to him. She turned. The smile came out completely successfully.

"*Ouf*," sighed Mrs. Luzhin. "We're finally rid of them!" and, quickly embracing her husband, she began to kiss him—on the right eye, then the chin, then the left ear.

Later, while she was getting ready for bed, he walked through all three rooms, looking for a place to hide the pocket chess set. Everywhere was insecure. The most unexpected places were invaded in the mornings by the snout of the rapacious vacuum cleaner. It is difficult, difficult to hide a thing; the other things are jealous and inhospitable, holding on firmly to their places and not allowing a homeless object, escaping pursuit, into a single cranny. He did not manage to hide the morocco notebook that night, and subsequently he decided not to hide it at all but simply to get rid of it. This also proved to be far from easy, so it remained in his lining, and only after several months, when all danger was long, long past, only then was the pocket chess set found again, and by then its origin was obscure.

To herself Mrs. Luzhin admitted that the three-week visit of the lady from Russia had not passed without leaving a trace. The visitor's opinions were false and stupid—but how prove it? She was horrified that she had passively accepted the glossy, varnished, and gold-lettered views of her parents and made no effort to understand the speeches she heard at émigré political meetings, which it had once been the thing to attend. It occurred to her, too, that Luzhin might have a taste for political matters—would perhaps revel in them, as a great many intelligent people do. And a new occupation for Luzhin was essential. He had become strange; the familiar sullenness had reappeared, and there often was in his eyes a kind of slippery expression, as if he were hiding something from her. She was worried that he had still not found a completely engrossing hobby,

Eyeglass wearers see this
through ordinary 8x30 binoculars

they see this much more
through the revolutionary new
Zeiss Dialyt 8x30 B!

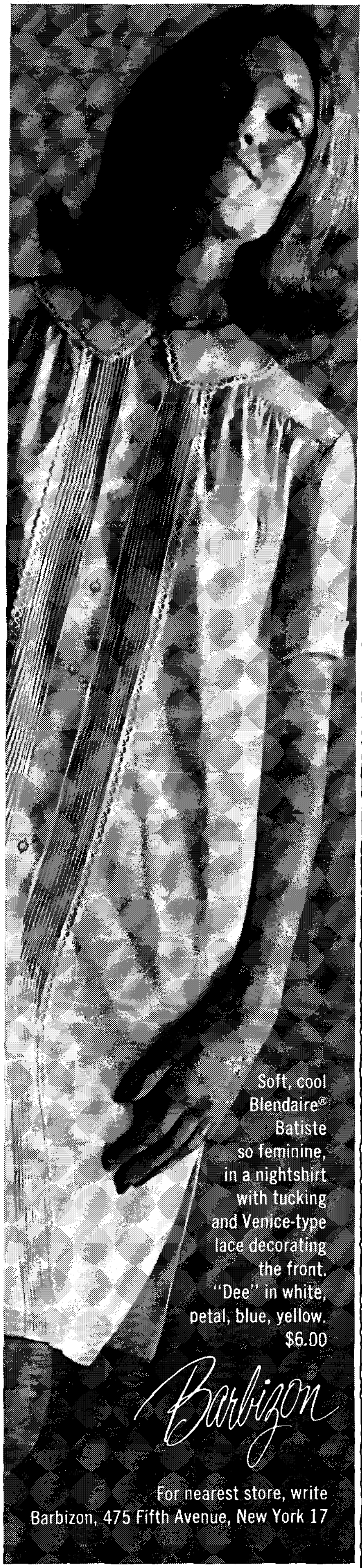
CARL ZEISS
Dialyt
8x30B

Carl Zeiss introduces yet another new refinement to their world-famous binocular designs. Utilizing a new arrangement of lenses and prisms, the Zeiss **Dialyt 8x30 B** lets you see a full field of vision with or without your glasses or sunglasses. It gives you 4 times as much area with your glasses on as ordinary binoculars. What's more, its unique optical system makes possible a far more elegant and slender silhouette than ever before. See these compact binoculars at your specialty camera dealer or sporting goods store. Look through them—with your glasses on. You'll see at a glance that the Zeiss **Dialyt B** is the ultimate in design and performance. Write Dept. B22 for "How to Select the Right Binocular."

CARL ZEISS, INC.
444 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018
BRANCH OFFICES IN ATLANTA, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE

CARL ZEISS
WEST GERMANY

The Great Name in Optics
IN CANADA: TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER



Soft, cool Blendaire® Batiste so feminine, in a nightshirt with tucking and Venice-type lace decorating the front. "Dee" in white, petal, blue, yellow. $6.00

Barbizon

For nearest store, write Barbizon, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

and she reproached herself for the narrowness of her mental vision and her inability to find the sphere, the idea, the object that would provide work and food for Luzhin's inactive talents. She knew she had to hurry, and that every unoccupied minute in Luzhin's life was a loophole for phantoms.

She began with newspapers. She took out subscriptions to the *Banner*, the *Russian*, the *Voice of Exile*, *Union*, and the *Clarion*. She bought the latest numbers of émigré magazines and, for comparison, several Soviet magazines and newspapers. It was decided that every day after dinner they would read to one another aloud. Noticing that some newspapers printed a chess section, she wondered whether to cut this out and destroy it, but she was afraid Luzhin would be insulted. Once or twice, old games of Luzhin's turned up, as examples of interesting play. She was unable to hide the issues with chess sections in them, because Luzhin collected the newspapers with the aim of having them bound. Whenever he opened a newspaper that happened to contain a smudgy chess diagram, she watched the expression on his face, but he felt her glance and merely skipped over the chess section. And she did not know with what sinful impatience he awaited those Thursdays or Mondays when the chess section appeared, and with what curiosity he looked through the printed games in her absence. In the case of chess problems, he would glance out of the corner of his eye at the diagram and, with this glance having grasped the disposition of the pieces and the problem, would solve it in his mind while his wife read the editorial aloud to him.

"The whole activity comes down to a fundamental transformation and augmentation, which are designed to insure . . ." his wife read in an even voice. (*An interesting construction, thought* Luzhin. Black's queen is completely free.) ". . . draws a clear distinction between their vital interests, moreover it would not be superfluous to note that the Achilles heel of this punitive hand . . ." (Black has an obvious defense against the threat on h7, thought Luzhin, and smiled mechanically when his wife, interrupting her reading for a moment, said in a low voice, "I don't understand what he means.") "If in this respect," she continued, "nothing is respected . . ." ("Oh, splendid," Luzhin exclaimed mentally, finding the key to the problem—a bewitchingly elegant sacrifice.) ". . . and disaster is not far away," his wife concluded the article, and sighed. The thing was that

A summer crossing of apricot, yellow, white, turquoise, tan or black leather—Amalfi's Italian sandals run with the sun. 10.00—on the Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York and at all suburban stores

Lord & Taylor

AMAGANSETT, EAST HAMPTON TOWNSHIP, L.I.

The OCEAN DUNE Apartments

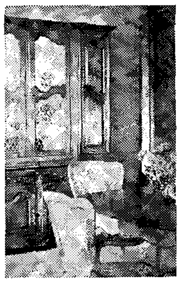
A unique seaside residence in an unspoiled colonial setting. Luxuriously furnished 2- and 4-room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes and daily maid service. Golf privileges at local country club. Seasonal, monthly, weekly and weekend rates available with descriptive brochure.

PRIVATE BEACH & SWIMMING POOL

Dial 516-AMagansett 7-3406

READY FOR FINE FURNITURE?

Indulge yourself. Any decorator, dealer, or architect can arrange a visit to one of our three showrooms where you can select from the world's finest in both traditional and modern.



WRITE FOR BROCHURE B

KNAPP & TUBBS

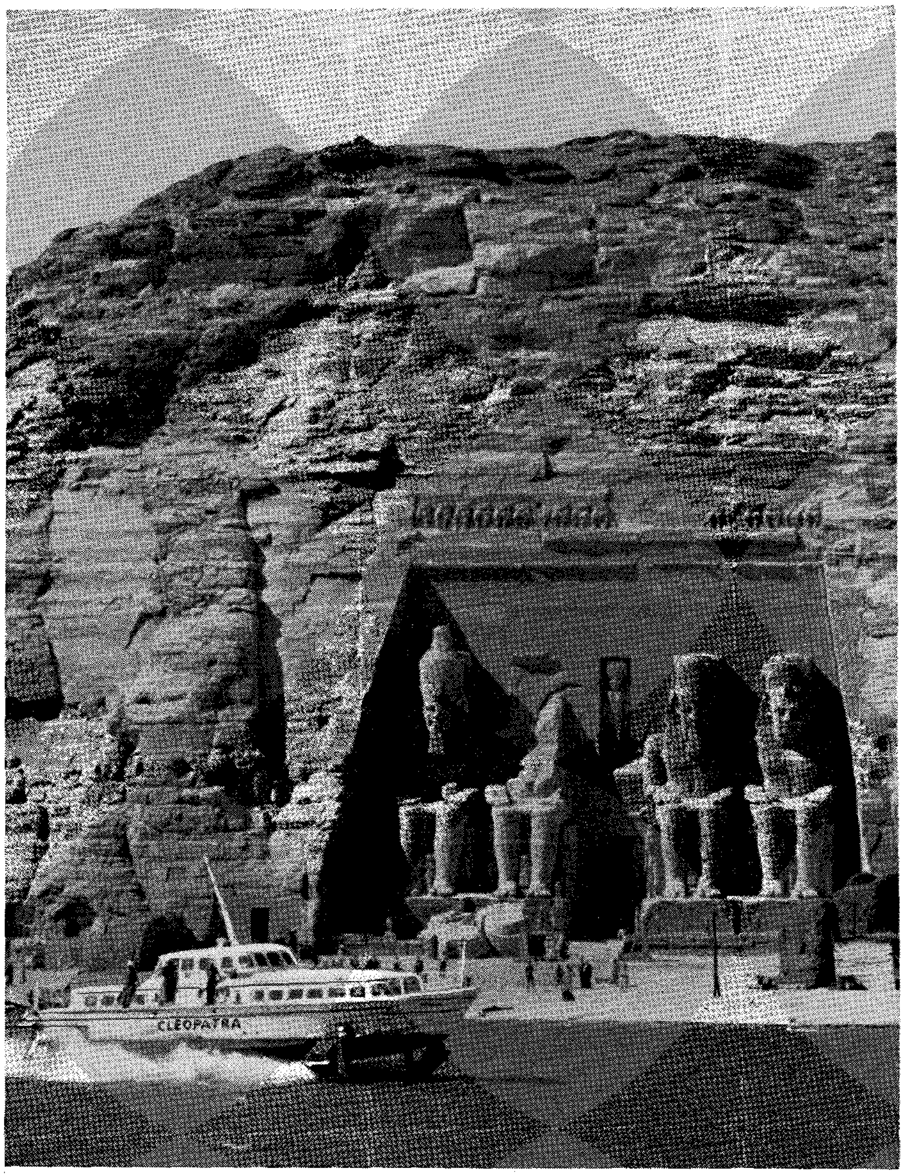
MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO 54

LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO

the more closely she read the newspapers, the more bored she grew, and it seemed to her that a fog of words and metaphors, suppositions and arguments, was used to obscure the clear truth, which she always felt but was never able to express. But when she turned to the Soviet newspapers, her boredom knew no bounds. From them came the chill of a sepulchral counting house, the boredom of flyblown offices, and they reminded her of the lifeless features of a certain little official in one of the establishments she had had to visit in the days when she and Luzhin were being sent from department to department for the sake of some paltry document. The little official was seedy and touchy, and was eating a diabetic roll. The document they did not have and had to get he endowed with cosmic significance; the whole world hung on that piece of paper and would crumble hopelessly to dust if a person were deprived of it. They went away with empty hands, and she felt as if she had had to do battle with a gray and blind eternity, which had in fact conquered her, disdainfully brushing aside her timid earthly bribe—three cigars. In another establishment they received the piece of paper instantly.

It was unclear to her why precisely the image of the little official floated before her as soon as she picked up a Moscow newspaper. The same sense of boredom and pity, perhaps, but this was not enough for her, her mind was not satisfied—and suddenly she realized that she was also looking for a formula, the official embodiment of feeling, and this was not the point at all. Her mind was unable to grasp the complicated struggle among the hazy opinions expressed by various émigré newspapers; this diversity of opinion particularly stunned her, used as she was to supposing apathetically that everyone who did not think like her parents thought like that amusing lame fellow who taught sociology to a crowd of girls who had been forbidden to giggle. There turned out to be the most subtle shades of opinion and the most viperish hostility. And if all this was too complex for the mind, then the heart began to grasp one thing quite distinctly: both here and in Russia people tortured, or desired to torture, other people, but there the torture and desire to torture were a hundred times greater than here, and therefore here was better.

When it was Luzhin's turn to read aloud, she would choose for him a humorous article, or else a brief, heartfelt story. He read with a funny stammer, pronouncing some of the words oddly and at times going past a period, or else not reaching it, and raising or



The temple Abu Simbel.

Only in Egypt are the ancient and modern so convenient

Here is one of the great seats of our civilization, preserved in beauty by the sands of time, along the banks of the Nile and looking down upon a modern hydrofoil. The Pyramids and the Sphinx at Giza, and the treasures of the Museum in Cairo will also delight and fascinate you.

Throughout Egypt you will find magnificent resorts by the blue Mediterranean, and charming modern hotels in Cairo and along the ancient Nile.

From the United States you can fly direct to Egypt via TWA. Other air services fly direct from main cities in Europe.

For complete details on how to have the vacation of your life in Egypt, see a Travel Agent, or contact:

U.A.R. TOURIST OFFICE
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Don't Promise What You Can't Deliver

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

"I love a rooster," Josh Billings used to say, "for two things: the crow what's *in* him, and the spur what's *on* him to back up the crow."

For the past ten years these little columns have contained some fairly persistent crowing about the uniquely satisfying flavor of our old-fashioned sour-mash bourbon.

But only if you have critically savored our famous OLD FITZGERALD can you really know if the "spur" in its flavor backs up my crow.

One of our customers writes, —"When I have a social glass I don't want a 'panty waist' whiskey, I enjoy the robust flavor of OLD FITZGERALD."

And it is true that, starting with our secret family recipe to the far-distant day of final aging, our bourbon is made solely for our friend and others like him who want to *taste* their whiskey.

But there are those who don't! If you are one who seeks the "meek and mild," our OLD FITZGERALD may be a bit too vigorous for your taste.

Yet this you'll never know until you try. To you I recommend the open-mindedness of the old vaudevillian who, asked if he played the violin, invariably replied: "Don't know, *I've never tried!*"

It may well be that after your first bottle of OLD FITZGERALD the blandness of your present whiskey may be so pale on your palate that you will join an inner circle of Bourbon Elite who have made Old Fitz the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you will make this honest test, then write and tell me if my "crow" has been too loud, or —if you find it so, not loud enough,—I will return the favor by sending you our patented "Proof-Selector" jigger which measures out the desired amount of flavor from your bottle of OLD FITZGERALD.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

(*Advertisement*)

lowering the tone of his voice for no logical reason. It was clear that the newspapers did not interest him; whenever she engaged him in conversation concerning an article they had just read, he hastily agreed with all her conclusions, and when, trying to find out whether he had any opinions of his own, she said that all the émigré papers were lying, he also agreed.

Newspapers were one thing, people another. She imagined people of various tendencies—"a bunch of intellectuals," as her mother put it—gathered together in their apartment, and how Luzhin, listening to these lively disputes and conversations on new themes, would if not blossom out then at least find a temporary diversion. Of all her mother's acquaintances the most enlightened and even "Leftist," as her mother affirmed with a certain coquetry, was considered to be Oleg Sergeyevich Smirnovsky. But when Mrs. Luzhin asked him to bring to her place some interesting, freethinking people, Smirnovsky replied that he did not revolve in such circles. After this failure she began to recall people whom she had chanced to meet and who might be of aid to her now. She remembered a Russian girl who used to sit next to her at the Berlin School of Applied Arts—the daughter of a political worker of the democratic group—also an unappreciated relative working in the office of a liberal Russian newspaper, the name of which was gutturally rouladed every evening by the fat paper woman on the corner, and one or two other people. It occurred to her that many intellectuals probably remembered Luzhin the writer or knew of Luzhin the chess player and would visit her home with pleasure.

And what did Luzhin care about all this? The only thing that really interested him was the complex, cunning game in which he had become enmeshed. Helplessly and sullenly he sought for signs of the chess repetition. But to be always on his guard, to strain his attention constantly was impossible. Something would temporarily weaken inside him, he would take carefree pleasure in a game printed in the newspaper—and presently would note with despair that he had been unwary again, and that a delicate move had just been made in his life, mercilessly continuing the fatal combination. Then he would decide to redouble his watchfulness and keep track of every second of his life, for traps could be everywhere. And he was oppressed most of all by the impossibility of inventing a rational defense, for his opponent's aim was still hidden.

Too stout and flabby for his years, he

COCONUT PALM—
HEADLINING OUR NEW
STRAW HAT COLLECTION

This year, the lightweight, thinner look of hand-braided coconut palm is especially desirable for the skimmer. This dashing companion for summer suits comes with a wide selection of hat bands. Brim, 1⅝" wide, 6.50. Sizes 6⅞ to 7⅝. Men's Hats.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino
ON THE
Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

ST. CROIX • VIRGIN ISLANDS
THE Buccaneer
PERFECT IN SPRING

Three private beaches, all water sports, ideal climate. Free port shopping. Excellent food, unobtrusive service. Ocean-front rooms with private bath, only $16 daily per person including breakfast and dinner (effective May 1 to Dec. 15).

For color folder,
see your TRAVEL AGENT or
The Buccaneer Office
40 W. 55th St., New York 10019
JUdson 6-3070

walked this way and that among people thought up by his wife, tried to find a quiet spot in the apartment, and the whole time looked and listened for a hint as to the next move, for a continuation of the game that had not been started by him but was being directed with awful force against him. When there was such a hint, when something did move forward, it did not make the general meaning of the combination any clearer. And a quiet spot was difficult to find. People kept addressing questions to him that he had to repeat to himself several times before understanding their simple meaning and finding a simple answer. In all three untelescoped rooms it was very bright—not one was spared by the lamps—and people were sitting in the dining room, and on uncomfortable chairs in the drawing room, and on the divan in the study, and one man wearing pale flannel pants strove repeatedly to settle himself on the desk, moving aside in the interests of comfort the box of paints and a pile of unsealed newspapers. An elderly actor named Graalsky, with a face manipulated by many roles (he gave his best performances in carpet slippers, in parts demanding grunts, groans, grimaceful hangovers and quirky, fruity expressions), was sitting on the divan next to a corpulent, black-eyed ex-actress—the wife of the journalist Bars—and reminiscing with her about the time they had played together in a Volga town in the melodrama "A Dream of Love." "Do you remember that mixup with the top hat and the neat way I got out of it?" said the actor. "Endless ovations," said the black-eyed lady. "They gave me such ovations as I shall never forget. . . ."

In this way they interrupted one another, each with his own recollections, and the man in pale pants for the third time asked a musing Luzhin for "one small cigarette." He was a beginning poet and read his poems with fervor, with a singsong lilt, slightly jerking his head and looking into space. He never got that cigarette, for Luzhin moved absent-mindedly into the drawing room, and the poet, looking with reverence at his fat nape, thought what a wonderful chess player he was, and looked forward to the time when he would be able to talk with a rested, recovered Luzhin about chess, of which he was a great enthusiast. Then, catching sight of Luzhin's wife through the gap of the door, he debated with himself whether it was worthwhile trying to dangle after her.

Mrs. Luzhin was listening smilingly to what was being said by the tall, pockmarked journalist, Bars, and thinking

Some things can't be repeated too often.

Like being seen in Glen Guard.

Some places can't be visited too often. Like these great Glen Guard stores. *Kolmer-Marcus, New York • Martini-Carl, Boston • Tabin & Pearlman Clothes, New York • Leighton's, New York • Martin's, Brooklyn, N.Y. • Turner/Fagman, Chicago • Cuzzens of Fountainebleau, Miami Beach • Scholnick's Importers-Clothiers, Detroit • Pincus Co., San Antonio • Porter's, New Orleans • Ollie Steiner's Men's Shop, Milwaukee • Tom Houlihan Men's Wear, Kansas City, Mo. • The Larkey Co., Passaic, Newark & Paterson, N. J. • Posner's, Bayonne, N. J. For your free illustrated style booklet, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc. Dept. 3, 12 East 14th Street, N. Y. 3, N. Y.*

Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES

Lord & Taylor
Istanbul

Sylvia Pedlar's harem nightdress moves so each step is sultry. In nylon—pink or blue print on tricot, 23.00, also white crepe, 20.00 One size, two lengths: under 5′4″ or over. Lingerie—at all Lord & Taylor stores

how difficult it would be to seat these guests around one tea table, and would it not be better in future simply to serve them wherever they sat. Bars spoke very fast and always as if he were obliged to express a tortuous idea, with all its riders and slippery appendages, in the shortest possible period of time, to prop up and readjust all this, and if his listener happened to be attentive, then little by little he began to realize that this maze of rapid words was gradually revealing an astonishing harmony, and that the speech itself, with its occasional incorrect stresses and journalese, was suddenly transformed, as if acquiring its grace and nobility from the idea expressed. Mrs. Luzhin, catching sight of her husband, thrust a plate into his hand with a beautifully peeled orange on it and went past him into the study.

"And note," said a plain-looking man, who had listened to the whole of the journalist's idea and appreciated it, "note that Tyutchev's night is cool, and the stars in it are round and moist and glossy, and not simply bright dots." He did not say any more, since in general he spoke little, not so much out of modesty, it seemed, as out of a fear of spilling something precious that was not his but had been entrusted to him. His name was Petrov, not a single thing about him was remarkable, he had written nothing, and he lived like a beggar, but never talked about it to anyone. His sole function in life was to carry, reverently and with concentration, what had been entrusted to him, something that it was necessary at all costs to preserve in all its detail and in all its purity, and for that reason he even walked with small, careful steps, trying not to bump into anyone, and only very seldom, only when he discerned a kindred solicitude in the person he was talking to, did he reveal for a moment, from the whole of that enormous something that he carried mysteriously within him, some tender, priceless little trifle—a line from Pushkin or the peasant name of a wild flower.

"I remember our host's father," said the journalist, when Luzhin's back retreated into the dining room. "He doesn't look like him, but there's something analogous in the set of the shoulders. He was a good soul, a nice fellow, but as a writer . . . What? Do you really find that those oleographic tales for youngsters—"

"Please, please, to the dining room," said Mrs. Luzhin, returning from the study with three guests she had found there. "Tea is served. Come, I beg you."

Those already at table were sitting at

WHEN YOU COME TO THE FAIR
WHY NOT *TRULY*
LIVE
IN NEW YORK

Let yourself luxuriate at this quietly lavish hotel in the lovely East Fifties. Decorator-styled, air-conditioned rooms and suites will make your stay memorable. Serving pantries, electric refrigeration, complimentary Continental breakfasts. Famed Laurent Restaurant.

ROOMS FOR 1 PERSON FROM $20
DOUBLE ROOMS (FOR 2) FROM $25
TWO-ROOM SUITES FROM $35
Yearly & monthly rentals

The Lombardy HOTEL
111 East 56th Street, New York
Tel.: (212) PLaza 3-8600
Norman E. King, General Manager

Unisphere presented by United States Steel
© 1961 New York World's Fair 1964-1965 Corporation

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 26, 1964

In the heart of the
White Mountains

Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, shuffleboard, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine Food. 185 guest rooms.

John B. and Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr.
Co-Managers.
New York Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza West, CIrcle 7-4420

MOUNTAIN VIEW
HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

PORTRAITS, INC.
EXHIBITION: AMERICAN PORTRAITS
BETWEEN THE FAIRS: 1939–1964
THROUGH MAY 29th
136 EAST 57th STREET • NEW YORK

one end, while at the other a solitary Luzhin, his head bent gloomily, sat chewing a segment of the orange and stirring the tea in his glass.

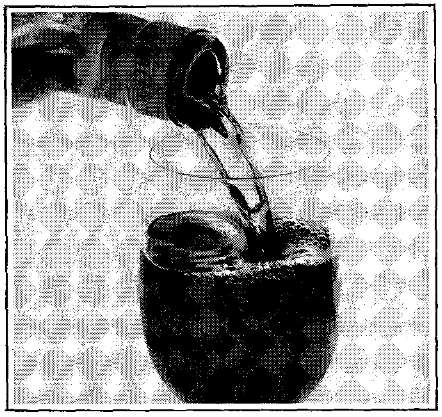
As usually happened at these gatherings, when all the guests had been rounded up and placed at table together, silence ensued. The maid's breathing was clearly audible as she served the tea. Mrs. Luzhin caught herself thinking that it would be a good idea to ask the maid why she breathed so loudly, and could she not do it more quietly. She was not very efficient in general. Telephone calls were particularly disastrous. "A Mr. Fa . . . Felt . . . Felty," the maid had said. "Here, I wrote down the number." Mrs. Luzhin called the number, but a sharp voice replied that this was the office of a movie company and that no Mr. Felty was employed there.

In the front hall, when the guests were taking leave of each other in a kind of dress rehearsal—for they all took leave of one another again in the street, though they all had to go in the same direction—the actor with the well-manipulated face suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead. "I almost forgot, darling," he said to Mrs. Luzhin, squeezing her hand at each word. "The other day a man from the movie kingdom asked me for your telephone number—" Whereupon he made a surprised face and released Mrs. Luzhin's hand. "What, you don't know I'm in the movies now? Oh yes, yes. Big parts, with closeups." At this point he was shouldered aside by the poet, and Mrs. Luzhin did not find out the name of the person who had asked for her telephone number.

The guests departed. Luzhin was sitting sidewise at the table, on which, frozen in various poses, like the characters in the concluding scene of Gogol's "The Inspector General," were the remains of the refreshments, and empty and unfinished glasses. One of his hands lay spread heavily on the tablecloth. From beneath half-lowered, once more puffy lids, he looked at the black match tip writhing in pain after having just gone out in his fingers. His large face, with loose folds around the nose and mouth, was slightly shiny, and on his cheeks the constantly shaved, constantly sprouting bristle showed golden in the lamplight. His dark-gray suit, shaggy to the touch, enfolded him tightly, although it had been planned with plenty of room. Luzhin sat, not stirring, and the glass dishes with bonbons in them gleamed, and a teaspoon lay still on the tablecloth, far from any glass or plate, and for some reason a small cream puff that did not

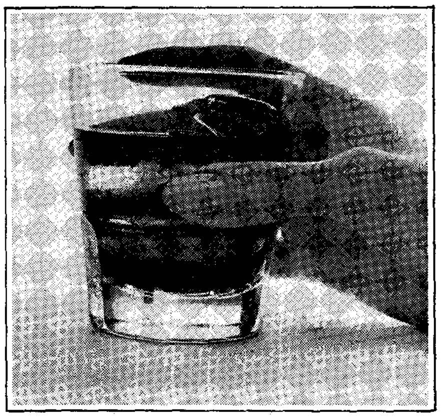
You were right

So many now invite Raphael to cocktails. Guests delight in this tasteful cocktail wine.



in demanding

Raphael—light and vivacious. It has a rich, bittersweet tang. Serve well chilled.



something lilting, light

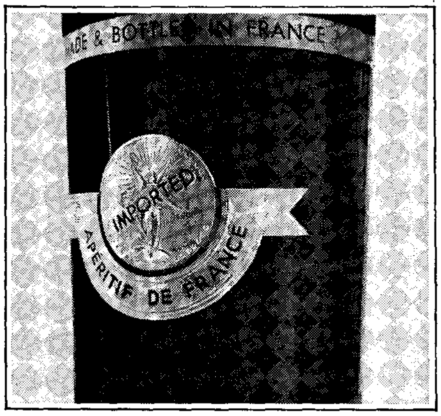
Also delightful on-the-rocks. Raphael has a dry, distinctive, piquant flavor you'll enjoy.

and different

New idea! The Raphael cocktail. 2 parts Raphael—1 Vodka. Stir with ice, add a twist.

for the cocktail hour...

Adopt this charming, continental custom. Enjoy this French way of saying "here's how."



so France sent Raphael

By far her most popular cocktail wine. A product of French grapes, soil and skill.

for $2.39.
St Raphael
L'Apéritif de France
Raphael

50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong!

New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

Peck & Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl lives in Dacron®

The flattering sarong in all Dacron polyester, soft as an island breeze. From our Moana Collection, made in Hawaii exclusively for Peck & Peck. With our famous fitting inner bra, *of course.* Yellow or blue, 12 to 18,

2000

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

look especially enticing but was really very, very good had remained untouched.

What's the matter, thought Mrs. Luzhin, looking at her husband. Goodness, what's the matter? And she had an aching feeling of impotence and hopelessness, as if she had taken on a job that was too difficult for her. Everything was useless; there was no point in trying, in thinking up amusements, in inviting interesting guests. She tried to imagine how she would take this Luzhin, blind and sullen once more, around the Riviera, and all she could imagine was Luzhin sitting in his room and staring at the floor. With a nasty sense of looking through the keyhole of destiny, she bent forward to see her future—ten, twenty, thirty years—and it was all the same, with no change, the same sullen, bowed Luzhin, and silence, and hopelessness. Wicked, unworthy thoughts! Her soul immediately straightened up again, and around her were familiar images and cares; it was time to go to bed. . . . Better not buy that shortcake next time. . . . How nice Petrov was. . . . Tomorrow morning they would have to see about their passports. . . . The trip to the cemetery was being postponed again.

NOTHING could have been simpler, it seemed, than to get in a taxi and drive out into the suburbs to the tiny Russian cemetery in its patch of wasteland. But it always happened that they were unable to go; either Luzhin's teeth ached or there was this passport business or something—petty, imperceptible obstacles. And how many different worries there were now. . . . Luzhin definitely had to be taken to the dentist.

"Is it aching again?" she asked, putting her hand on Luzhin's.

"Yes," he said and, distorting his face, sucked one cheek in with a popping sound. He had invented the toothache the other day in order to explain his low spirits and silence.

"Tomorrow I'll ring up the dentist."

"It's not necessary," muttered Luzhin. "Please, it's not necessary." His lips trembled. He felt as if he were about to burst into tears. Everything had become so terrifying now.

"What's not necessary?" she asked tenderly, and expressed the question mark with a little "hmm" sound pronounced with closed lips. "Not necessary to go to the dentist? No, Luzhin is certainly going to be taken to the dentist. One should not neglect this."

Luzhin rose from his chair and, hold-

IN NEW YORK CITY
NEW
FASHIONABLE
CONVENIENT
REASONABLE

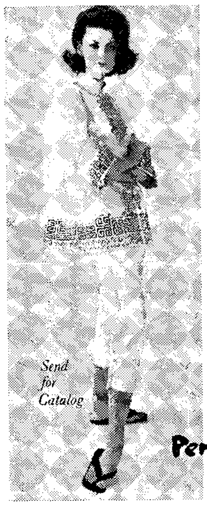
NEW—every room & suite newly decorated. Direct Dial Phones. **FASHIONABLE** – on Central Park, in the heart of New York City's plaza neighborhood. **CONVENIENT** – only blocks from midtown, steps from the Coliseum, Fifth Avenue shops. **REASONABLE**—Singles from only $13, doubles from $16.

HOME OF CAFE DE LA PAIX AND RUMPELMAYER'S

St. Moritz
ON-THE-PARK
50 Central Park South, N.Y. 19, N.Y.
PLaza 5-5800

Baltimore 752-8185	Boston HA 6-4994
Chicago 427-1107	Cleveland SU 1-0820
Detroit 962-4415	Los Angeles DU 8-1151
Montreal 866-3391	Philadelphia WA 2-4080
Pittsburgh CO 1-7191	Providence 331-3331
San Francisco EX 7-2717	Seattle MA 3-1177
Toronto 364-0764	Washington 638-4556

PINKEST POWDERIEST
BERMUDA'S BRAND-NEW BEACH
Pantana COLONY CLUB and COTTAGES
SOMERSET BRIDGE • JOHN H. YOUNG II, Managing Owner
See your TRAVEL AGENT or
Leonard P. Brickett, Representative
32 Nassau St., Princeton, New Jersey 08540
Tel.: 609-924-5084



Send for Catalog

"AINU"
Jacket
Made in the Orient
Red
White
Black
Sea Blue
Turquoise
Chinese Blue
Fine Cotton $6.95
S-M-L
House Boy Pants
White or Black Cotton
10-18 $5.00

Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St. N. Y., Y-233

GLISSANDO™

You've never seen it before ... because it didn't exist before!

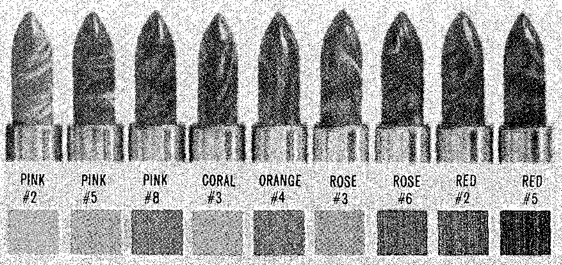
In **one** lipstick...a mix of **separate** colors...
do what no colors ever did before!

GLISSANDO colors merge, converge, blend on your lips! A never-before depth of color is born to flatter your skin, hair, eyes!

Dazzling overtones interplay with bewitching undertones as GLISSANDO outdates, antiquates, obsoletes every other lipstick in the world!

No one lipstick could ever give you such depth of color. No two lipsticks could blend so harmoniously. GLISSANDO colors melt in a delicious blend that goes on the same every time.

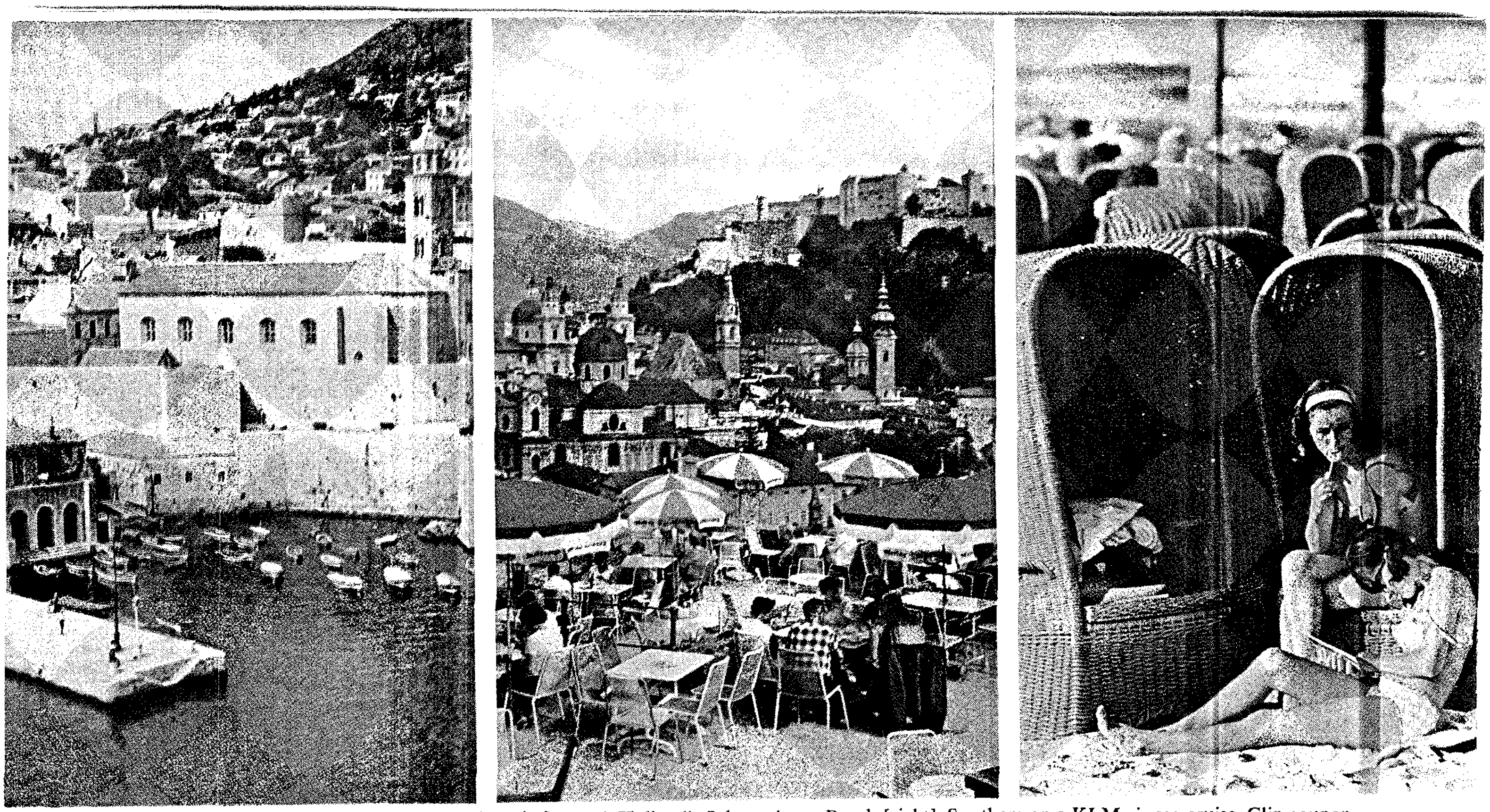
new GLISSANDO
...a never-before look in lip make-up
by Du Barry®



Nine never-before color combinations.
Available at fine drug and department stores everywhere.

DuBarry © 1964

...the most elegant name in cosmetics



Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia [left], Salzburg, Austria [center], Holland's Scheveningen Beach [right]. See them on a KLM air-sea cruise. Clip coupon.

Fly reliable KLM to Europe—a KLM flight engineer double-checks 369 points before your jet takes off

(Read on for more news about the careful, punctual Dutch and friendly Amsterdam)

HERE are some facts that prove what many experienced travelers have been claiming for years—that the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most *reliable* airline to Europe.

You'll also read some news about a glorious KLM air-sea cruise—and some thrifty reasons for adding Amsterdam to your European tour.

Persnickety technicians

1. At Amsterdam Airport alone, technicians spend 52,000 man-hours a year keeping *each* KLM jet in tip-top condition. Immediately before take-off, your KLM flight engineer double-checks the maintenance crews' work. He inspects a total of 369 points.

2. KLM uses $4,000,000 worth of equipment just to check the instruments on its jets. And every 30 days, *each piece of KLM testing equipment is itself tested.* Just to be sure.

3. Every KLM transatlantic jet carries enough fuel to fly *an extra thousand miles.* And your KLM jet crosses the Atlantic in its own reserved block of air. You're surrounded by 72,000 square miles of *unshared* air space—an area the size of the state of Florida.

4. Every KLM jet has *seven* navigation systems to help your captain get you to Europe *on time.* And KLM flightwatch crews follow every mile of your flight from both sides of the Atlantic.

New KLM air-sea cruises

Our photographs above show just *three* of the vacation spots you can visit on a new KLM air-sea cruise to Yugoslavia.

You'll also see Zagreb, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Split, Rijeka, Bled, Vienna. And all for about $1000—*everything included.* NOTE: Most KLM tours take you to friendly Amsterdam—for no extra charge.

Wonderful bonus in KLM tours

In Amsterdam, you get a two-hour cruise through the old city's canals. You can also see the superb collection of paintings by Rembrandt and other Dutch masters, and shop at one of Europe's biggest tax-free centers. For details, clip coupon.

If you plan to tour Europe on your own, see opposite page for more useful facts on Amsterdam.

KLM
The World Is Your Vacationland

Actual size: 8½"x11¾"

For your free copy of KLM's vacation catalog, clip this coupon. "The World Is Your Vacationland" is full of KLM travel bargains in Europe, the Mediterranean and around the world.

B-13

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Dept. C
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17 • Tel: PLaza 9-3600

Please send me KLM's new 20-page vacation catalog called "The World Is Your Vacationland," including full details of KLM's new air-sea cruises.

Name____________________Phone__________

Address____________________

City____________Zone_____

State____________________

____

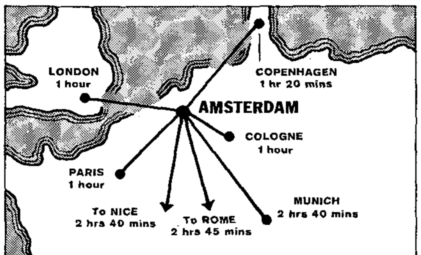
(Name of travel agent) **ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES**

KLM

The beach at Scheveningen [above] is just an hour's drive from Amsterdam.

Reliable KLM tells why you should begin your tour in Amsterdam

1. Amsterdam is a *sensible* place to begin. It sits on the edge of the continent (see map). From Amsterdam, you can do a circular tour of Europe without backtracking. Amsterdam is just one hour by *plane* from London or Paris, three hours by *car* from Germany.



Sample flying times from Amsterdam

2. Most people in Amsterdam speak English—even the porters and customs officials who will be the first Europeans you talk to. And the Dutch are remarkably friendly. You'll notice this as soon as you board your KLM jet in New York.

3. If you plan to drive around Europe, car rental rates are lower in Amsterdam than in most other cities in Europe.

4. If you want to tour Europe in your *own* car, you can buy one *tax-free* right at Amsterdam Airport. You may even save enough to pay for your entire trip. (For more details of tax-free prices, clip coupon on opposite page.)

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

ing his cheek, went into the bedroom.

"I'll give him a pill," she said to herself, "that's what I'll do."

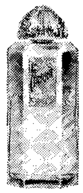
The pill did not work. Luzhin stayed awake long after his wife fell asleep. Actually, the hours of night, the hours of insomnia in the secure, closed bedroom, were the only ones when he could think peacefully without the fear of missing a new move in the monstrous combination. At night, particularly if he lay without moving and with his eyes closed, nothing could happen. Carefully and as coolly as he could, Luzhin would go over all the moves already made against him, but as soon as he began to guess at what forms the coming repetition of the scheme of his past would take, he grew confused and frightened by the inevitable and unthinkable catastrophe bearing down on him with merciless precision.

The night he took the sleeping pill, he felt more than ever his helplessness in the face of this slow, elegant attack, and he tried not to sleep at all, to prolong as much as possible this night, this quiet darkness, to arrest time at midnight. His wife slept absolutely soundlessly; most likely, she was not there at all. Only the ticking of the little clock on the bedside table proved that time continued to exist. Luzhin listened to these tiny heartbeats and became lost in thought again, and then he started, noticing that the ticking of the clock had stopped. It seemed to him that the night had stopped forever, there was not a single sound now that would indicate its passing, time was dead, everything was all right, a velvet hush. Sleep imperceptibly took advantage of this happiness and relief, but now, in sleep, there was no rest at all, for sleep consisted of sixty-four squares, a gigantic board in the middle of which, trembling and stark naked, Luzhin stood, the size of a pawn, and peered at the dim positions of huge pieces, megacephalous, with crowns or manes.

He woke up when his wife, already dressed, bent over him and kissed him between his eyebrows. "Good morning, dear Luzhin," she said. "It's ten o'clock already. What shall we do today—the dentist or our visas?" Luzhin looked at her with bright, distracted eyes and immediately closed his lids again. "And who forgot to wind up the clock for the night?" she said, fondly worrying the plump white flesh of his neck. "That way you could sleep your whole life away." She bent her head to one side, looking at her husband's profile surrounded by the bulges in the pillow, and noting that he had fallen asleep again, she smiled and left the room. In the

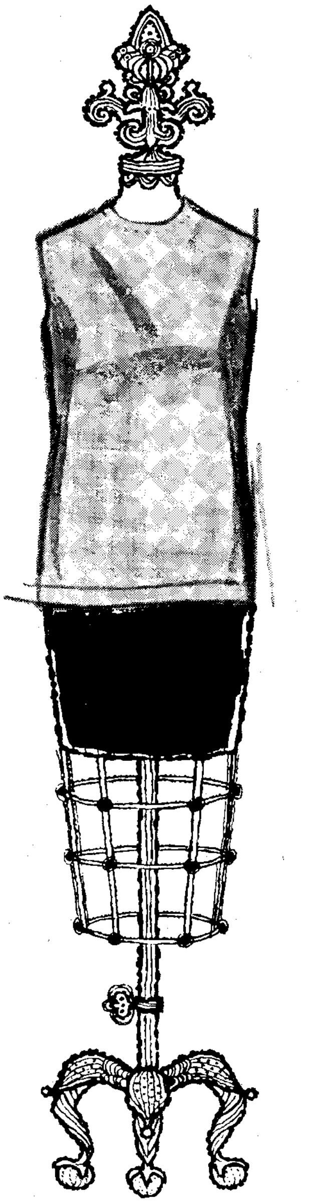
Give her L'Aimant... before someone else does

L'AIMANT
parfum de COTY
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



© COTY, 1964—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



The Shell Game

Best way to play it. No gamble
at all. A scooped and
sculptured little shell of flat-
knit cotton, visibly VILLAGER®.
Narrow brief zipper in
back. White, Black, Navy,
Lemon, Sky Blue, Pink, and
more. Horizontal pin-stripes
too. Winners all. S, M, L.
*About six dollars at good stores
and college shops*

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

study she stood before the window and looked at the greenish-blue sky, wintry and cloudless, thinking it would probably be cold today and Luzhin should wear his cardigan. The telephone rang on the desk—probably her mother wanting to know if they would be dining at her place. "Hello?" Mrs. Luzhin said, perching on the edge of a chair.

"Hello, hello," an unfamiliar voice shouted into the telephone.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Luzhin, and moved to an armchair.

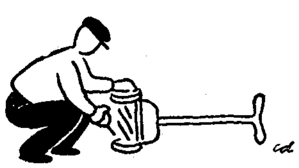
"Who's there?" asked the voice, in German with a Russian accent.

"And who's speaking?" inquired Mrs. Luzhin.

"Is Mr. Luzhin at home?" asked the voice, in Russian.

Mrs. Luzhin said, in Russian, with a smile, "Who's speaking?" Silence.

"I want to talk to Mr. Luzhin," the voice began again, reverting to German. "A very urgent and important matter."



"One moment," said Mrs. Luzhin, and put the receiver on the desk and walked up and down the room a time or two. No, it was not worth waking Luzhin. She returned to the telephone.

"He's still sleeping," she said. "But if you want to leave a message . . ."

"Oh, this is very annoying," said the voice, adopting Russian finally. "This is the second time I've called. I left my telephone number last time. The matter is extremely important to him and permits of no delay."

"I am his wife," said Mrs. Luzhin. "If you need anything—"

"Very glad to make your acquaintance," interrupted the voice briskly. "My name is Valentinov. Your husband of course has told you about me. So this is what: Tell him as soon as he wakes up to get straight into a taxi and come over to me. Kinokonzern 'Veritas,' Rabenstrasse 82. It's a very urgent matter and very important to him," continued the voice, switching to German again, either because of the importance of the matter or simply because the German address had drawn him into the corresponding language.

Mrs. Luzhin pretended to be writing down the address and then said, "Perhaps you will still tell me first what the matter is about."

The voice grew unpleasantly agitated. "I'm an old friend of your husband's. Every second is precious. I'll expect him today at exactly twelve o'clock."

"All right," said Mrs. Luzhin. "I'll tell him—only I don't know that today will be convenient for him."

"Just whisper in his ear: 'Valentinov's expecting you,' " said the voice with a laugh. ". . . *Auf Wiedersehen.*" And it vanished behind the click of its trapdoor.

For several moments Mrs. Luzhin sat there thinking and then called herself a fool. She should have explained right away that Luzhin no longer played chess. Valentinov . . . She remembered the visiting card she had found in the opera hat. Valentinov, of course, was acquainted with Luzhin through chess. Luzhin had no other acquaintances. He had never mentioned a single old friend. This man's tone was completely impossible. She should have demanded that he explain his business. She was a fool. What should be done now? Ask Luzhin? No. Graalsky said someone had asked him for their telephone number. . . . Aha, very simple.

She went into the bedroom, made sure that Luzhin was still sleeping—he usually slept amazingly soundly in the mornings—and went back to the telephone. Luckily, the actor turned out to be at home. He immediately launched into a long account of all the frivolous and mean actions committed at one time or another by the actress he had been talking to at the party. Mrs. Luzhin heard him out impatiently and then asked who Valentinov was. The actor said, "Oh, yes! . . . You see how forgetful I am; life is impossible without a prompter." And finally, after giving a detailed account of his relations with Valentinov, he mentioned in passing that, according to Valentinov, he, Valentinov, had been Luzhin's chess father, so to speak, and had made a great player out of him.

"So that's how it is," said Mrs. Luzhin, hanging up the receiver. At this point she recollected that she had mentioned Valentinov's name once or twice in the conversation. Luzhin might have chanced to hear it if he had come out of the bedroom into the hall. Her heart missed a beat, and she ran to check whether he was still sleeping. He was awake and smoking in bed.

"We won't go anywhere this morning," she said. "Anyway, it's too late. And we'll dine at Mama's. Stay in bed a while longer; it's good for you; you're fat."

Closing the bedroom door firmly and then the door of the study, she hastily looked up the Veritas number in the telephone book, listened to see if Luzhin was near, and then rang up. It turned

LIVE HERE

In splendor, amid charming neighbors. Not in Robbers' Roost, a notorious 19th century thieves' hangout in New York City (above), but perhaps on the same ground, thanks to the nonstop vitalization of New York in which Alcoa plays a major role.

Millions of square feet of living and working space are rising in four separate Alcoa-sponsored projects on Manhattan alone. They are: Park West Village, seven high-rise apartment buildings; Kips Bay Plaza, two 21-story apartment buildings; United Nations Plaza, a twin 32-story co-operative apartment and office building; and Lincoln Towers, eight high-rise apartment buildings.

This is only part of Alcoa's massive participation in urban development in seven major cities. What's the world's largest aluminum producer doing in the real estate business?

In this decade the tendency of our cities to become "donuts" of thriving suburbs with nothing in the middle has been reversed. The hole in the middle again is being filled with sleek triumphs of architecture over blight. And while Alcoa expects to demonstrate new uses of aluminum in contemporary building, an investment in desirable real estate has never been unwise.

Also, it is good to be proud of your work. We are proud of ours, since we are helping to remake our cities into what they were intended to be originally . . . places for people to live together in dignity and comfort. Live here. You're going to like it more and more.

ALCOA®
PROPERTIES

SHOKO

Before her training as a Japan Air Lines hostess Shoko Yamamoto learned her perfect manners in the world's oldest "finishing school"—the Japanese household. Now, in traditional kimono, she welcomes you aboard a DC-8 Jet Courier as graciously as to her own home. She serves you with such personal warmth and charm you feel you are already "in Japan." Your flight ends all too soon as you relax amid the pine bough brocades, classic murals, and raked sand carpeting of your Jet Courier cabin.

Add the unique pleasure of flying Japan Air Lines on your next journey to Japan, the Orient, or on around the world to Europe. You may stop over in Hawaii at no extra fare—another "plus" to enjoy when you fly Japan Air Lines, *the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.*

JAPAN AIR LINES

Choose from daily DC-8 Jet flights to Tokyo via Hawaii from Los Angeles or San Francisco. See your travel agent for reservations.

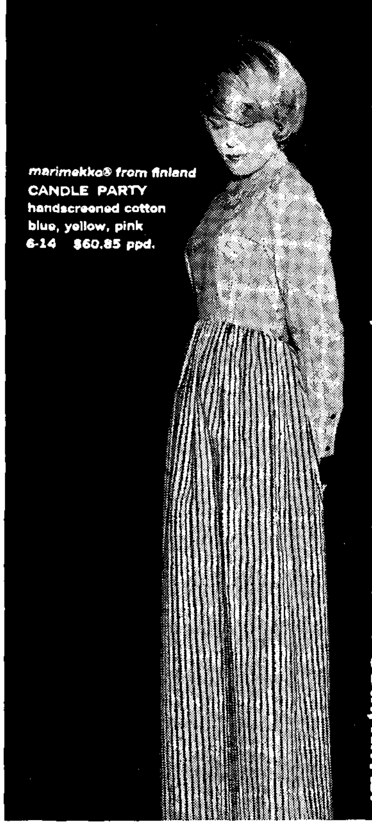
out to be not so easy to get hold of Valentinov. Three different people came to the telephone in turn and replied they would get him immediately, and then the operator cut her off and she had to start all over again. At the same time, she was trying to speak as low as possible, and it was necessary to repeat things, which was very unpleasant. Finally a yellowy, worn little voice informed her dejectedly that Valentinov was not there but would definitely be back by twelve-thirty. She asked that he be informed that Luzhin was unable to come, since he was ill, would continue to be ill for a long time, and begged earnestly not to be bothered anymore.

Replacing the receiver on its hook, she listened again, and, hearing only the beating of her own heart, she sighed and said "*Ouf!*" with boundless relief. Valentinov had been dealt with. Thank goodness she had been alone at the telephone. Now it was over. And soon they would depart. She still had to call her mother and the dentist. But Valentinov had been dealt with. What a cloying name. . . .

And for a minute she became thoughtful, accomplishing during that one minute, as sometimes happens, a long, leisurely journey. She set off into Luzhin's past, dragging Valentinov with her, visualizing him, from his voice, in horn-rimmed spectacles and long-legged, and as she journeyed through the mist she looked for a spot where she could dump the slippery, repulsively wriggling Valentinov, but she could not find one, because she knew almost nothing about Luzhin's youth. Fighting her way still farther back, into the depths, she passed through the semi-spectral spa, with its semi-spectral hotel, where the fourteen-year-old prodigy had lived, and found herself in Luzhin's childhood, where the air was somehow brighter—but she was unable to fit Valentinov in here, either. Then she returned with her progressively more detestable burden, and here and there in the mist of Luzhin's youth were islands: his going abroad to play chess, his buying picture postcards in Palermo, his holding a visiting card with a mysterious name on it. . . . She was forced to go back home with the puffing, triumphant Valentinov and return him to the firm of Veritas, like a registered package that has been dispatched to an undiscovered address. So let him remain there, unknown but undoubtedly harmful, with his terrible sobriquet: "chess father."

On the way to her parents, walking arm in arm with Luzhin along the sunny, frost-touched street, she said that within a week at the outside they should

D|R



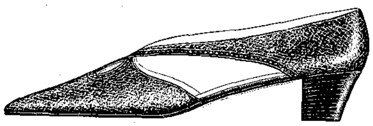
marimekko® from finland
CANDLE PARTY
handscreened cotton
blue, yellow, pink
6-14 $60.85 ppd.

DESIGN RESEARCH, INC.
57 BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS.

D/R INTERNATIONAL, INC.
53 EAST 57th ST., N.Y. 22
866 LEX. AT 65th, N.Y. 21

B Altman & Co

SILVIA OF FIORENTINA'S GRAINED CALF PEEK-A-BOO. THE ALTMAN COLLECTION. 36.00



THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE AND AT SUBURBAN STORES.

TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE FUN!

Harborside Inn

ON THE STORYBOOK ISLAND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Complete vacation activity, sailing, swimming — ocean and pool, fishing, dancing nightly in the Boat House Bar. Regattas, near-by golf. European Plan, comfortable rooms. Fine food in our new Navigator Restaurant. Special Honeymoon rate folder.

WRITE FOR COLOR FOLDER
N.Y. TEL.: CH 4-1997
OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

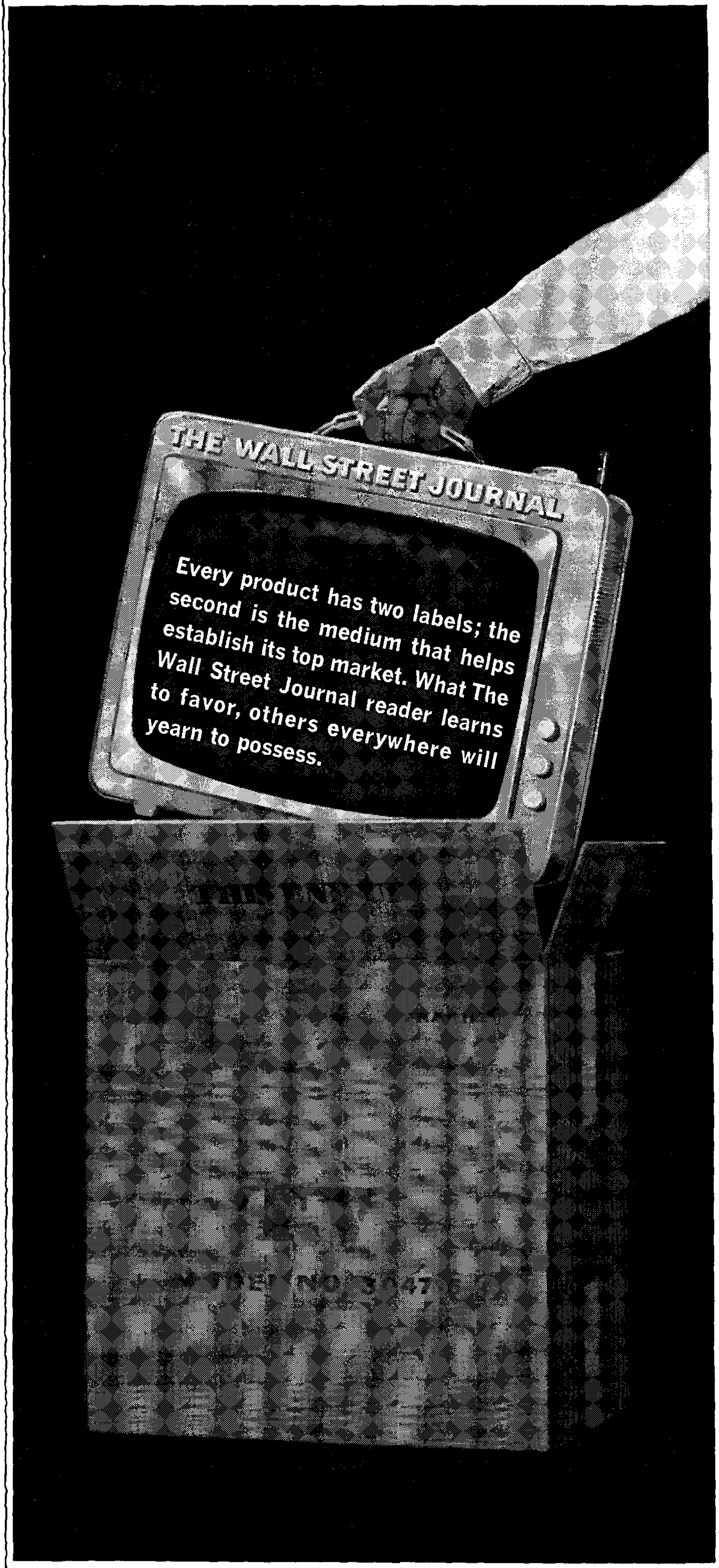
HARBORSIDE INN
EDGARTOWN 8, MASSACHUSETTS

be on their way, and before this they should definitely pay a visit to the forlorn grave. Then she outlined their schedule for the week—passports, dentist, shopping, a farewell party, and, on Friday, a trip to the cemetery. It was cold in her mother's apartment—not the way it had been a month ago but still cold, and her mother kept wrapping herself in a flowered shawl, twitching her shoulders with a shiver as she did so. Her father arrived during dinner and asked for some vodka and rubbed his hands with a dry, rustling sound. For the first time, Mrs. Luzhin noticed how sad and empty it was in these echoing rooms, and she noticed that her father's jollity was as forced as her mother's smile, and that both of them were already old, and very lonely, and did not like poor Luzhin, and were trying not to refer to the Luzhins' impending departure. She recalled all the horrible things that had been said about her fiancé, the sinister warnings, and her mother's cry: "He'll cut you up into pieces. He'll burn you in the stove. . . ." And the net result had been something very peaceful and melancholy, and all smiled with dead smiles—the falsely swaggering peasant women in the pictures, the oval mirrors, the Berlin samovar, the four people at table.

A LULL, thought Luzhin that day. A lull, but with hidden preparations. It wants to take me unawares. Attention, attention. Concentrate and keep watch.

All his thoughts lately had been of a chess nature, but he was still holding on. He had forbidden himself to think again of the interrupted game with Turati, and he did not open the cherished numbers of the newspaper. Even so, he was able to think only in chess images, and his mind worked as if he were sitting at a chessboard. Sometimes in his dreams he swore to the doctor with the agate eyes that he was not playing chess; he had merely set out the pieces once on a pocket board and glanced at two or three games printed in the newspapers—simply for lack of something to do. And even these lapses had not been his fault but represented a series of moves in the general combination that was skillfully repeating an enigmatic theme. It was difficult, extremely difficult, to foresee the next repetition, but a little more and everything would become clear, and perhaps a defense could be found. . . .

The lull continued for two or three days. Luzhin was photographed for his passport, and the photographer took him by the chin, turned his face slightly to


THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

MAY 16, 1964

The Rage, Miss Patti Page.

At the Empire Room April 27 to May 29

Two shows nightly.
Music by the Meyer Davis and Horace Diaz orchestras.
Pre-theatre dinner from $4.75.

The Waldorf-Astoria
CONRAD N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

one side, asked him to open his mouth wide, and drilled his tooth with a tense buzzing. The buzzing ceased; the dentist looked for something on a glass shelf, found it, rubber-stamped Luzhin's passport, and wrote with lightning-quick movements of the pen. "There," he said, handing over a document on which two rows of teeth were drawn and two teeth bore inked-in little crosses. There was nothing suspicious in all this, and the cunning lull continued until Thursday. On Thursday, Luzhin understood everything.

Already the day before, he had thought of an interesting device with which he could, perhaps, foil the designs of his mysterious opponent. The device consisted in voluntarily committing some absurd, unexpected act that would be outside the systematic order of life, thus confusing the sequence of moves planned by his opponent. It was an experimental defense, a defense, so to say, at random—but Luzhin, crazed with terror before the inevitability of the next move, was able to find nothing better. So, on Thursday afternoon, while accompanying his wife and mother-in-law round the stores, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "The dentist. I forgot the dentist."

"Nonsense, Luzhin," said his wife. "He said yesterday that everything was done."

"Uncomfortable," said Luzhin, and raised a finger. "If the filling feels uncomfortable . . . It was said that if it feels uncomfortable I should come punctually at four. It feels uncomfortable. It is ten minutes to four."

"You've got something wrong," his wife said and smiled, "but of course you must go if it hurts. And then go home. I'll come around six."

"Have supper with us," said her mother.

"No, we have guests this evening," said Mrs. Luzhin. "Guests whom you don't like."

Luzhin waved his cane in farewell and climbed into a taxi, bending his back roundly. "A small maneuver," he chuckled, and, feeling hot, unbuttoned his overcoat.

After the very first turn he stopped the taxi, paid, and set off home at a leisurely pace. Suddenly it seemed to him that he had done all this once before, and he was so frightened that he turned into the first available store, deciding to outsmart his opponent with a new surprise. The store turned out to be a hairdresser's, and a ladies' one at that. Luzhin, looking around him, came to a halt, and a smiling woman asked him what he wanted. "To buy . . ." said

"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!" —HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES
Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
in
"High Spirits"
"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!" —Gaver, United Press
Directed by Noël Coward
Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Cl 5-5226

MEREDITH WILLSON'S
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love
Here's Love*
Here's Love
Here's Love
*AMERICA'S JOYOUS MUSICAL
SHUBERT THEATRE 227 W. 44 ST., N.Y.C.
MATINEE EVERY SUNDAY at 2:30

THE THEATRICAL EVENT OF THE DECADE!
Alec Guinness
in
Dylan
with KATE REID
PRICES: Evgs.: Mon. thru Sat. Orch. and Boxes $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: Orch. and Boxes $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. and Boxes $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50.
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St. Cir 6-9156

UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!
HELLO, DOLLY!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
EVGS.: $9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. WED. & SAT. MATS.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3. SAT. MATS. sold out thru Dec. 26.
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!" —Time Magazine
SANDY DENNIS DON PORTER in
The New Smash Comedy Hit!
ANY WEDNESDAY
PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00.
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636

Luzhin, continuing to look around. He caught sight of a wax bust and pointed to it with his cane (an unexpected move, a magnificent move).

"That's not for sale," said the woman.

"Twenty marks," said Luzhin and took out his billfold.

"You want to buy that dummy?" asked the woman incredulously, and somebody else came up.

"Yes," said Luzhin, and began to examine the waxen face. "Careful," he whispered to himself. "I may be tumbling into a trap!" The wax lady's look, her pink nostrils—this also had happened before. "A joke," said Luzhin, and hastily left the hairdresser's.

He felt disgustingly uncomfortable and quickened his step, although there was nowhere to hurry. "Home, home," he muttered. "There I'll combine everything properly."

As he approached the house, he noticed a large, glossy black limousine that had stopped by the entrance. A gentleman in a bowler was asking the janitor something. The janitor, seeing Luzhin, cried, "There he is!" The gentleman turned around.

A bit swarthier (which brought out the whites of his eyes), as smartly dressed as ever, wearing an overcoat with a black fur collar and a large white silk scarf, Valentinov strode toward Luzhin with an enchanting smile, illuminating Luzhin with this searchlight, and in the light that played on Luzhin he saw Luzhin's pale, fat face and blinking eyelids, and in the next instant this pale face lost all expression and the hand that Valentinov pressed in both of his was completely limp. "My dear boy," said Valentinov, "I'm happy to see you. They told me you were in bed, ill, dear boy. But that was some kind of sli-pup," and in stressing the "pup" Valentinov pursed his wet, red lips and tenderly narrowed his eyes. "However, we'll postpone the compliments till later," he said, interrupting himself, and put on his bowler with a thump. "Let's go. It's a matter of exceptional importance, and delay would be . . . fatal," he concluded, throwing open the door of the car. After which he put his arm around Luzhin's back and seemed to lift him from the ground and carry him off and plant him, falling down next to him on a low, soft seat.

On the jump seat facing them a sharp-nosed, yellow-faced little man sat sidewise, with his overcoat collar turned up. As soon as Valentinov had settled and crossed his legs, he resumed his conversation with this little man, a con-

Heineken
Heineken

Take a little more time with Heineken.

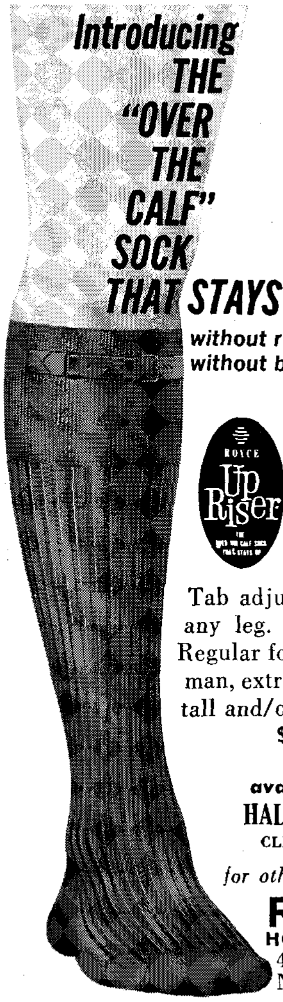
We do.

Heineken beer is aged longer
for a very good reason.
It tastes better that way.
Aging mellows and
enhances the flavor.
So, why not take a little more
time with Heineken?
We do.

HEINEKEN, THE FULLY AGED BEER IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND.
GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC. N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken
IMPORTED
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND

Introducing THE "OVER THE CALF" SOCK THAT STAYS UP!
without rubber, without binding!



QUALITY **Ban-Lon®** *SOCK KNITTED OF "TEXTRALIZED" YARN*

Tab adjusts simply to any leg. Two sizes — Regular for the average man, extra long for the tall and/or husky man.

$2⁵⁰

available at
HALLE BROS.
CLEVELAND

for other stores write
ROYCE
HOSIERY MILLS
40 East 34th St.
New York, N.Y.

English Leather®

English Leather
DEODORANT STICK
MEM COMPANY INC. NEW YORK

. . . The DEODORANT STICK
$1.00 plus tax
The effective and lasting personal deodorant for men. Paired with ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
$3.00 for the set, plus tax
MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

versation that had been interrupted at a comma and now gathered speed in time with the accelerating automobile. Caustically and exhaustively he continued to bawl him out, paying no attention to Luzhin, who was sitting like a statue that had been carefully leaned against something. The bawling out continued to the very end of the journey, and when Valentinov softly nudged Luzhin out of the car and got out himself, slamming the door behind him, the crushed little man continued to sit inside and the automobile immediately carried him on, and although there was lots of room now, he remained dejectedly hunched up on the little jump seat.

Luzhin, meanwhile, fixed his motionless and expressionless gaze on an eggshell-white plaque with a black inscription, "Veritas," but Valentinov immediately swept him farther and lowered him into an armchair of the club variety, which was even more tenacious and quaggy than the car seat. At this moment, someone called Valentinov in an agitated voice, and, after pushing an open box of cigars into Luzhin's limited field of vision, he excused himself and disappeared. His voice remained vibrating in the room, and for Luzhin, who was slowly emerging from his stupefaction, it gradually and surreptitiously began to be transformed into a bewitching image. To the sound of this voice, to the music of the chessboard's evil lure, Luzhin recalled, with the exquisite, moist melancholy peculiar to recollections of love, a thousand games that he had played in the past. He did not know which of them to choose so as to drink, sobbing, his fill of it; everything enticed and caressed his fancy, and he flew from one game to another, instantly running over this or that heart-rending combination. There were combinations, pure and harmonious, where thought ascended marble stairs to victory; there were tender stirrings in one corner of the board, and a passionate explosion, and the fanfare of the queen going to its sacrificial doom. . . . Everything was wonderful—all the shades of love, all the convolutions and mysterious paths it had chosen. And this love was fatal.

The key was found. The aim of the attack was plain. By an implacable repetition of moves it was leading once more to that same passion, which would destroy the dream of life. Devastation, horror, madness.

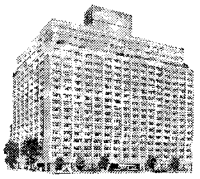
"Ah, don't!" said Luzhin loudly and tried to get up. But he was weak and stout, and the clinging armchair would not release him. And, anyway, what could he attempt now? His defense had

Eminence
French Made Underwear

Superbly cool, open mesh underwear for men. Made in France by EMINENCE.
EMINENCE undergarments for men, are world renowned for quality and comfort . . . allowing complete freedom of body movement. The unique construction of 100% cotton acts as an insulator against heat or cold.
Briefs $2.50, Athletic shirts $2.75, Tee shirts $3.50 in S-M-L-XL-XXL.

Sold in finer stores throughout the country
WHITEHOUSE & HARDY....New York & Detroit
FILENE'S ....Boston
for other stores write sole U.S. distributor
Gedeon Heller, Inc., 745—5th Ave., N.Y. 19

LIVE WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE OF THE THEATER
The WESTERLY
300 West 55th Street at Eighth Avenue
A New Centrally Air-Conditioned Luxury Apartment Residence In The Heart Of Midtown Manhattan
• 2 To 6 Room Suites • Terraces • Dual Security Systems • Soundproof Barriers For All Apartments • Garage On Premises



Renting Agent On Premises Daily
Phone LT 1-4216
Phillips, Wood Dolson, Inc.
241 West 72nd Street, New York 23, N. Y.
ENdicott 2-8900

meet me at the A HOUSE

ABSINTHE HOUSE
130 W 48 ST. N Y C • CO 5-6571

proved erroneous. This error had been foreseen by his opponent, and the implacable move, prepared long ago, had now been made.

Luzhin groaned and cleared his throat, looking about him distractedly. In front of him was a round table bearing albums, magazines, separate sheets of paper, and photographs of frightened women and ferociously squinting men. And on one there was a white-faced man with lifeless features and big American glasses, hanging by his hands from the ledge of a skyscraper, just about to fall off into the abyss. And again came the sound of that unbearably familiar voice. In order to lose no time, Valentinov had begun talking to Luzhin while still on the other side of the door, and when the door opened he continued the sentence he had begun: ". . . shoot a new film. I wrote the script. Imagine, dear boy, a young girl, beautiful and passionate, in the compartment of an express train. At one of the stations, a young man gets in. From a good family. Night descends on the train. She falls asleep and in her sleep spreads her limbs. A glorious young creature. The young man—you know the type: bursting with sap but absolutely chaste—begins literally to lose his head. In a kind of trance he hurls himself upon her." Valentinov, jumping up, pretended to be breathing heavily and hurling himself. "He smells her perfume and feels her lace underwear, her glorious young body. . . . She wakes up, throws him off, calls out." Valentinov pressed his fist to his mouth and protruded his eyes. "The conductor and some passengers run in. He is tried. He is condemned to penal servitude. His aged mother comes to the young girl to beg her to save her son. The drama of the girl. The point is that from the very first moment, there in the express, she has fallen in love with him, is seething with passion, and he, because of her—you see, that's where the conflict is—because of her he is being condemned to hard labor." Valentinov took a deep breath and continued more calmly. "Then comes his escape. His adventures. He changes his name and becomes a famous chess player, and it's precisely here, my dear boy, that I need your assistance. I have had a brilliant idea. I want to film a kind of real tournament, where real chess players would play with my hero. Turati has already agreed; so has Moser. Now we need Grand Master Luzhin.

"I presume," continued Valentinov after a slight pause, during which he looked at Luzhin's completely impassive face, "I presume that he will

Fortrel
the fiber that keeps its promise
Celanese
NEW POLYESTER FIBER
Cary Middlecoff
SLACKS

Dr. Cary Middlecoff, one of golf's leading money winners.

WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR SLACKS, DON'T ARGUE WITH THE DOCTOR

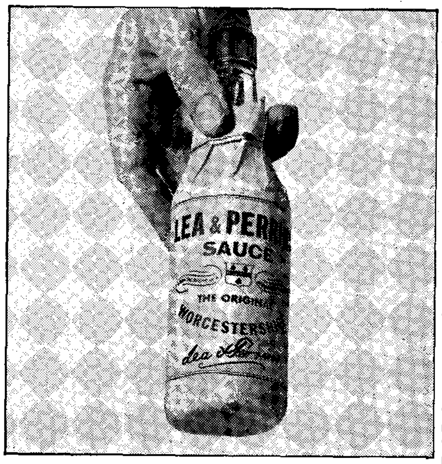
Our golfer, the Doctor, is Dr. Cary Middlecoff, dentist turned Masters-and-Open-winning pro. We like to think that the JAYMAR Slacks he wears enhance his smooth professional form. Middlecoff, however, only admits to the fact that these are the most comfortable, best looking, best fitting slacks he's ever worn.

So, don't argue with the Doctor! Slip into a pair of JAYMAR CARY MIDDLECOFF Slacks soon. Beltless, of course. New, hidden "in-side" gismo* adjusts at a touch, without buckles or snaps. Cool wash 'n wear blends of 65% Fortrel® Polyester/35% cotton and 55% Fortrel Polyester/45% Bud-Rel† Rayon. Other special gismos** prevent shirt riding up and waistband from curling. What more could you want? Hasten to the nearest fine men's store today . . . a store that cares . . . that sells men's clothing made by people who care. Tell them you were referred by Dr. Middlecoff.

Or write for nearest dealer's name: Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Ind.

A JAYMAR SLACK WITH FORTREL

†Bud-Rel is a reg. TM. *Velcro®. **Hipstripe® and Permahold®, respectively. Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

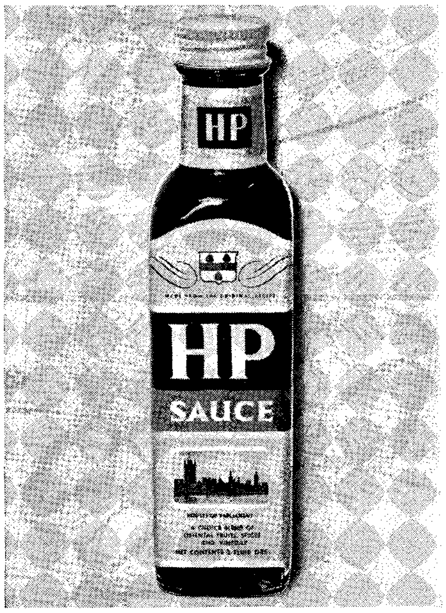


Other Worcestershires cost less—
so why buy ours?

You can save pennies on a cheap Worcestershire at the store, but you'll pay for it at your table. Some Worcestershires lose flavor in the cooking. Not Lea & Perrins. It's the genuine, original Worcestershire, the product of 130 years of blending experience. It keeps its zesty flavor through the cooking. It isn't easy to make a Worcestershire that holds its flavor like this. We have to pay a little more. So do you. Isn't it worth the extra pennies to get a lively flavor you can taste?

FREE RECIPES 48-page BE ORIGINAL cook book. Write Lea & Perrins, Box N, Fair Lawn, N. J.

LEA & PERRINS the original Worcestershire



Very worldly

Widen your taste horizon tonight. Serve spices from the Orient, herbs from the Continent, fruit from Africa all blended to hearty perfection in Houses of Parliament Sauce.

This British-born aristocrat of sauces imparts a sophisticated new flavor to steaks, chops, soups and cheeses, fish and game.

Look for HP Sauce – from the makers of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire–wherever quality foods are sold.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SAUCE

agree. He is greatly indebted to me. He will receive a certain sum for his brief appearance. He will recall at the same time that when his father left him to the mercy of fate, I was generous in shelling out. I thought then that it didn't matter—that we were friends and would settle later. I continue to think so."

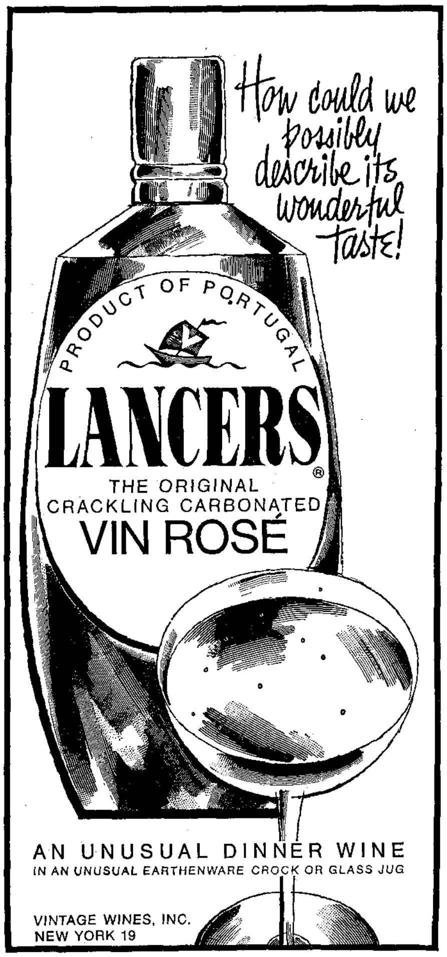
At this moment, the door opened with a rush, and a coatless, curly-haired gentleman shouted in German, with an anxious plea in his voice, "Oh, please, Dr. Valentinov, just one minute!"

"Excuse me, dear boy," said Valentinov and went to the door, but before reaching it he turned sharply round, rummaged in his billfold, and threw a slip of paper on the table before Luzhin. "Recently composed it," he said. "You can solve it, while you're waiting. I'll be back in ten minutes."

He disappeared. Luzhin cautiously raised his eyelids. Mechanically, he took the slip. A cutting from a chess magazine, the diagram of a problem. Mate in three moves. Composed by Dr. Valentinov. The problem was cold and cunning, and knowing Valentinov, Luzhin instantly found the key. In this subtle problem he saw clearly all the perfidy of its author. From the dark words just spoken by Valentinov in such abundance, he understood one thing: there was no movie, the movie was just a pretext . . . a trap, a trap. . . . He would be inveigled into playing chess and then the next move was clear. But this move would not be made.

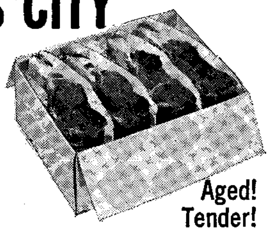
Luzhin made an abrupt effort and, baring his teeth painfully, got out of the armchair. He was overwhelmed by an urge to move. Playing with his cane and snapping the fingers of his free hand, he went out into the corridor and began to walk at random, ending up in a courtyard and thence making his way to the street. A streetcar with a familiar number stopped in front of him. He boarded it and sat down, but immediately got up again and, clutching at the leather straps, moved to another window seat. The car was empty. He gave the conductor a mark and vigorously shook his head, refusing the change. It was impossible to sit still. He jumped up again, almost fell as the streetcar swerved, and sat closer to the door.

But here, too, he could not keep his seat, and when the car filled up with a horde of schoolboys, a dozen old ladies, and fifty fat men, Luzhin continued to move about, treading on people's feet, and finally pushing his way onto the platform. Catching sight of his house, he left the car on the move. The asphalt



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19



Outdoor Barbecue Special!
KANSAS CITY STEAKS

The original famous K. C. steaks

Thick, boneless strip sirloin

Aged! Tender!

No argument! Kansas City STEAKS are the world's finest. Get yours right from the cattle country—where we know STEAKS! They're all meat, man-sized, dry-aged. Quick frozen, packed in dry ice. **Guaranteed to arrive perfect or your money back.** Order yours today.

8 STEAKS • 14-oz. 1¼" THICK • $32.00
6 STEAKS • 14-oz. 1¼" THICK • $24.75

Shipped ppd. Send check with shipping instructions.

WILLIAMS MEAT CO.
20-A Kansas Ave., Kansas City, Kansas

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY . . . 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

swept by beneath his left heel, then turned and struck him in the back, and his cane, after getting tangled in his legs, suddenly leapt out like a released spring, flew through the air, and landed beside him.

Two women came running toward him and helped him to rise. He knocked the dust from his coat with his palms, donned his hat, and, without looking back, walked toward the house. The elevator proved to be out of order, but Luzhin made no complaint. His thirst for movement was not yet slaked. He began to climb the stairs, and since he lived a very long way up, his ascent continued for some time; he seemed to be climbing a skyscraper. Finally, he reached the last landing, took a deep breath, crunched the key in the lock, and stepped into the entrance hall. His wife came from the study to meet him. She was very red and her eyes glistened.

"Luzhin," she said, "where have you been?"

He took off his overcoat, hung it up, transferred it to another hook, and tried to fiddle about some more, but his wife stood directly in front of him, and, moving in an arc around her, he went into the study.

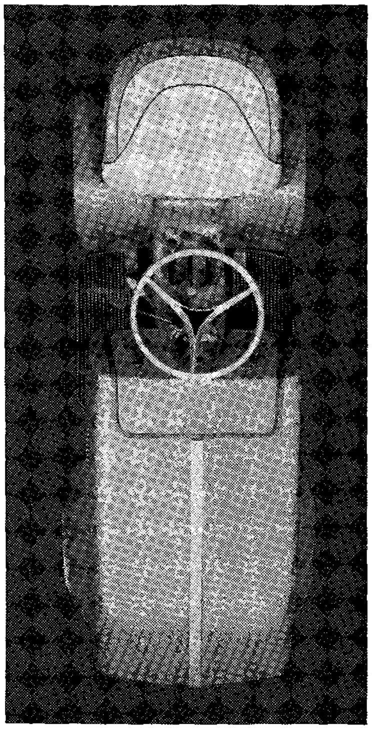
She followed him. "I want you to tell me where you've been. Why are your hands in such a state? Luzhin!"

He strode around the study, cleared his throat, and walked through the entrance hall into the bedroom, where he commenced to wash his hands carefully in a large green-and-white bowl entwined with porcelain ivy.

"Luzhin!" cried his wife distractedly. "I know you weren't at the dentist's. I just called him. . . . Well, say something."

Having wiped his hands on a towel, he walked around the bedroom, looking woodenly in front of him just as before, and returned to the study. She grasped him by the shoulder, but instead of stopping he went up to the window, drew the curtain aside, saw the many lights gliding by in the blue abyss of the evening, made a munching motion with his lips, and moved off again.

AND now began a strange promenade—Luzhin walking back and forth through the three adjoining rooms, as if with a definite objective, and his wife now walking beside him, now sitting down somewhere and looking at him distractedly. Occasionally Luzhin would go into the corridor, look into the rooms whose windows faced onto the yard, and again reappear in the study. For whole minutes it seemed to her that perhaps this was one of Luzhin's pon-



The wonderful
WESTCHESTER
. . . by GRAVELY

. . . created for those who demand the finest care for their lawns and grounds.

The Westchester's 12-horsepower Gravely engine, eight-speed automotive-type transmission, and all-gear attachment drive are but a few reasons why you get performance that has no equal.

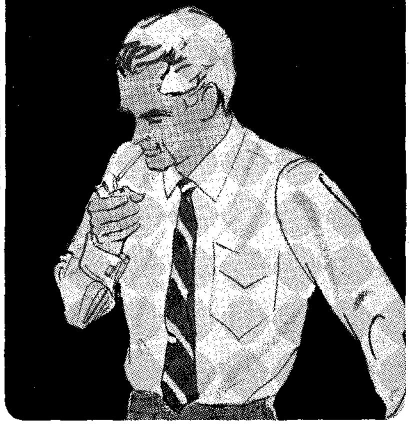
And performance that works for you every month of the year . . . unmatched versatility with attachments that run the cycle from lawn mowing to snow blowing.

May we suggest that you see the wonderful Westchester at your nearby Gravely dealer's . . . or for your free four-color Westchester brochure, write now.

GRAVELY TRACTOR DIVISION Studebaker CORPORATION
6705 Gravely Lane, Dunbar, West Virginia 25064

Tailored exclusively for

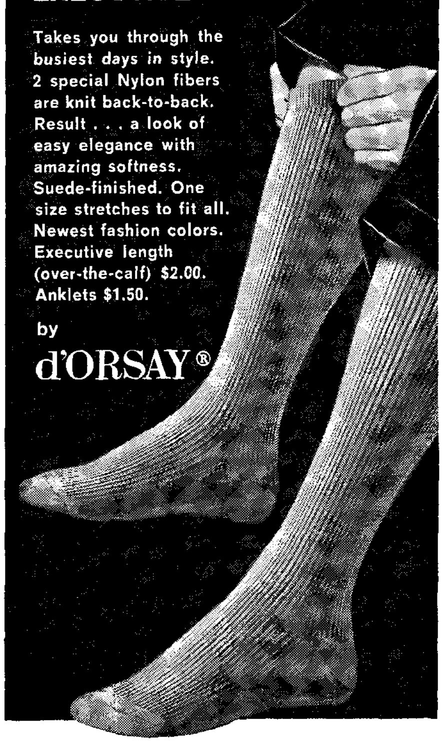
EXTRA LARGE OR EXTRA TALL MEN



Excello superbly tailors this luxurious white dress shirt in a fine imported 2 X 2 broadcloth, imbued with a soft, lustrous sheen. Sizes 15½ to 19, sleeves 33 to 38. $8.95. Visit our shop or write for catalog E.

Imperial Wear
clothiers to extra large and extra tall men
26 WEST 40th ST.
New York 18, New York

"DEBONAIR"
EXECUTIVE LENGTH HOSE



Takes you through the busiest days in style. 2 special Nylon fibers are knit back-to-back. Result . . . a look of easy elegance with amazing softness. Suede-finished. One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Executive length (over-the-calf) $2.00. Anklets $1.50.

by d'ORSAY®

Featured at **HUGHES & HATCHER**, Pittsburgh
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN Stores, Detroit
and better stores everywhere

derous little jokes, but in Luzhin's face there was an expression she had never seen before, an expression . . . solemn, perhaps? . . . it was difficult to define in words, but as she gazed at his face she felt a rush of inexplicable terror. And clearing his throat and catching his breath with difficulty, he still continued to walk about the rooms with his even gait. "For God's sake, sit down, Luzhin," she said softly, not taking her eyes off him. "Come, let's talk about something, Luzhin! I bought you a toilet case. Oh, sit down, please! You'll die if you walk so much! Tomorrow we'll go to the cemetery. We still have a lot to do tomorrow. A toilet case made of crocodile leather. Luzhin, please!"

But he did not halt, and only slowed his step from time to time by the windows, raising his hand, thinking a moment, and then going on. The table in the dining room was laid for eight people, and it was too late to call them off.

"Luzhin!" she cried. "People will be here any minute. I don't know what to do. . . . Say something to me. Perhaps you've had an accident, perhaps you met an unpleasant acquaintance? Tell me, I beg you, I can't beg anymore. . . ."

And suddenly Luzhin stopped. It was as if the whole world had stopped. It happened in the drawing room, by the phonograph.

"Full stop," she said softly and burst into tears.

Luzhin began to take things out of his pockets—first a fountain pen, then a crumpled handkerchief, then another handkerchief, neatly folded, which she had given him that morning. After this he took out a cigarette case with a troika on the lid (a present from his mother-in-law), then an empty red cigarette pack and two separate cigarettes, slightly damaged. His wallet and a gold watch (a present from his father-in-law) were removed with particular care. Besides all this, there turned up a large peach stone. All these objects were placed on the phonograph cabinet, and he checked whether there was anything he had forgotten.

"That's all, I think," he said, and buttoned his jacket over his stomach. His wife lifted her tear-stained face and stared in amazement at the little collection of things laid out by Luzhin.

He went up to her and made a slight bow.

She transferred her gaze to his face, vaguely hoping she would see that familiar crooked half smile—and so she did; Luzhin was smiling.

"The only way out," he said. "I have to drop out of the game."

"Game? Are we going to play?" she

THE Unmatchable MEN'S TOILETRIES

Caribbean Extract of Limes AFTER SHAVE
4-oz. about **$4** · *8-oz. about* **$6**
British West Indies BAY RUM *10-oz. about* **$3**
Caribbean Spice and Lime COLOGNE
4-oz. about **$4** · *8-oz. about* **$6**
All plus 10% fed. tax
At fine stores everywhere, or write:
ROBINSON BISHOP INC.
1341 F Street, nw Washington 4, D.C.

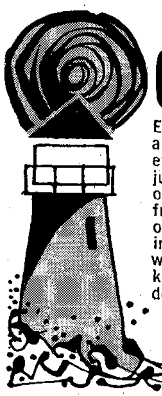
HO-GANS for Barefoot Comfort

. . .WHAT'S AFOOT?

HO-GANS, soft as a cloud, make yours the happiest feet on earth. Cut from a single piece of beautifully glove-tanned leather, with cushioned inner sole, elastic under the trim, seamed on the outside for maximum comfort. Washable, too. Wonderful for travel and lounging. Appropriate for at-home clothes and casual wear. Perfect with shorts and pants, indoors and out. Choice of natural, white, black. (Men's without trim.) $6.95 postpaid. Specify men's or women's, color, and actual shoe size (length and width).

HO-GAN CO.
6790 Soquel Drive • Aptos, California

DISCOVER INCOMPARABLE
CAPE COD



Enjoy the blue sea, golden sun and silver sands. Swim, sail, excellent golf and fishing, or just relax in a story book setting on romantic CAPE COD. Write for free color map, directory listing over 400 resorts; tell when coming, length of stay, rooms needed, whether hotel, guest house, housekeeping cottage or motel is desired.

Write: **Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, Hyannis 47, Mass.**

asked tenderly, and thought simultaneously that she had to powder her face, the guests would be here any minute.

Luzhin held out his hand. She dropped her handkerchief into her lap and hastily gave him her fingers.

"It was nice," said Luzhin and kissed one hand and then the other, the way she had taught him.

"What is it, Luzhin? You seem to be saying goodbye?"

"Yes, yes," he said, feigning absent-mindedness. Then he turned and went into the corridor.

At that moment, a bell sounded in the entrance hall—the ingenuous ring of a punctual guest. She caught her husband in the corridor and grasped his sleeve. Luzhin turned and, not knowing what to say, looked at her legs. The maid ran out from the far end, and since the corridor was fairly narrow, a minor, hasty collision took place: Luzhin stepped back slightly and then stepped forward, his wife also moved back and forth, unconsciously smoothing her hair, and the maid, muttering something and bending her head, tried to slip between them. When she had finally managed it, and vanished behind the portière that divided the corridor from the entrance hall, Luzhin bowed as before and quickly opened the door by which he was standing. Not knowing why herself, his wife seized the handle of the door, which he was already shutting behind him. Luzhin pushed, and she grasped it tighter, laughing convulsively and endeavoring to thrust her knee into the still fairly wide opening—but Luzhin leaned with all his weight and the door closed; the bolt clicked, and the key was turned twice in the lock. Meanwhile, there were voices in the entrance hall; someone was puffing and someone was greeting someone else.

The first thing Luzhin did after locking the door was to turn on the light. Gleaming whitely, an enamelled bathtub came into view by the left wall. On the right wall hung a pencil drawing—a cube casting a shadow. At the far end, by the window, stood a small chest. The lower part of the window was of frosted glass, sparkly blue, opaque. In the upper part, a black rectangle of night was sheened, mirrorlike. Luzhin tugged at the handle of the lower frame, but it was stuck; it did not want to open. He thought for a moment, then took hold of the back of a chair standing by the tub and looked from the sturdy white chair to the solid frost of the window. Making up his mind, he lifted the chair by the legs and struck, using its back as a battering ram. Something cracked; he swung again, and suddenly a black, star-

(*Advertisement*)

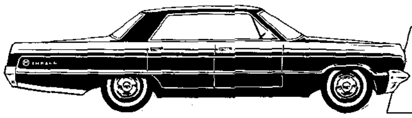
**Are you getting
the best of everything
...and then some?**

Restaurant

Do you know where to get a good
bowl of onion soup at 3 a.m.?

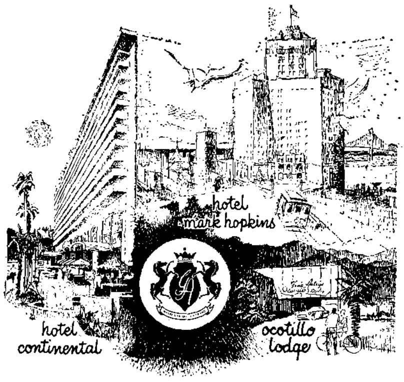
Do you know how to have a car *only* when
you need it? And pay for it *only* when you use it?
That's easy: rent it from Hertz. Imagine,
a whole garageful of new Chevrolets and other
fine cars always at your beck and call!
How civilized can you get?

let HERTZ put you in the driver's seat!



HERTZ
RENT A CAR

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1964



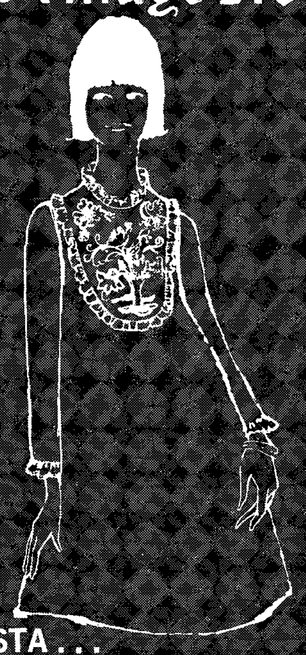
GENE AUTRY
WELCOMES YOU...TO THE
Hotel Mark Hopkins
San Francisco, California

HOTEL Continental
Hollywood, California

OCOTILLO LODGE
Palm Springs, California

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL OR WIRE DIRECT
OR CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

the village store



FIESTA...
Fun and frolic will favor you when you don this chambray denim dress gaily embroidered with birds and blooms and saucily ruffled at bib and cuffs for an air of sophisticated innocence. Yellow embroidery on blue, pink on pale olive or orange on pale yellow. 6-14. 19.00. By Florence Walsh. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Add 50¢ for postage. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

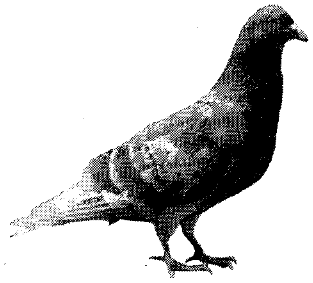
shaped hole appeared in the frosted glass. There was a moment of expectant silence. Then, far below, something tinkled tenderly and disintegrated. Trying to widen the hole, he struck again, and a wedge of glass smashed at his feet. At this point he froze. There were voices behind the door. Somebody knocked. Somebody called him loudly by his name and patronymic. Then there was silence, and his wife's voice said with absolute clarity, "Dear Luzhin, open, please."

Restraining his heavy breathing, Luzhin lowered the chair to the floor and tried to thrust himself through the window. Large wedges and corners of glass still stuck out of the frame. Something stung his neck and he quickly drew his head in again—no, he could not get through. A fist slammed against the door. Two men's voices were quarrelling, and his wife's whisper wriggled through the uproar.

Luzhin decided not to smash any more glass; it made too much noise. He raised his eyes. The upper window. But how to reach it? Trying not to make a noise or break anything, he began to take things off the chest: a mirror, a bottle of some sort, a glass. He did everything slowly and thoroughly. (It was useless for the rumbling on the other side of the door to hurry him like that.) Removing the doily, too, he attempted to climb up on the chest. It reached to his waist, and he was unable to make it at first. He felt hot, and he peeled off his jacket. He noticed that his hands were bloodied and that there were red spots on the front of his shirt. Finally he found himself on the chest, which creaked under his weight. He quickly reached up to the upper frame, now feeling that the thumping and the voices were urging him on, and that he could not help but hurry. Raising a hand, he jerked at the frame and it swung open. Black sky. Out of this cold darkness came the voice of his wife, saying softly, "Luzhin, Luzhin."

He remembered that farther to the left was the bedroom window; it was from there that this whisper had emerged. Meanwhile, the voices and the crashing on the other side of the door had grown in volume. There must be about twenty people out there—Valentinov, Turati, the old gentleman with the bunch of flowers. . . . They were sniffing and grunting, and more of them came, and all together they were beating with something against the shuddering door.

The rectangular night, however, was still too high. Bending one knee, Luzhin hauled the chair onto the chest.

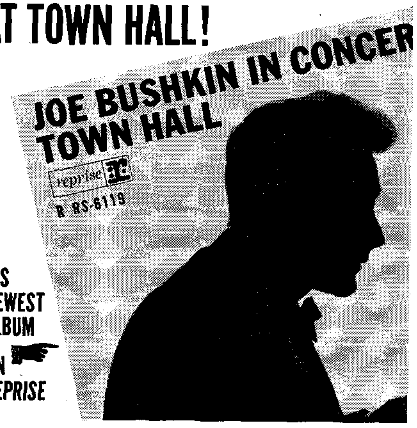


if you're a bird
that likes
to walk...
the heart of
Manhattan
is only steps
from the famous
hotel ASTOR

Singles from $10, doubles from $15, suites from $25 (dbl.). See your Travel Agent, or write or call The Hotel Astor on Times Square, N.Y. JUdson 6-3000.

ANTHONY M. REY
VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER

BUSHKIN BREAKS IT UP AT TOWN HALL!



HIS NEWEST ALBUM
ON REPRISE

Tie the Knot . . .
To women it means marriage. To the men who are our customers, it means coordinating the tie to the shirt to the suit—all tied together for the finished look.

Lyme's gentlemen's apparel
116 East 57th Street, New York • PLaza 2-5850

L'Armorique
"A bit of Brittany in New York—French Food at its finest." Charming atmosphere. Your host: Marcel, formerly head chef at the Chambord for 10 years.
All credit cards honored.
Open 6 PM-11 PM. Closed Mondays
2nd AVENUE, CORNER 54th ST. ▪ PL 3-3787

The chair was unstable, it was difficult to balance, but still Luzhin climbed up. Now he could easily lean his elbows on the lower edge of the black night. He was breathing so loudly that he deafened himself, and now the cries on the other side of the door were far, far away, but on the other hand, the voice from the bedroom window was clearer, was bursting out with piercing force.

After many efforts, he found himself in a strange and mortifying position—one leg hung outside, and he did not know where the other one was, while his body would in no wise be squeezed through. His shirt had torn at the shoulder, his face was wet. Clutching with one hand at something overhead, he got through the window sidewise. Now both legs were hanging outside, and he had only to let go of what he was holding on to and he was saved. Before letting go he looked down. Some kind of hasty preparations were under way there. The window reflections gathered together and levelled themselves out, the whole chasm was seen to divide into dark and pale squares, and at the instant when Luzhin unclenched his hand, at the instant when icy air gushed into his mouth, he saw exactly what kind of eternity was obligingly and inexorably spread out before him.

The door was burst in. "Alexander Ivanovich! Alexander Ivanovich!" roared several voices.

But there was no Alexander Ivanovich. —VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(Translated by Michael Scammell, with the collaboration of the author. "The Luzhin Defense" was originally published in Russian in 1930. This is the second of two parts.)

•

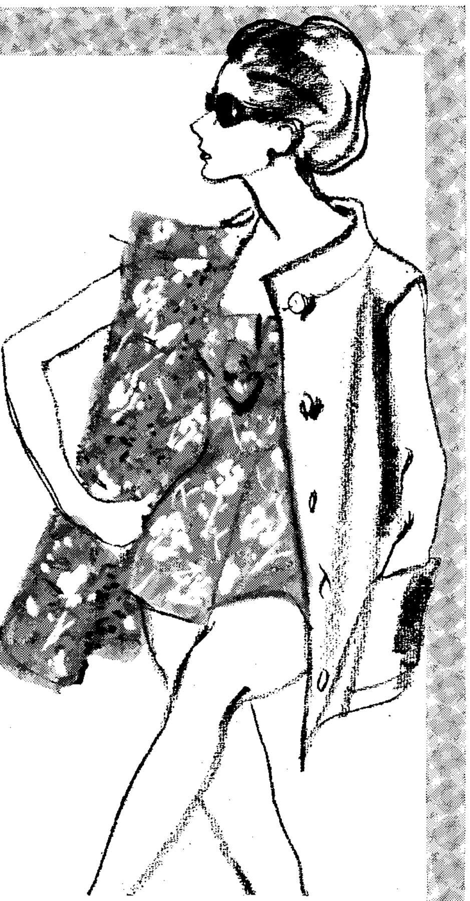
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN WITH THE LIGHT TOUCH

[Adv. in an Oregon paper]

$13,500
"ITALIAN"
CADILLAC
with
MINK
FLOOR-MATS
for $6350

1960—4 dr Hardtop—made in Turin, Italy, by Pinin Farina. Has all the equipment plus-Factory air conditioning—Cruise Control—Powwer vents—and just too many to mention, plus U.S. Royal masters (near new) finished in beige, harmonizing interior. This car rides so smooth that the combination of removing your shoes (necessary so as not to dirty the mink floor mats) and the soft ride it is imperative that you keep BENZEDRINE (No doze pills) even for short rides, or you will fall asleep—We will not be responsible for any drowsiness caused by the floor mats or ride.

SAM'S
1027 SE 82ND



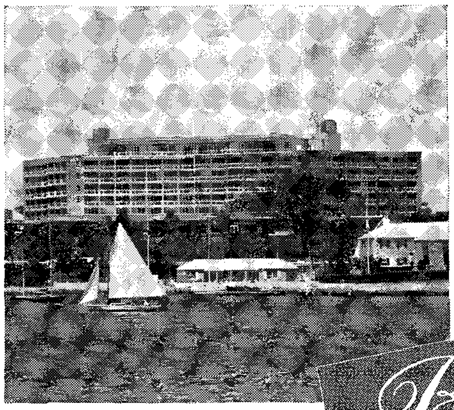
BONWIT'S
TWO FOR THE SEASHORE

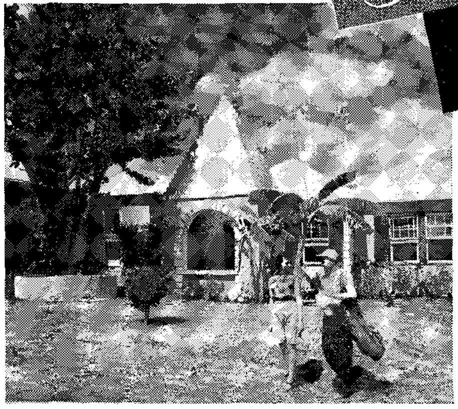
Beautiful cotton print swimsuit in pink or turquoise splashed with white, 20.00
To cover with its own white piqué jacket, lined in matching terry print, all cotton, 20.00
From our beachy collection by Tina Leser for Gabar.
Misses' sizes.
No mail or phone orders, please.

SPORTS FLOOR

BONWIT TELLER

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston





BERMUDA'S MOST *Playful* HOTELS!

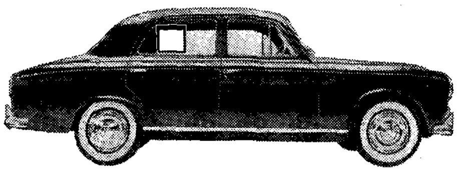
Bermudiana
Harmony Hall

Stay at one, **Play** at both with free transportation to our own private Beach Club—newest, most beautiful on the South Shore. Choose Hamilton's elegant BERMUDIANA or casual cottage style HARMONY HALL. Two nightclubs, two restaurants, two swimming pools plus unlimited golf on the famous 18-hole BELMONT course. Water sports, tropical gardens, shopping, just name it!

Opening late in 1964 brand-new BELMONT GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB.

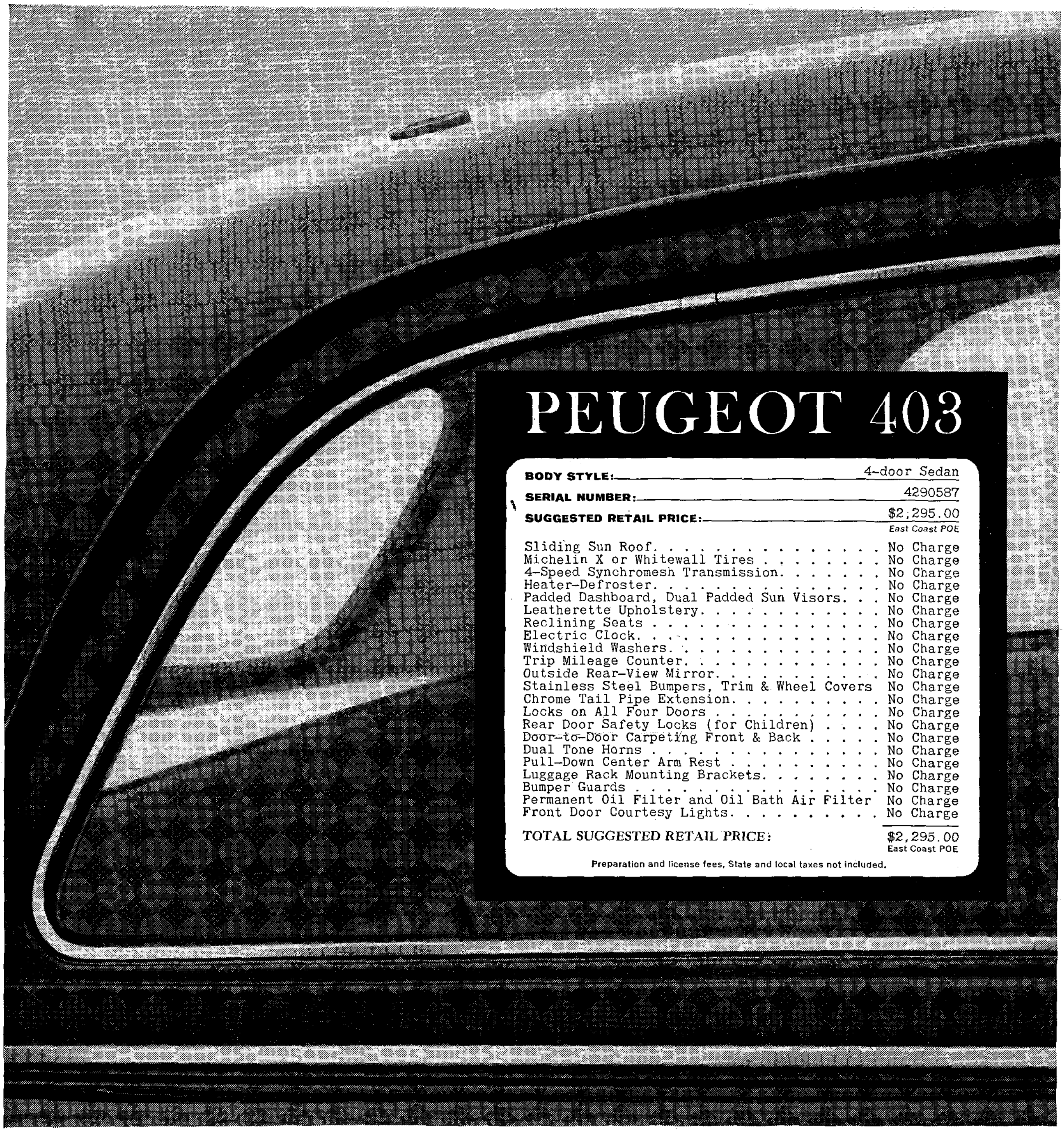
Carroll F. Dooley, Managing Director

RR See your TRAVEL AGENT or
Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10020
PL 7-2444 • Miami • Chicago • Toronto • London



Take a closer look at one of the 7 best made cars in the world

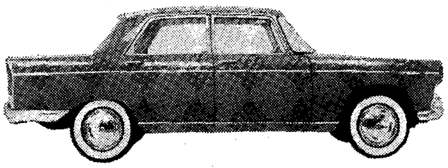
Judged one of the 7 best by John Bond, Publisher of Road & Track

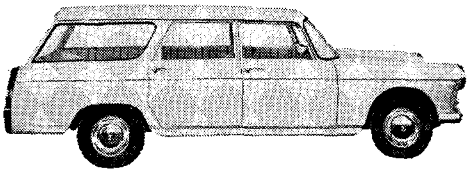


PEUGEOT 403

BODY STYLE:	4-door Sedan
SERIAL NUMBER:	4290587
SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE:	$2,295.00 East Coast POE
Sliding Sun Roof	No Charge
Michelin X or Whitewall Tires	No Charge
4-Speed Synchromesh Transmission	No Charge
Heater-Defroster	No Charge
Padded Dashboard, Dual Padded Sun Visors	No Charge
Leatherette Upholstery	No Charge
Reclining Seats	No Charge
Electric Clock	No Charge
Windshield Washers	No Charge
Trip Mileage Counter	No Charge
Outside Rear-View Mirror	No Charge
Stainless Steel Bumpers, Trim & Wheel Covers	No Charge
Chrome Tail Pipe Extension	No Charge
Locks on All Four Doors	No Charge
Rear Door Safety Locks (for Children)	No Charge
Door-to-Door Carpeting Front & Back	No Charge
Dual Tone Horns	No Charge
Pull-Down Center Arm Rest	No Charge
Luggage Rack Mounting Brackets	No Charge
Bumper Guards	No Charge
Permanent Oil Filter and Oil Bath Air Filter	No Charge
Front Door Courtesy Lights	No Charge
TOTAL SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE:	$2,295.00 East Coast POE

Preparation and license fees, State and local taxes not included.





Peugeot 404: $2645 East Coast POE, $2736 West Coast POE • Peugeot 404 Station Wagon: $2795 East Coast POE, $2875 West Coast POE

For brochure write: Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, N.Y. For overseas delivery write: Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 5th Ave., N.Y.C. or see your local dealer.

THE THEATRE

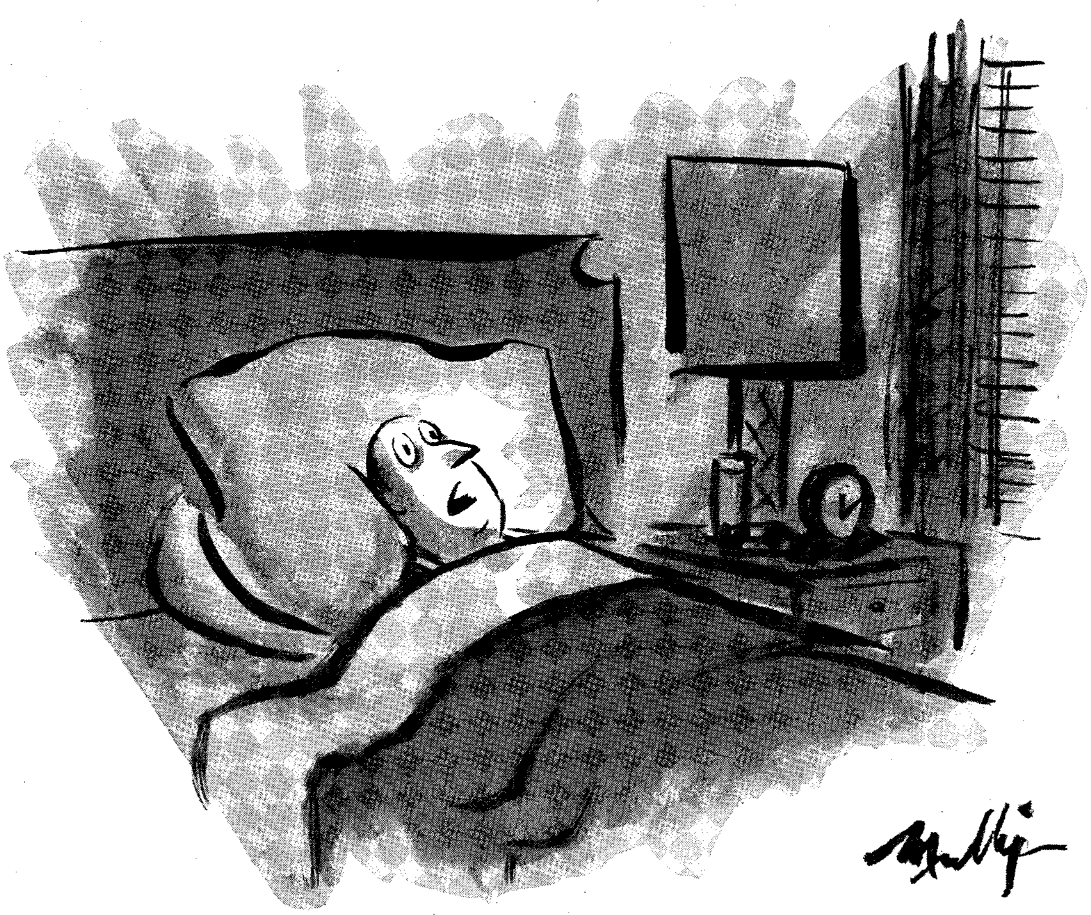
OFF BROADWAY

Lewis John Carlino, whose "Cages" of last season and "Telemachus Clay" of early this one seemed to me to be sentimental trash, is the author of "Doubletalk," a new pair of one-act plays, at the Theatre de Lys, that are just as coarsely conceived and written as their predecessors, and just as maudlin. However, they come off in performance better than they deserve to. Each of them is about the encounter of a couple of what I can only call synthetics; each of them abounds in cheap effects and dissolves in goo; and each of them is given some measure of life and delicacy by the actors who appear in it. The first encounter is between a Negro saxophone player and a Jewish matron who is a collage of patches from soap opera, bum movies, and the leakiest of novels. The play, which is called "Sarah and the Sax," is set in a public park somewhere in downtown New York, and it deals, I guess, with the matron's attempts to break through to the rootless musician, across the barricades of his private shenanigans and way-out jazz patter. She accomplishes her mission by outlining a recipe for chicken paprika, treating him to a handful of inspirational comments and a distasteful detail or two about her son's dermatological problems, and, finally, making a pathetic confession. The roles are played by Ruth White and Clarence Williams III. Miss White is a good actress, but her Jewish accent sounds almost as fake as her lines. There is nothing fake, though, about her silences or about the gentleness and refinement that she gives to an essentially vulgar part. I cannot tell whether the wild argot of the saxophone player is fake or not, but Mr. Williams speaks it with relish. For all the zest of his acting, though, he cannot make the character convincing.

The second play, called, with clubfooted irony, "The Dirty Old Man," is about a high-school girl left stranded by her date on a remote bit of beach and in the company of an old man who comes there each day to record in his journal and read aloud his plummy observations on nature and his intimate memories of bygone love. How Franchot Tone, wearing a Hemingway chin fringe, manages to invest this idiotic part with so much character and subtlety is beyond me. It is a fine performance, and a touching one—partly, I think, because it is touching to see an actor of Mr. Tone's quality giving so much to so little. As the girl, Amy Taubin does pretty well, too, when one considers what the playwright requires her to do and say.

It is far too early for pronouncements about Stanley Koven, a new dramatist whose one-acters called "Dark Corners" and "Mr. Grossman" opened and, regrettably, closed last week at the Actors Playhouse. The only pronouncements that can safely be made are that he is quite often funny when he tries to be, that he has a gift for satiric nonsense, and that he seems to have the knack of writing speakable dialogue. Of course, he is quite often not funny when he tries too hard, and there was some unspeakable dialogue scattered throughout his two plays. In both of them, the targets were too numerous and frequently too wobbly to be picked off by one satirist in one evening. "Dark Corners" was about a psychiatrist gone berserk (Henderson Forsythe) who has spent all day looking for a lost wallet with his getaway money in it, ending up in a cheap hotel room where he once spent the night with a prostitute, and where his wife (Haila Stoddard) eventually joins him. There was a great deal of chatter that abounded in inside psychiatric jokes (which evoked a kind of horrid inside laughter from portions of the audience), but even so the show had its moments. I particularly enjoyed the list, delivered from time to time, of the contents of the wallet, and the doctor's remarks about them.

"Mr. Grossman," by far the longer and more complex play of the two, is set sometime in the future in the

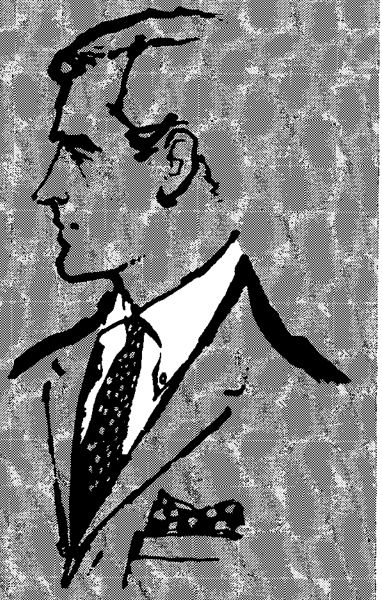


"My Social Security number is 125-30-8054, my phone number is 212-861-3716, my zip-code number is 10021, my car-license number is 3Y4603, my Diners' Club card number is 58-036 . . ."

Oxford Voile

ZEPHYR-WEIGHT OXFORD BUTTON DOWN IN COOL COTTON VOILE. POROUS, YET OPAQUE. IT MAINTAINS ITS POISE ON HUMID DAYS. TAPERED BODY. WHITE, PALE BLUE, PALE MAIZE. SIZES 14-17. SLEEVES 32-36. $6.50. ALSO AVAILABLE IN SHORT SLEEVES.

PLEASE ADD 85¢ PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE.



at

Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

A

DELIGHTFULLY

UNCONVENTIONAL

HOTEL

Beverly Hills' newest major hotel will not tolerate conventions, trade shows or ballrooms. Too vulgar! Only fascinating conversation by charming people. Designed like a town mansion for maximum privacy yet includes all the luxuries of a grand hotel. Plus the unique dining pleasure of El Gaucho Restaurante. Arrange for both room and 1964 car in one reservation. Singles from $13. (with car $17.) Doubles from $17. (with car $21.) Free drive-in garage. See your travel agent or write for brochure.

THE WILSHIRE HOUSE

9360 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California
Telephone: 273-1400
San Francisco: YU 6-6916
Chicago: FI 6-2979
New York: PL 7-2981

hideaway of a Mr. Grossman, the Vice-President of the United States. (Mr. Koven has been a political reporter for the Associated Press and the *Post.*) The other characters were a Negro woman named Ruana, who is in charge of the establishment; Mr. G.'s mistress, a dim-witted weather girl on television with a weakness for alcohol; and her beau, a revolutionist who fights ineffectually for unilateral disarmament—all of them, as you can see, setups of one kind or another. Again, there were some funny lines. ("I own this conversation," says Grossman after listening to a year-by-year account of the young revolutionist's life, and his own reminiscence of his political career is a comic bull's-eye.) The acting in the two plays was, variously, all right and so-so. Besides Miss Stoddard and Mr. Forsythe, the players were Joseph Leon, Cynthia Belgrave, Audree Rae, and Joel Fabiani. William Wall designed a fine, tricky set for "Mr. Grossman."

—EDITH OLIVER

•

EDITOR, TRIBUNE:

There is now an art show at the University of Utah Union Building, featuring two artists. There were going to be three artists featured but, thank God, there are a few morals left and only two hung their paintings. I was afraid for the morals of our university students but was glad to see that the Board of Regents has won out and is instilling decency in art, and no more filthy nudes will be allowed to hang at the university....

The third artist who was to hang his paintings said if he couldn't hang his nudes it would break up his show.

...If the Lord wanted the unadorned body exhibited in public would he have taught us how to make clothes?

WANDA SEAGER
—*Salt Lake City Salt Lake Tribune.*

That brings up the question of the plunging neckline.

•

One of the best remedies for simple hiccups in older children and adults is to lie down and relax.

Other measures that someimse help include drinking water slowly, trying both warm and cold water if neescessary. If an upset stomach sets off the hiccups, one should take a teaspoonful of baking soda in water and breathe in and out into a paper bag, so that the carbon dioxide level in the blood is raised.

The important thing in stoppin gth ehiccups, the magazine says, is to relax.

—*The Times.*

Try another sip of water.

Mid-June to Sept.

The **Manoir Richelieu**

AND COTTAGES AT MURRAY BAY, QUEBEC

Championship golf, tennis, riding, fishing in pollen-free air . . . Lido beach, heated salt-water pool, dancing. From **$21*** a day Am. Plan. Served by Saguenay steamers, rail, or highway from Montreal. *L. K. Sheppard, Mgr.*

*Less Canadian exchange discount of 7%.

MANOIR RICHELIEU

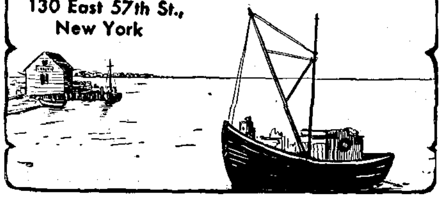
Dept. N, Murray Bay, P.Q., Montreal, Canada or Canada Steamship Lines Offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Phila., Toronto, Quebec or your Travel Agent

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

**130 East 57th St.,
New York**



Nightly exc. Sun.

ELLA FITZGERALD

Opening June 8th

The SMOTHERS BROTHERS

Extra Added Attraction

TRINI LOPEZ

137 East 48th St. • PL 2-4444

BASIN STREET *East*

TOM'S **Shangri-La**

Res: MU 3-0996
**237 MADISON AVE.
near 37th Street**

Cantonese & Mandarin Cooking

3 Private Rooms for meetings & parties

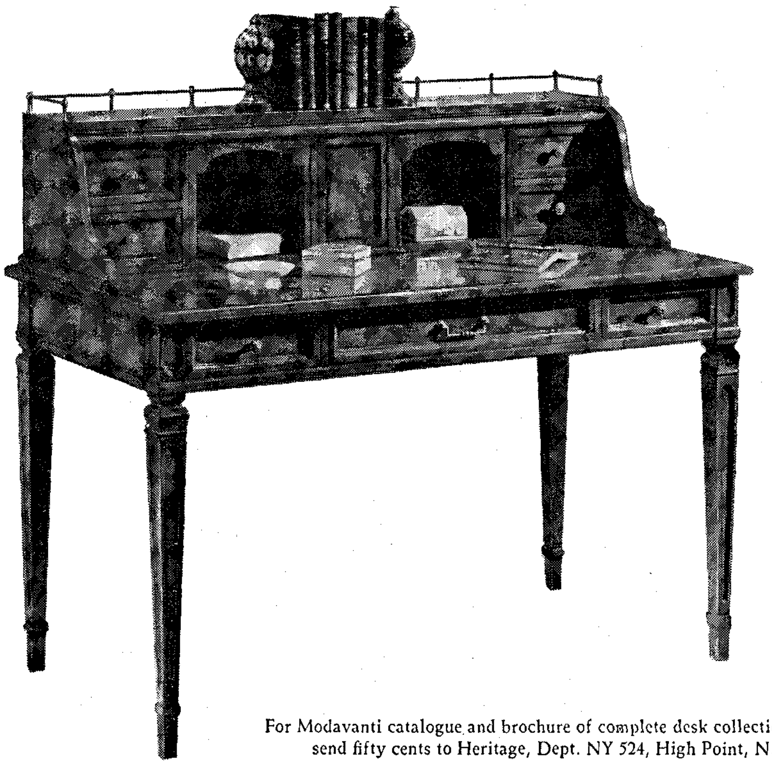
AMPLE PARKING AFTER 6 P.M.

MUSICAL EVENTS

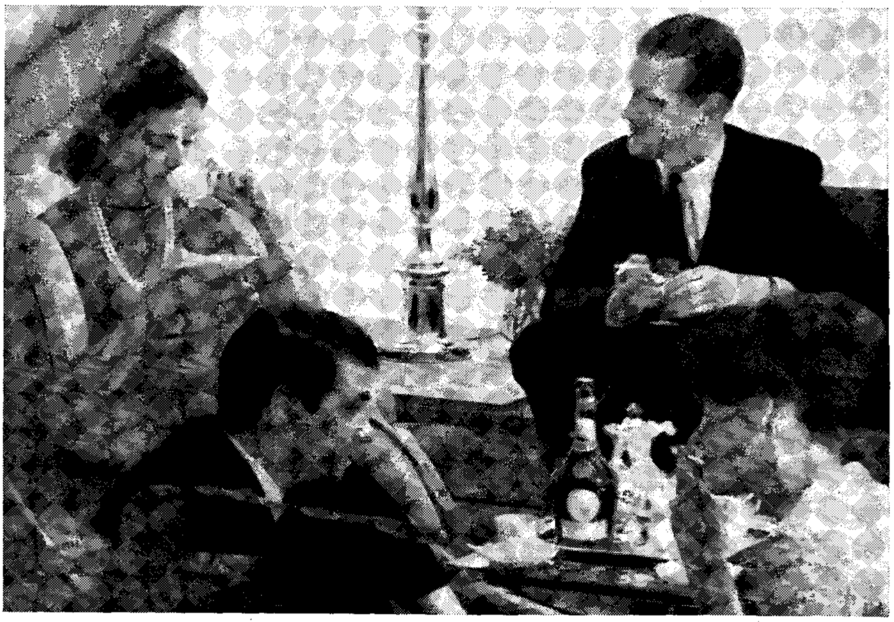
Out of the Mists

ANTONY TUDOR has always seemed to me the most interesting of contemporary British choreographers, and it is a pity, I think, that he more or less retired from the field about two decades ago, following a brilliant career, during which he worked for the American Ballet Theatre, among other companies. Among his creations that you probably remember are "Pillar of Fire," in which Nora Kaye made such a striking dramatic figure, and "Jardin aux Lilas," which I remember quite vividly. Mr. Tudor is an individualist, who has left a deep personal stamp on everything he has done. He is, in a way, the diametric opposite of George Balanchine. He cares very little about the brilliance and athleticism that Balanchine has used so delightfully. His ideas of movement are understated. He is, as might be expected of an Englishman, a "literary" choreographer, and his "literature" almost always expresses moods of melancholy. I have been careful to put "literature" and "literary" in quotes, because in his case the story line, which is always hazy and surrounded with allusions, never gets in the way of the dance. On the contrary, it is something that can be expressed only in *terms* of dance. One might call him a Romantic choreographer, and many people have called him that. But to me the word that best describes him is "metaphysical." All the Tudor ballets that I have seen have concerned poetic, or slightly frightening, relations between illusion and reality. The dream is blended into what seems to be real life. The primary illusion of the stage is only the beginning. It contains further illusions and illusions of illusions, and finally the essence of what Mr. Tudor has to say seems to be that life consists of fleeting impressions, incomplete memories, and strange associations. This is what gives his ballets their pervasive feeling of melancholy. It is a feeling difficult to define. Along with great beauty, it conveys a sense of the evanescence of beauty, so that one clings all the more tightly to what one feels, knowing not only that it is unreal but also that it is about to dis-

Just write. Our graceful rolltop desk is perfect for planning a guest list, composing a thank-you note, or for any correspondence. Corresponds with any decor, too. In cherry. Modavanti styling. From the desk collection by **HERITAGE®**



For Modavanti catalogue and brochure of complete desk collection, send fifty cents to Heritage, Dept. NY 524, High Point, N.C.



D.O.M.
BÉNÉDICTINE

After coffee...enjoy **Bénédictine**
La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine. For there is only one Benedictine—the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years at Fecamp, France—the world's most distinguished liqueur.

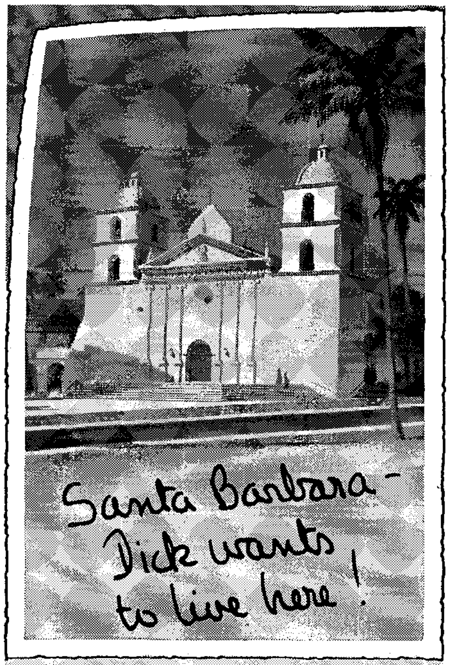
86 PROOF.

Let this seal be your guide to quality. Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. NEW YORK

BEST AND CO., N. Y.; JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON; BURDINE'S, FLA.; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILA. AND OTHER FINE STORES.

SPORTIF — for sail rigging or sand-digging. White cotton terry A-line cover-up . . . sailor collar and pocket outlined in red, white and blue — gay red tie. 4 to 6x, about $5. 8 to 14, about $6. Children's Loungewear Dept. Prices higher in the west

Pettirobe BY LOUNGEES
362 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.


Santa Barbara - Dick wants to live here!

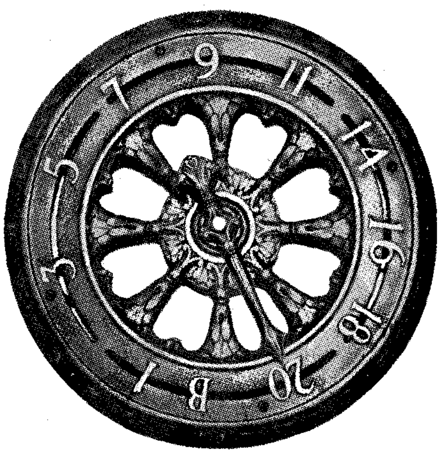
A gracious blend of seashore beauty and California history. And so accessible via the fastest and only Jet-Powered service, PACIFIC, *'your airborne guide along the Coast,'* with over 180 flights daily to 37 cities in California, Oregon and Nevada.

PACIFIC AIR LINES
Jet-Powered F-27 PACIFIC Martinliner Service

appear and leave a residue of nostalgia.

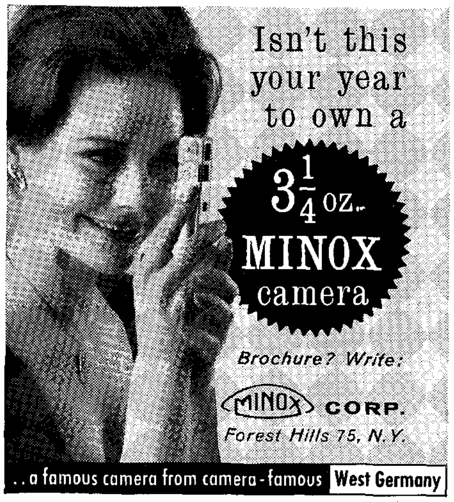
On Wednesday evening of last week, in the New York State Theatre, the New York City Ballet revived Mr. Tudor's "Dim Lustre," in a lavish production, with scenery and costumes by Beni Montresor. I found the costumes considerably more enchanting than the scenery, which involved some rather ambiguous chandeliers shining through the backdrop at odd moments, and which seemed to have lost something in the transition from the drawing board to the stage. It was a great pleasure, though, to see "Dim Lustre" again, twenty-one years after its original production here. It demanded very little in the way of muscular prowess from its leading dancers, Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, who, along with Patricia Neary and many others, contributed to a beautiful spectacle. I am not sure that these dancers, trained in a totally different tradition, caught all the dramatic nuances of Mr. Tudor's conception, which concerns the ultimate loneliness of the individual in a world of attractive ghosts and visions. Still, they caught enough to make "Dim Lustre" a welcome, contrasting addition to the company's repertoire, and they will doubtless penetrate further into the psychology of the work after a few more performances. Incidentally, I find that I was wrong in complaining last week about the light blue of the stage floor in the new auditorium. The floor turned mauve and yellow in this production, and is obviously a bit of virtuoso stagecraft—a chameleon of a floor, which, by changes in the lighting arrangements, can be made to go through the whole spectrum.

I HAVE been hoping to become an enthusiast of the operas of Leoš Janáček—there is so much evocation to be found in his orchestral writing—but so far I have been thwarted. Much must have been lost in the translation of the librettos from the Czech into English, but in "The Cunning Little Vixen," which was put on last Thursday night by the Mannes Opera Production Workshop at the Hunter College Playhouse, I found the same short-windedness of inspiration that I had detected in "Katya Kabanova" the week before. The libretto of "The Cunning Little Vixen" is a fantasy about animals and men. A forester who has a habit of going to sleep in the forest falls in love with a vixen and brings her home, where he ties her up next to a chicken yard. She gets away, marries a fox (in services conducted by an owl),



The St. Regis Roof
Opens June 24th

Reserve your own special cloud on the St. Regis Roof. Here, in this posh pink paradise, you can dine and dance in a very special way. The stars are always out and the orchestra of Charles Turecamo seems to know just what to play. So, put on your dancing shoes and come to the Roof at the St. Regis, Fifty-fifth and Fifth, New York. For reservations, telephone PLaza 3-4500.



Isn't this your year to own a 3¼ oz. MINOX camera

Brochure? Write:
MINOX CORP.
Forest Hills 75, N.Y.

. . a famous camera from camera-famous West Germany

The EMPRESS
Authentic
CHINESE CUISINE
Free Parking after 6:30
710 THIRD AVE. (bet. 44-45 Sts.) YU 6-5995
Diners & Am. Express

BONES
Youngsters love this comical pooch with movable eyes. One of many soft toys. Top quality. Various sizes. Reasonably priced. Send for your free Catalog. Write:
$5.95
Size 20"
Guaranteed
No C.O.D.
Toy Parade BOX 297
Sandy Springs, Ga.

and has numerous little foxes by him. The forester, meanwhile, does a lot of beer drinking in company with a schoolmaster and a priest. It seems that they are all somewhat dissatisfied with their love lives—even the priest. The vixen is finally shot by a chicken peddler. There is more beer drinking and reminiscences of happier times. In the last scene, the forester again goes to sleep in the forest, dreams that he is once more capturing the vixen, but finds on awakening that he has caught a frog instead. Insects and animals flit and romp through the woods in most of the scenes. The moral of all this seems to be that every man wants to love something as elusive as a lady fox, and that it can't be done, but the satire, if any, struck me as awfully innocent and the symbolism as a bit obvious. While the music, which was often of a Straussian as well as a Bohemian-folk character, was lovely in spots, all its loveliness lay in the orchestra; the vocal line was simply a substitute for speech.

I ATTENDED the Friday-afternoon concert of the New York Philharmonic at Lincoln Center to catch up on what I had missed the previous night. This included a repetition of a Symphony No. 6 by Carlos Chavez, which had received its première on Thursday night—a composition, commissioned by the Philharmonic, that was brilliantly conducted by Leonard Bernstein. We live in an era when the purpose of a symphony is not to please or interest an audience but to provide a composer with commissions, and I didn't expect much of the new work. It proved, however, to be admirably constructed and to have at least a modicum of expressive power, ranking, to my mind, far above anything I had heard previously from Mr. Chavez. There were even a few chorale passages, toward the end of the work, that suggested that Mr. Chavez had been studying Bruckner. The surprise of the afternoon, however, was the conducting of the Czech maestro Zdenek Kosler, who took over the baton after the intermission to present Chausson's Symphony in B Flat Major. Unlike most of the Philharmonic's other assistant conductors, Mr. Kosler is a thoroughly mature and seasoned artist. His interpretation of the symphony was just a shade cautious, rather than impetuous, possibly because he was not very familiar with his surroundings. He is obviously a gifted musician, and, moreover, one of those rare musicians who understand the Romantic style.

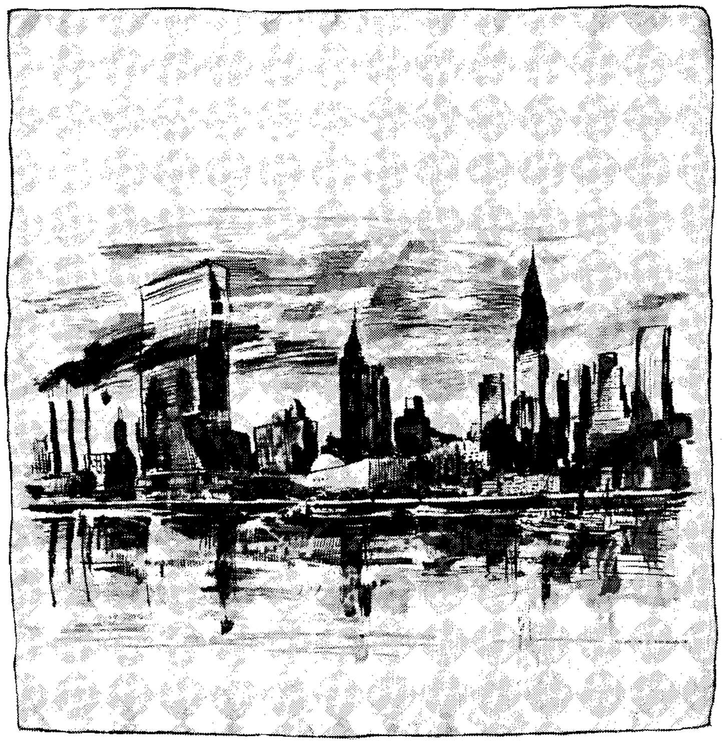
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

Show up in a Catalina

In swimwear knits that win the fashion race . . . the two-part blouson, $11.00 . . . 'button bit' sweater knit, $10.00 . . . Teen swimwear 8/16.

See at B. Altman & Co., New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, California; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and other fine stores everywhere.

Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles, California • Another fine Kayser-Roth Product



Take Manhattan home with you

Echo has printed New York on a square of purest silk. This scarf is a perfect take-home present, a remembrance of Manhattan, a way to say you went to the Fair. You could frame it, but you won't be able to resist wearing it. The Mid New York© scarf is 6.00 in a host of colors at Lord & Taylor and other fine stores in the city.

ECHO

WOMEN DIG IT!

'THAT MAN'

BY REVLON

'THAT MAN' COLOGNE
Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE
AFTER-SHAVE LOTION
SPRAY TALC AND SOAP

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 5

UNESCO held a two-day philosophical colloquy a week or so ago to mark the end of L'Année Kierkegaard, the European celebration of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the famous, eccentric Danish progenitor of Christian Existentialism. With the brilliant Tuesday-night lecture on him by Jean-Paul Sartre, which marked this French writer's return to the public scene that he formerly dominated in Paris like no other academic figure; with messages (in part recorded) in German from the German Existentialists Martin Heidegger and Karl Jaspers; and with platform participation by such leaders as the Italian Enzo Paci and the French professors Jean Wahl and Mlle. Jeanne Hersch, the handsome, modernist UNESCO auditorium became, as one philosopher admiringly remarked, an Olympus for the most eminent masters of contemporary Existentialism, still regarded in Europe as the most authentic modern philosophical thought. There was a slight hitch in the Tuesday-evening proceedings when the closed doors were assailed by a troupe of young Sorbonne *philo* students without invitations, who, upon clamoring "We are philosophers, too," were admitted. UNESCO dignitaries squeezed over on their benches to make room for youth, or else the students sat on the floor in the aisles, where they had a fine view of Sartre as he read his long address, he being the star they had come to gaze at with silent respect and to hear. He read his lecture in a quick, pleasant voice, with useful, hammerlike diction. Since Kierkegaard himself had famously said, "Truth objectively fixed is paradox," Sartre felt free to pour out paradoxes and truths like champagne. He said that the title of the colloquy, "The Live Kierkegaard," was proof that he was indeed dead but still influential; that "he was a philosopher who detested philosophers;" that "he stole the language of knowledge to use against knowledge," meaning what Hegel then stood for, "a system for thought but not for existence," from which the unorthodox little Dane's original Existentialism sprang; and that Kierkegaard "refused to the serpent the right to tempt Adam—as if God had need of sin!" Speaking personally as "an atheist of the twentieth century," and drawing largely on his own theories as laid down in his "L'Être et le Néant," Sartre also poured out, among other shining formulas, "Contemporaries understand each other without knowing each other," "The liberty in each man is the foundation of history," and "Man is the being who transforms his existence into intelligence." In appreciation of the fact that those two so different nineteenth-century rebels, Kierkegaard and Marx, were writing their tracts of social revolt in the same years, Sartre added, "These two *morts-vivants* control our existence today." Heidegger, in his message to UNESCO from Germany, said, "The development of technology has put the finishing touch on philosophy. Philosophy comes to its end in the present epoch."

UNESCO will publish the Sartre lecture at the end of the year. His brief childhood autobiography, "Words: Reading and Writing," published a few months ago and combining a rare and adult charm of style with an analysis of a future *littérateur's* problems between the ages of six and twelve, has proved to be the only really popular autobiography by a famous writer published here since the war, and has been occupying the top of the French best-seller list.

THIS has been such a backward, wayward spring—with tulips only meanly in bloom in suburban gardens, and even the onions hardly in sprout in the vegetable patch—that the recent Floralies Internationales, with nearly twenty acres of hothouse blossoms and shrubs in bloom on the main floor and the four balconies of the enormous Rond-Point de la Défense exhibition hall, in suburban Puteaux, was not only an aesthetic joy but a kind of moral comfort, as if the spring season had been put straight at last, though only artificially. The Floralies is the oldest European flower show still regularly operating; originally, it was held every five years in Ghent, to display the local azalea cult in full vernal bloom. The theme here this year was gardens, in an effort to push the horticulturists' displays into some consolidated planting pattern that French visitors, especially, could learn something from. The most elaborate and effective were the gardens sent up from the Midi, complete with stone walls, an olive tree three hundred years old, and a twelve-foot-high *Magnolia grandiflora* in full weight of bloom, with flowers like heavy-scented wax ornaments. To satisfy the present mode for exotics and the horrendous, there were cactus and other hurtful succulents in flower, and also immodest scarlet anthuriums, as large as heart-shaped fans. The most talked-of and stared-at oddity was the *Protea cynaroides*, the national emblem of South Africa, whose flower looks like a gigantic artichoke ready to eat, with the choke and collar of leaves of pale salmon, rose, or lemon color. Easily the most popular this year of what used to be despised old-fashioned flowering house plants and have now become the vogue was the calceolaria, its calico-patterned cushion-shaped blossoms being displayed at almost every stand of the Floralies. The jungle garden concocted by Lecoufle, the greatest orchid grower of France, was fantastic and almost alarming, with its drooping stalks of rare orchidaceous shapes screamed over by a trio of parrots, one red, one white, and one blue, imprisoned on their perches. At the first Floralies ever held here, five years ago, Lecoufle accompanied his orchids with a couple of stuffed monkeys.

THE inclusion of Shakespeare items in the regular programs of the annual International Theatre Festival, which has just opened at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, was, of course, inevitable. We have already had "Richard II" in Polish from the National Warsaw Theatre, and will shortly have "Twelfth Night" in Turkish and "Measure for Measure" by a Tunisian company playing in Arabic. But nothing in the way of surprises will equal the "Henry V," rebaptized in German "Held Henry," or "Hero Henry," presented as the Shakespeare opener by Bremen's Theater der Freien Hansastadt. It was one of those perversely modernist spectacles that have to be seen to be *not* believed; mere words describing its aberrations must sound simply mendacious. Only in one way can it make sense, and that is if the heroism of this old patriotic chron-

The Attorney
chooses Dacron®
by Kuppenheimer

Why "Dacron?" Because he is a practical man and likes the way fabrics of this marvelous fibre wear a long time with minimum care and hardly ever gets mussed. Why Kuppenheimer? Because he is a professional man and likes the confident, self-assured air that wearing a Kuppenheimer gives him. He rests his case. You can find Kuppenheimer suits in "Dacron"* polyester and worsted from $100 at fine stores everywhere. B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., Chicago, New York, Melbourne.

**DuPont's registered trademark*

He has wisely chosen a two-button in Kuppenheimer's new, youthful-looking XK Series, with its flattering slim lines and equally flattering, but extremely comfortable, forward-pitched shoulders.

THE KUPPENHEIMER LOOK
IS THE
CONFIDENT
LOOK

SUMMERTIME DRESSING

COOL AND REFRESHING AS A POPSICLE—OUR DARK-AND-WHITE COMBINATION OF NAVY BLUE OR COFFEE BROWN DOTTED SWISS WITH A STARCHY WHITE PIQUE SKIRT. BY STILETTO, SIZES 8-16, $18.50 POSTPAID FROM CASUAL CORNER, 566 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

or see it at Casual Corner stores in: abilene, arlington, atlanta, baltimore, boston, charlotte, corpus christi, decatur, fort worth, houston, lancaster, little rock, memphis, milwaukee, nashville, providence, rochester, silver spring, springfield, syracuse, waco, washington, west hartford, worcester

CASUAL CORNER

your next move...

Dinner

AT THE ELEGANT

RITZ RESTAURANT

IN THE

Carlton House

Madison Ave. at 61st St.

Private Suites for Social functions

For reservations call **TE 8-3000**

Operated by the Ritz Carlton Hotel Co., Inc.

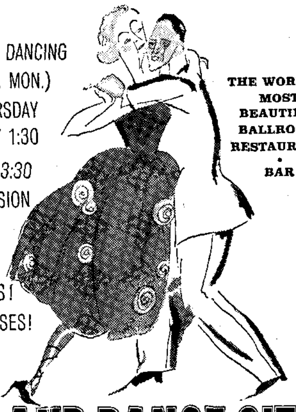
icle is being used as a gibe at the jingoism that lately brought Germany down so low and, in a way, the warring world with it. Such clarity of purpose may be surmised, yet it lay muddled in the confusions willfully created by Peter Zadek, the director, who was born in Berlin, was reputedly educated in England under a Frenchman, and was at least trained theatrically in London at the Old Vic. This is the only influence on him that is no longer visible among the trundling of carts across the stage (Brecht's "Mother Courage"), a pair of archbishops swinging golf clubs and talking tax problems (Joan Littlewood's "Oh, What a Lovely War!"), and two epic backdrops showing portraits of the crowned heads of Britain along with world conquerors from Genghis Khan through Elvis Presley, with the actor who plays Hero Henry himself resembling the late President Kennedy (the tasteless black humor of the worst imitators of the "Beyond the Fringe" crowd). The Bremen troupe has been invited to bring this production to the National Theatre of London—surely reckless on the part of both host and guest.

The best Shakespeare we have seen here yet in the current homage to the Bard has been at the Théâtre de l'Est Parisien, known as the T.E.P., out in the semi-working-class eastern district near the Place Gambetta, where we saw "The Life and Death of King John," in French, for five francs (a dollar) a ticket for the general public, and only three francs a seat for subscribers. The T.E.P. is one of the French state's Maisons de la Culture, under the wing of the government's Ministère des Affaires Culturelles, which has so far subsidized it with ninety thousand annual francs. It gave its Shakespeare in its enormous, elegantly draped and colored auditorium, before a packed-in, well-dressed, and enthusiastic audience of lower-middle-class French, including families and their orderly children—no peanuts, no Cracker Jack, no wolf calls, just the straight, exciting melodrama of Shakespeare, played on noisy bare boards without scenery or a curtain (but with plenty of helpful spotlights). The costumes were in brilliant colors, the recorded trumpet music was of the period, and the vast stage was equipped with a staircase or two for soldiers with banners to mount or descend, their feet martially thumping as they marched off on the double. Economy, love of métier, violent gestures, and splendidly raised voices in the big scenes gave the performance all the

To the millions of out-of-towners who came to New York to eat at Kenny's Steak Pub:

While you're here, visit the World's Fair.

LEX AVE. AT 50TH ST. EL 5-0666. OPEN SUNDAY 5 P.M. PIANO NITELY.



CONTINUOUS DANCING
NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM RESTAURANT • BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

Bonnie Oaks Lodge and Bungalows

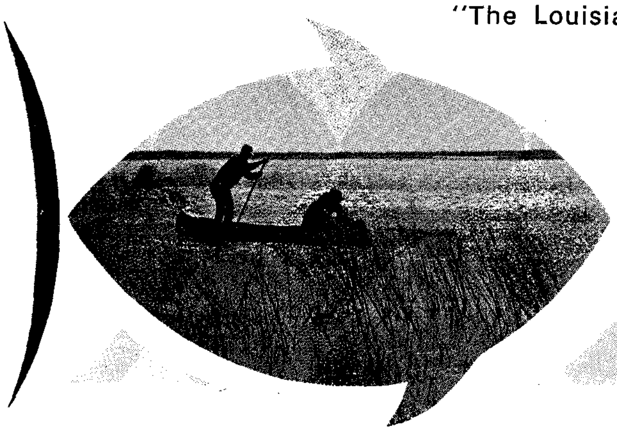
Ideal for Families, Honeymooners. New 9-hole Golf Course. Clay Tennis Courts, Cruiser, Water Skiing, Buffets, Beachcomber Room. Greatest Vermont Food. Early June to Late October. Write Box 23, for Color Folder.

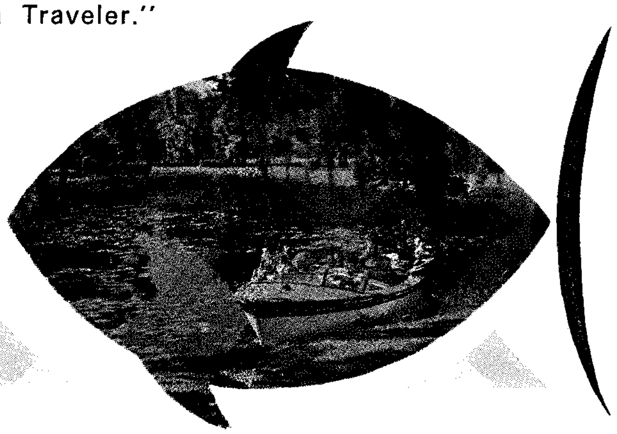
The Avery Family
On Beautiful Lake Morey—Fairlee, Vt.

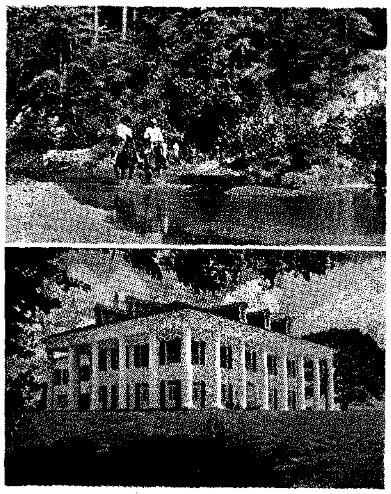
Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialties:
Soupe à l'oignon
Moules Mariniere
Rock Cornish Game Hen
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

Like Variety? You'll LOVE Louisiana

A whole world of pleasure awaits you in Louisiana —the variety vacation-land. For a sample, write for your free full-color copy of "The Louisiana Traveler."







Tourist Bureau
Department of Commerce and Industry
P.O. Box 4291, Baton Rouge 4, La.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State_______Zip_______

NY 5-4

MARTELL
COGNAC
J.&F. MARTELL
MARTELL
Established in 1715 in the reign of Louis XIV
V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P.
LOUIS XIV
MEDALLION
FINE CHAMPAGNE
LIQUEUR BRANDY
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U.S.A.
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VERSOIX-PARIS

Nobody knows cognac like the French
Martell is number one in France

Ask for Martell V.S.O.P., a luxury cognac of rare flavor, bouquet and presence. Look for the bottle with the distinguishing gold seal of Louis XIV

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

marks and sounds of a truly impassioned repertory company boldly handling an imported literary classic. The T.E.P. is a real house of culture, worth a visit by cultivated foreigners.

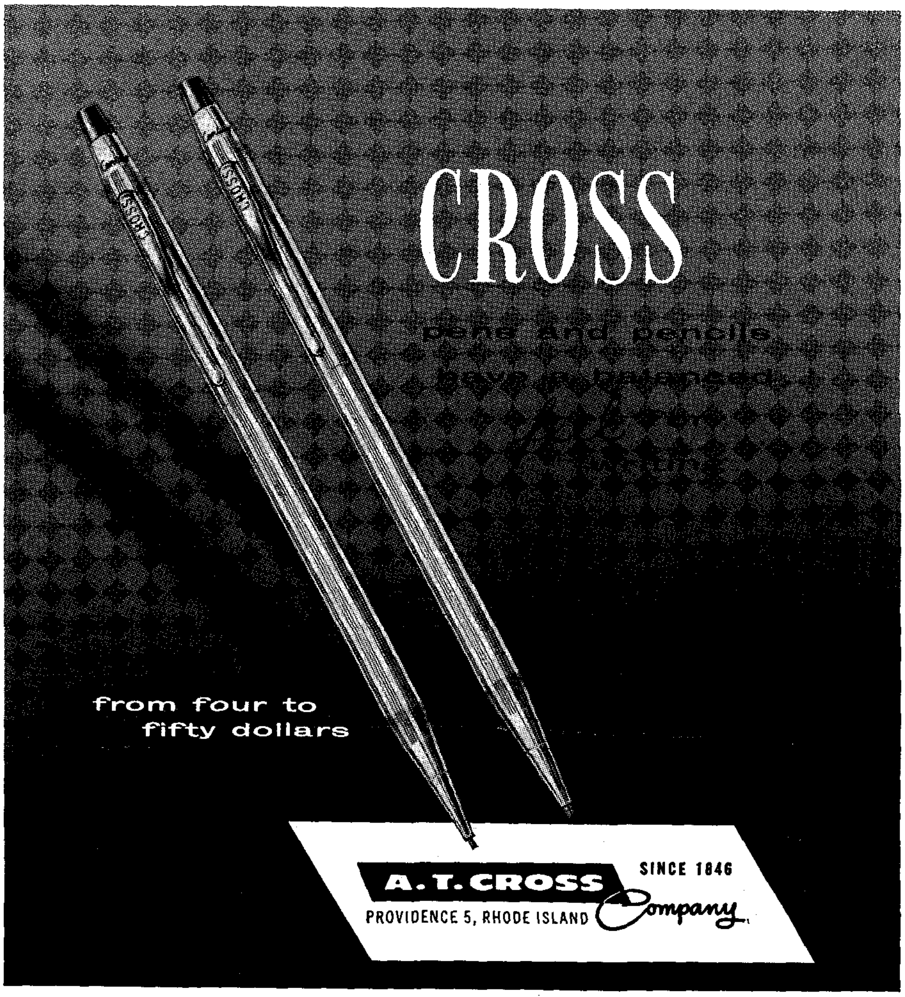
AS you may be aware, Paris is no music center. Parisians take most delight in attending musical performances so rare in their stellar ranking that they can occur only a few times a season, like a great orchestra with a great conductor, both imported, or the unrivalled operatic soprano from Greece, or a lieder baritone from Germany—special events and personalities, with no relation to a native civic melomania such as Berliners constantly enjoy, but something unique each time. The success here since last November of a new series of monthly Monday concerts at the Salle Gaveau—six in number, and now finished—has been in itself a Parisian rarity that has to be explained. The series, founded by M. Doda Conrad and oddly titled "Eremurus"—the name of a flower of the lily family as well as the title of an early Darius Milhaud song—had a special aim. This was to bring to Paris excellent artists who do not usually play here—Paris, except for sellout star performers, not being a money-making proposition musically. For a modest fee, certain artists were content to come here for the Eremurus series, for the pleasure of seeing Paris again, as well as for the chance to play unusual programs they would not be likely to play elsewhere, and for the satisfaction of performing before a special subscription group of choice, musicianly appreciators, headed by Mlle. Nadia Boulanger. The first concert featured the Novak Chamber Quartet, from Prague, which had apparently never before been in Paris at all. One of the concerts was a salute to Wanda Landowska played by the harpsichordist Rafael Puyana, which illustrated French influences on German music, such as the Bach overture "Nach Französischer Art." In the salute to Stravinsky, played by the Société de Musique d'Autrefois, the program was mostly made up of certain fifteenth- and sixteenth-century musical creations that Stravinsky himself fancies. The outstanding piano treat was given by the well-known, no longer young Polish pianist Mieczyslaw Horszowski—usually regarded here as the successor to Artur Schnabel—who played a première of a Pablo Casals composition (not very interesting), and then, at one sitting and from memory, played Beethoven's thirty-three variations on

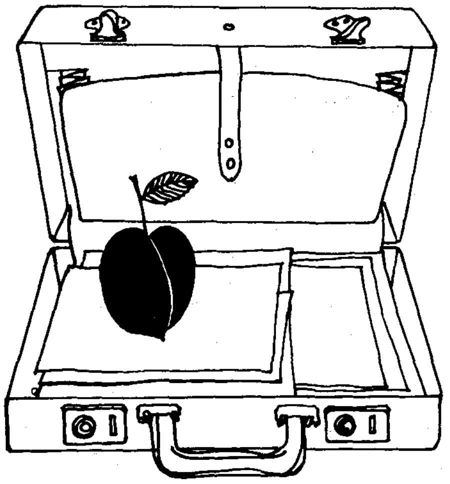
(*Advertisement*)

MANAGER
COMPLAINT DEPT.
barth

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Who's complaining? After all, men with the knack of calming troubled waters deserve a bit of pampering. A Bigelow coddles an executive, makes for a cheerful adjustment to life at the front of the line. And Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.





PLUM ASSIGNMENT
IN MONTREAL

To be sent on business to French, French, very French Montreal and stay at the Queen Elizabeth. It's like a trip to Europe. Superb continental cuisine. Charming service. Gala times. But why wait for an assignment! Come on your own this weekend. It's so affordable.

HOTEL Queen Elizabeth
MONTREAL

Family Plan • Free garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y. Res. Off. • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel.
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

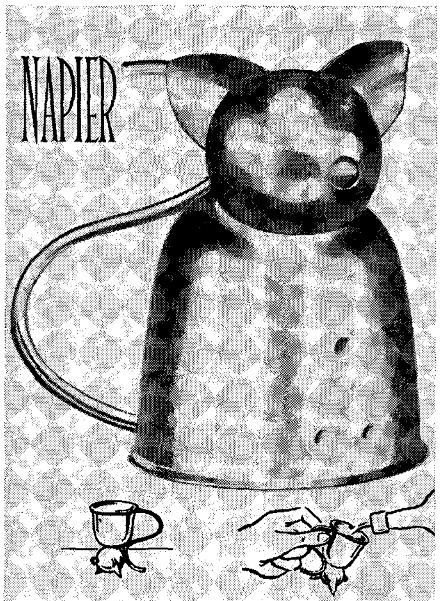
Clothing, naturally tailored by
Grieco

Available at these and other fine stores

DePinna	New York, N. Y.
Harry Coffee	Fresno, Calif.
Don Paul's	Greensboro, N. C.
Phelps-Terkel	Los Angeles, Calif.
Schupp & Snyder	Louisville, Ky.

a waltz by Diabelli, giving his listeners a continuity of pleasure and performance. The most popular of the programs was furnished by the Deller Consort, of London—"consort" apparently being an early form of "concert"—heard here for the first time. Headed by the bearded countertenor Alfred Deller, who was supported by his son and a lute player, among others, they sang English madrigals and old London street cries, and were a tremendous hit with the Parisians. Deller *père* is a phenomenon. Over his reddish beard he sings forth, without effort or ambiguity, in a clear, unaffected voice like a soprano saxophone.

FOR months, there has been more or less constant criticism here of the state television programs—probably precisely because the government has its thumb on them, and not necessarily because they are dull, though they are certainly less bright and intelligent entertainment than what the English B.B.C. viewers get to look at. Much of the grousing in France against TV is automatic and political, because it belongs to and is censored and thus created by the government of *qui vous savez*, as the French always call President de Gaulle. As it happened, his return home from the Cochin Hospital—to the country's enormous relief—more or less coincided with the liveliest TV special program seen for a long time. On Sunday, in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the completion of the Tour Eiffel, the structure was scaled, in relays, by six mountain climbers in rubber shoes, who clambered up its westernmost leg in three stages, taking twenty-five minutes of TV time for each. This sight of mountaineers shinning up the Eiffel Tower was considered so spectacular that it was shown on Eurovision hookups to fourteen countries and fifty million telespectators. Sunday in Paris was a dramatic day for weather and climbing, with gale-driven gusts of rain, so that the climbers' black-and-white striped jackets billowed in the winds, and raindrops often smeared the camera shots. As a foolish daredevil exploit by paid climbers (one of whom had climbed practically everything important in the Himalayas except Annapurna), it was a sight to see from a comfortable chair, with splendid down-looking camera views of Paris, the Seine, and its quai-side apartments far below, since photographers were also aloft. After the climbers' arrival at the elevator-change station below the top, their third goal, somebody not in-



THE FAT CAT

Hear the concealed bell tinkle with every movement of this silver plated cool cat. Does a headstand for easy filling—one and two ounce markings measure drinks. $6.00 plus tax

shown ¾ size design copyrighted

Available at Fine Stores Everywhere

THE NAPIER CO.
530 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 36

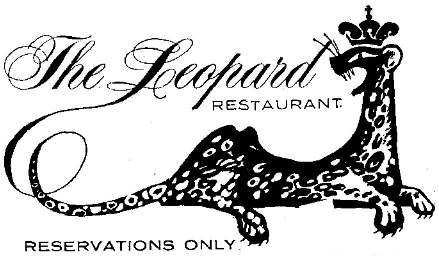
Imported
TEQUILA
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN
90 Proof

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

GAVILAN TEQUILA!

Meet this spirited new challenger in the Te-kon-ic (Gavilan and Tonic) Margharita Bloody Matador!

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors



The Leopard RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

EL MOROCCO

- COCKTAILS
- DINNERS
- SUPPERS
- Continuous Dancing
- 2 Orchestras
- Open 6 days a week
- DINERS CLUB
- AM. EXPRESS

A N.Y. LANDMARK 307 EAST 54 STREET PLAZA 2-5079

cluded in the TV program suddenly appeared below on the first balcony. He was a Hungarian house painter who had worked for a year painting the Tour Eiffel—a celibate named Gyulia Nagy (only unmarried men are hired by the city for this dangerous job), who, in ordinary street shoes, had climbed faster than the mountaineers to reach the first balcony, where he was arrested by the Paris police. He would have stolen the TV show—had he only been visible on it. —GENÊT

•

A YELLOW CIRCLE

A green
string
is fastened
to the earth,
at its apex
a yellow
circle
of silky
superimposed
spokes.
The sun
is its mother.

Later,
the string
is taller.
The circle
is white—
an aureole
of evanescent
hairs
the wind
makes breathe.

Later still,
it is altered;
the green
string
is thicker,
the white
circle
bald
on one side.
It is a half
circle
the wind lifts away.

—MAY SWENSON

•

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—(CDN)—Police at Orange, New South Wales, took one look at Neil C. Madden, heard his story, and promptly arrested him for drunken driving.

Madden, who later was fined $45, confessed he had had 75 beers before he climbed into his truck.

Scientists say a good diet included 11 parts carbohydrates, two parts protein and three parts fat.—*Seattle Times.*

That's not going to satisfy Madden.

Cricket Cloth
Stripes

©1964 CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS

Seersucker by Creighton so fair and honorably behaved you'll say, "it's cricket"! Bold white tape stripe on colored grounds of Camel, Red, or Antique Bronze. Button down collar, box pleat and hanger loop . . . naturally. About $6.00 at select retailers.

CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK

our man in Bangkok
has been busily
hand weaving the
most sumptuous silks
exclusively for our
le coq d'or collection.

ever see more
elegant Thais?

le coq d'or
by rooster

BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York • ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Brooklyn • JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia • BURDINE'S, Miami
THE HALLE BROS. CO., Cleveland & Erie • L. S. AYRES of INDIANA and other fine stores . . 3.50
ROOSTER CRAFT, INC., 10 EAST 40th STREET, NEW YORK

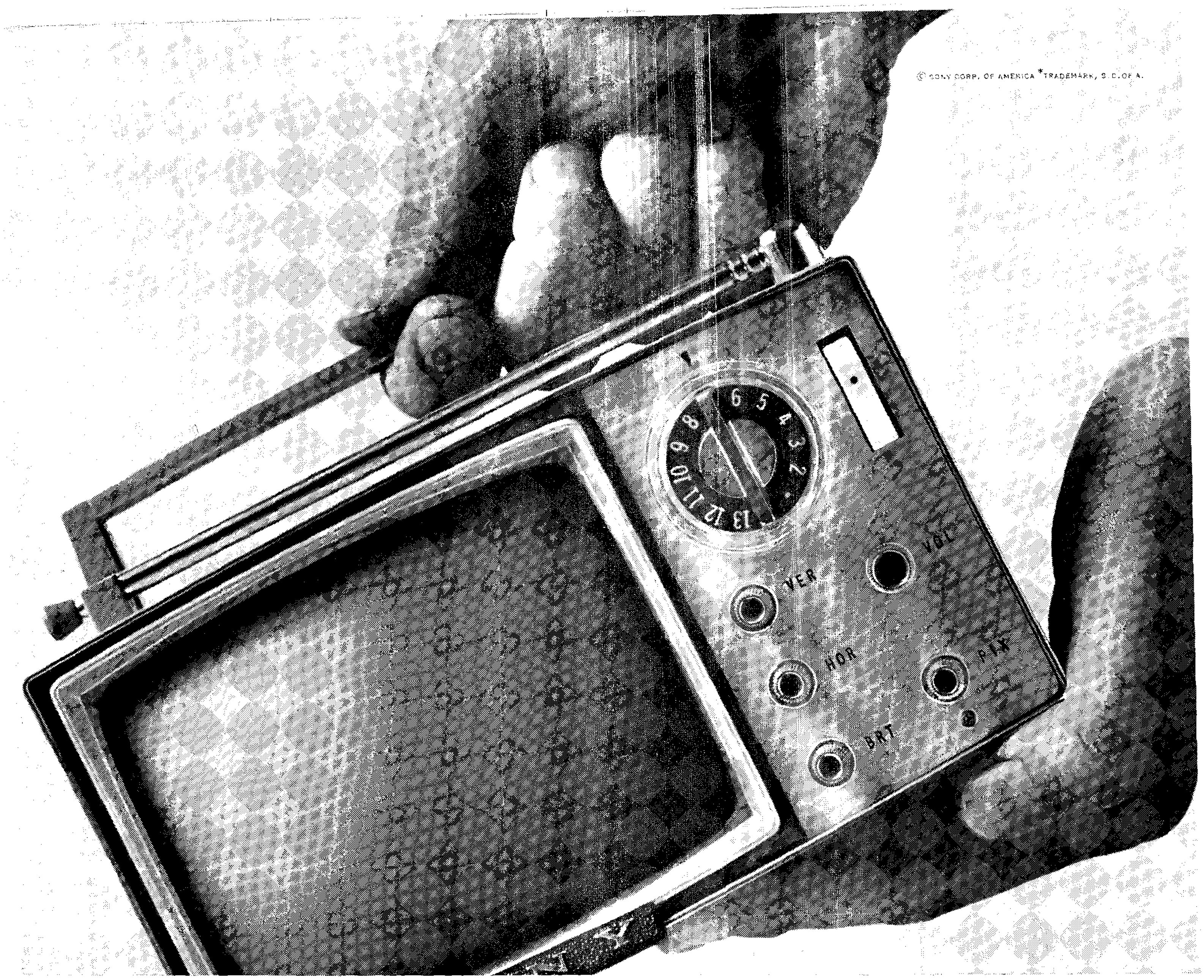
THE SPORTING SCENE

FOUR DAYS IN APRIL

IT is generally agreed, I think, that the most difficult sports event to watch is a golf tournament. The reasons are obvious. Instead of unfolding conveniently in front of the spectator within the circumscribed area of a court or a field, the action in golf spreads out over a course covering a hundred and fifty acres or so. Furthermore, in a seventy-two-hole stroke-play competition, which is the standard pattern in tournament golf today, the action in each round takes place simultaneously on many holes and sometimes on all eighteen, and it is no easy thing to be in the right place at the right time. I remember, to cite one particularly piquant instance, the final round of the 1954 annual Masters championship, in Augusta, Georgia, when I followed Billy Joe Patton for the first four holes and then left him in favor of dashing back to pick up Ben Hogan on the second hole—a shrewd tactical maneuver that enabled me to hear perfectly the distant roar that greeted Patton's hole in one on the sixth. That is the way it generally goes at a golf tournament, and sooner or later a spectator learns not to despair too deeply when vibrant salvos of cheers and applause erupting from the various sectors of the course remind him how few of the fireworks he is viewing. On the other hand, one can be quite sure of seeing a fairly high proportion of the *significant* action in a golf tournament if one sticks close to the current leader, leaving him only to take off after some reputable contender who, having put together a few birdies, is obviously working on a really hot round. I have followed this conservative procedure in recent years with reasonably good results, but of late I have grown a bit dissatisfied with it. It has made me too leader-conscious during the early rounds, when tournaments are seldom won or lost, and I have been smelling only half the flowers. In any event, at the 1964 Masters championship, last month, which Arnold Palmer won with the finest exhibition of sustained shot-making he has ever produced in this country, I resolved that during the first three days I would take in some of the side play that has helped make this tournament the most colorful occasion in golf. I could do this, I felt, and still be able to watch enough of the leaders' rounds to have a pretty good idea of how the tournament was shaping up.

On Thursday, the day of the opening round, I made it a point to go out onto the course with the first two starters—Freddy McLeod and Jock Hutchison. McLeod, who is eighty-one, is a small, laconic Scotsman from North Berwick, who won the United States Open at the Myopia Hunt Club in 1908. Hutchison, who is only seventy-nine, came to this country from St. Andrews as a young man and, after developing his game here, returned to his home town in 1921 and carried off the British Open that summer on the famous Old Course. (In that championship, by the way, Hutchison came within a hair of making two consecutive holes in one. He sank his iron on the eighth hole, a hundred-and-thirty-five-yard par 3, and on the ninth, a short par 4, two hundred and seventy-eight yards long, his drive rolled onto the green, caught a corner of the cup, and just twisted out.) When the Masters was inaugurated, in 1934, it was decided that every golfer who had ever won a major championship would be sent an invitation to participate, and that is how McLeod and Hutchison came to be part of the picture at Augusta. Two years ago, it became necessary to revise the setup of the Masters so that only golfers who had won their titles within the previous ten years would be eligible, but by that time Hutchison and McLeod, playing together in the opening twosome, had become such a delightful part of the Masters' tradition that no one for a moment considered the possibility of having the tournament start any other way. This year, the two white-haired Scots teed off at eight-forty-five of a cloudless, windless morning—the first of four such lovely days, it turned out. Hutchison, up first, slapped an excellent tee shot a hundred and eighty yards down the middle of the fairway. McLeod pulled his drive a little, but he was down the left side of the fairway, about a hundred and seventy-five yards out. The three hundred early risers clustered around the first tee gave the two old boys a rousing hand and watched them stride off spryly onto the course. I always try to be on hand when McLeod and Hutchison tee off, but this year I walked the first nine holes with them, and I am extremely happy that I did. For one thing, both of them played a number of impressive golf shots. For example, on the first hole, a four-hundred-yard par 4, McLeod, some fifty yards from the pin in three after underclubbing himself on his approach, laid a wonderfully deft chip stone-dead and got his 5. On the second, a five-hundred-and-fifty-five-yard par 5, both found the bunker before the green—McLeod on his fourth shot, Hutchison on his third. McLeod came out weakly, twenty-five feet short, but then he knocked his long putt right into the middle of the cup. Hutchison also got down in two, for he played a marvellous explosion shot that left him just a tap-in. Later, Hutchison made an even more brilliant recovery, from the bunker behind the green on the seventh hole. This is one of the most troublesome bunkers on the course, for the green is skiddy and falls sharply away from the golfer, but Hutchison stopped a delicate half-cut explosion shot a foot from the cup. On the eighth, a five-hundred-and-thirty-yard par-5 backbreaker that runs uphill practically all the way from tee to green, McLeod assured himself of his 6 when he hit the narrow green with a long 3-iron. He reached the turn in 47, Hutchison in 48. Some years, the old champions play only nine holes, but this year, although McLeod had a bad foot and Hutchison's left hip was bothering him, they decided that it was simply too nice a day not to go the whole eighteen. Both finished with 95, and, what was much more remarkable, they completed their round in two hours and thirty-three minutes—a full forty minutes before the next twosome, Jack Fleck and Jean Garaialde, a French professional, came puffing up the eighteenth fairway.

I spent most of the rest of the day



© SONY CORP. OF AMERICA *TRADEMARK, S.C.OF A.

When you've suffered a massive overdose of television, you can stick it in a drawer.

Television is wonderful.

It brings the world into your home. Hour after hour after hour after hour.

But wouldn't it be swell to keep the world out for an hour or two? Or maybe even for a whole evening?

Most people can't tear themselves away from their TV sets for a very simple reason:

Most television sets are just too big to ignore.

The Sony Micro*-TV has a 5-inch screen.

It demands your attention when you watch it.

And it's easy to ignore when you don't.

It lets you be a critic instead of a victim because it doesn't dominate the whole house.

It weighs all of 8 pounds, so when you're up to here with TV, you can put it out of sight. You can help the kids with their homework. Or read a book. Or study Portuguese. Or save yourself for the really great programs.

When something worthwhile does come on, the Sony really shines.

The picture is extraordinary; better than anything you've seen. It's almost impossible to make it flip or flop.

There are no tubes to blow; there are no tubes at all.

There are transistors instead, made only by us and installed only by hand.

The transistors let the Sony work on batteries as well as AC, so you can see the better programs in your car, on your boat or even in the middle of nowhere.

Still, one of the great joys of modern living is to have a Sony portable playing on a raft out on a lake, and to reach over and turn it off.

SONY®

VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

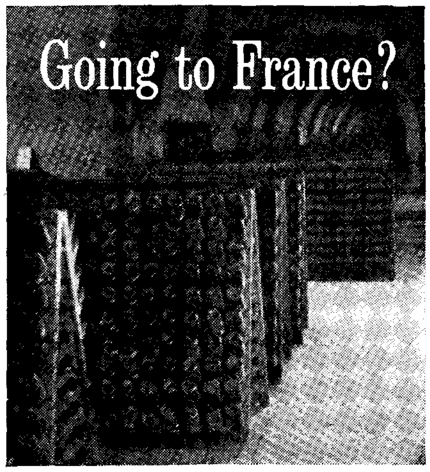
Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers

SUMMER HATS

PATCHED STRIPED SEERSUCKER HAT	$5.00
PATCHED INDIA MADRAS HAT	5.00
COCONUT STRAW Pinched front or plain center crease	6.50
COTTON POPLIN WITH STRIPE BAND	5.00
INDIA MADRAS PATCH CAP	5.00
SENNET STRAW BOATER 1⅞" brim, club stripe band Sizes 6⅞ - 7⅝	7.50

Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s
Add 50¢ for postage
Write for summerwear brochure

14 East 44th Street
CHIPP NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 CHIPP



Visit the Famed Moët Champagne Cellars!

A scenic two-hour ride from Paris are the 15-mile cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon—the birthplace of champagne. You are invited to visit the Maison at Epernay to see how Moët is made.

Ask your travel agent for a folder describing the adventure. Or write to "Moët Trip," Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, New York, N.Y.

MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE
World's Largest Producer of Champagne

watching Jack Nicklaus, who was paired with Downing Gray, and Palmer, who was paired with Labron Harris, Jr. Nicklaus, the tournament favorite, was hitting the ball a country mile, as usual, but his iron play was imprecise and, on top of that, he holed nothing of any length on the slowish greens. He was around in 71, with thirty-seven putts. Palmer finished with a 69, three under par, which tied him for the lead with four other players. The first shot I watched him play was his approach—either a 4-iron or a 5-iron—to the fifth, perhaps the hardest par 4 on the course. He put it twelve feet from the hole. What was at least as important as the result of that shot was the ease and restraint with which it was hit. Instead of trying to rip through the ball just as hard as he could, with his immensely powerful hands, which has been his usual style, he played the approach with an unhurried, cohesive swing in which the movements of his legs, hips, shoulders, arms, and hands were fused together so smoothly that the stroke really did seem effortless. The ball fluttered down onto the green as softly as a leaf—also something new for Palmer, since his medium and short irons generally come in smoking hot and the heavy spin on the ball sets it hopping around like a jumping bean. On the next hole, the par-3 sixth, a hundred and ninety yards long, he hit a 5-iron with this same rhythmic, integrated swing, and once again the ball floated down about a dozen feet from the hole. Palmer, it was apparent, had been working extremely hard to modify certain facets of his technique, and had managed, after a disappointing winter campaign, to bring his game to a sharp pitch at exactly the right time. It was equally apparent—for he was smiling hardly at all and was locked deep in concentration throughout his round—that he felt keenly his failure to win a major championship since the 1962 British Open, and meant to do something about it.

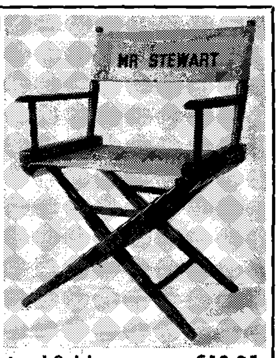
IN this year's Masters, twenty-five players in the starting field of ninety-eight were from foreign countries—an exceptionally large representation. In the first round, they performed very well, on the whole. Five of them broke par, and Kel Nagle, the bronzed, clean-cut Australian veteran, who beat Palmer by a shot to win the 1960 British Open, was one of the four men tied for the lead with Palmer at 69. My plan for the second day called for me to see a good bit of Nagle's round, and since he was one of the late starters, I

John Bradford was seen talking to a celebrity in the La Concha lobby yesterday.

Talking to himself, no doubt.

Everyone is a celebrity at La Concha, on San Juan's Gold Coast. Every room overlooks the ocean. There's an Olympic-size pool and Cabana Club. Golf privileges on a famous 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. (You come be a celebrity, too.)
European Plan: single from $15, double from $20, April 16 - Dec. 14.
See your travel agent or write Hotel La Concha, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; JU 2-4949.
Modified American Plan available.

La Concha Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico
An Associated Federal Hotel; Cecil Mills, President



PERSONALIZED DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

Visit our store and see a complete line of casual and outdoor living furniture, including this canvas director's chair. Personalized with his name, "The Boss," "Le Directeur," "Her Majesty,"—or use your imagination—we'll personalize it up to 18 letters. Choose canvas in 10 standard colors.

Wood frame in natural finish	$13.95
Black or white finish	$14.50

Walnut finish $16.95 Express charges collect
Order by mail if you wish. Send for free brochure.

JENSEN-LEWIS Dept. N-16, 156 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.
WA 9-4880 Store Hours: 9:30-5 Mon. thru Fri. 10:30-5 Saturdays

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

STRAPARAMA®

Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.

All colors and sizes for men and women attached in one minute. Prices $2.50 to $10.00.

Who says a watchstrap has to be ordinary?

TIME MART 425 MADISON AVE.
PL 3-9284 Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

"Enro, the shirts made one at a time."

(Shirtbuilders)

decided to spend part of the morning watching some of the other foreign players. In the old days, golfers from other countries, who nearly all had grown up on comparatively short, fast courses, found themselves unable to "fly" the ball far enough off the tee to handle a long meadowland course like the Augusta National, where the lush fairways yield comparatively little roll. Nowadays, as I learned on the morning of the second round, this has changed radically. The modern American method of striking the golf ball has become universal, and players like Chen Ching-po, a graceful Formosan, and Ramon Sota, a stocky ex-*vaquero* from Santander, in Spain, can hit the ball as far as they need to hit it. Nagle, oddly, is one of the shortest drivers among the foreign players—he takes a restricted, three-quarter backswing, on which he makes only a partial shoulder turn—but he is a very straight driver, a steady iron player, and a superlative putter, and this combination of qualities has frequently proved enough to compensate for his lack of length. He started his second round at Augusta with three solid pars and a birdie, and when I left him to go see how Palmer was getting along, Nagle stood four under par for the route and was leading the tournament.

I caught up with Palmer just before he played his second shot on the thirteenth—a four-hundred-and-seventy-five-yard par 5 that may well be not only the most scenic but altogether the best hole on the course. Essentially, it is a sharp dogleg to the left, the break coming about two hundred and sixty yards out from the tee. A ridge of tall pines rises along the left side of the fairway, and between the ridge and the fairway an arm of Rae's Creek, four or five feet wide, adds a nice fillip of menace. Just before the green, the creek suddenly swerves across the fairway in a double-S curve, and then it loops back along the right-hand edge of the green. The creek, of course, makes the hole, and the hole, of course, favors the long hitter, for the man who is able to carry the hazard with two big shots is in an excellent position to pick up a birdie 4 or, not too infrequently, an eagle 3. Palmer, as you may remember, eagled the hole on his last round in 1958, when he belted a low, snarling 3-wood through a heavy crosswind to within sixteen feet of the pin. It was this thrust that set up his initial breakthrough in the tournament that year. On this much milder afternoon, some six Aprils later, Palmer, after a well-placed drive, elected to play his second with a 1-iron,

Palm Beach® knows no age limit—
is equally partial
to father & son—
handsome examples:
sports jackets
in new plaids of Dacron*
polyester and cotton.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of
Burlington Industries

Burlington QUALITY

*DU PONT T. M. FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.

IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS
LIME SOAP
AFTER SHAVE

At last a man's bath set worth fighting for

Meet the double Lime Cooler: the bath set for men, fresh from the Virgin Islands. The essence of true West Indian Limes is laced liberally into hefty bar and bracing after shave. Mildly astringent. Insinuating but subliminal aroma. You *sense* the Island scent rather than smell it. Lime Soap and Lime After Shave come side-by-side in a native, handwoven hamper. *Note:* Use hasp to guard contents from wife. $7.50 plus U.S. tax.

West Indies Bay Company, Div., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

ZEBRA - ZEBRA
by Catalina
from our new
PRINCE & PRINCESS
BOUTIQUE

Boys' Zebra Trunks with Zebra Towel to match
Toddler sizes: 2, 3, 4 ....6.00
Girls' one-piece Zebra Bathing Suit with Zebra Towel
Toddler sizes: 2, 3, 4 ....7.50
Sizes: 3-6x 8.50
Girls' 2-piece Zebra Suit with Zebra Towel
Sizes: 3-6x 8.50

F.A.O.
SCHWARZ
Children's World
FIFTH AVE. AT 58 ST., NEW YORK
MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS ACCEPTED • MU 8-2200

IDEAL FOR A FAMILY VACATION

For many years we have made catering to children a special art. Planned activities are varied from day to day—so boredom is unknown. Each of three age groups has its own program and recreation area under expert supervision. Even on those rare occasions when the weather is inclement we know what to do to make sure children will have fun. A fringe benefit of all this is that parents have an enjoyable time, too. To find out about our family vacations write for illustrated folder. It will quickly convince you that we have made an art of "family fun in the sun."

Rates begin at $9.00 per person, double. **Family Plan rates:** Children under 12, sharing room with adult, only $2 per day room charge. Breakfast and Dinner, add $7.50 per person. Children, on meal plan: free under 6 years; 6 to 12 years, $3.75.

CHALFONTE HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co.... Progressive Innkeepers for 74 Years
For Reservations: Ask Operator for 609-344-5131 Collect
Member of Distinguished Hotels Coast to Coast

and he came through with a magnificent shot. The ball landed about a dozen feet short of the pin and just missed hitting it as it rolled seven feet past. He failed to hole the short putt for his eagle, but that birdie put him one stroke under par for his second round and started him off on one of those old-time Palmer rushes, which saw him birdie three of the last five holes. He ended up with a 68 (35–33), giving him a halfway total of 137 and a four-shot lead over the field. Palmer's second-round performance was the more noteworthy in that he managed it despite the handicap of being paired with Juan (Chi Chi) Rodriguez, who I should think must be the most disconcerting man in golf to have as one's playing partner. A lean little fellow from Puerto Rico—he is five feet seven and weighs a hundred and sixteen pounds—Rodriguez has a prodigious talent for golf, but the moment he finds himself presented with a large captive audience, such as is grouped around every green in the Masters, the ham in him pushes every other consideration into the wings and takes over. Rodriguez' act is built around grabbing his straw hat from his head and extending it full arm to the skies as he tirelessly acknowledges the presence of the crowd. Playing with Palmer, he added an extra touch by pretending that he thought the applause for Palmer was really meant for him. The truth of the matter is that Rodriguez is a pretty comical fellow—there is more than a touch of Cantinflas in him—but his antics are miles out of place at a golf tournament, and the quicker he takes his act somewhere Off Broadway, the better for all concerned.

When I picked Nagle up again, late in the day, he was walking to the thirteenth tee, and in the interim he had slipped badly. He now stood one shot over par for the tournament, and this was exactly the spot where he needed the restorative lift of a birdie, but, being a short hitter, his best chance of getting one on the thirteenth depended on risking the dangerous short-cut route on his drive—keeping the ball close to the creek and woods at the bend of the fairway. He pulled his drive a fraction, the ball caught a pine limb and ricocheted to the bank of the creek, and Nagle was never again a factor in the 1964 Masters.

AT the end of the first thirty-six holes, the low amateur in the field was Billy Joe Patton, with a total of 144. Ten years ago, Patton, then an all but unknown North Carolinian who

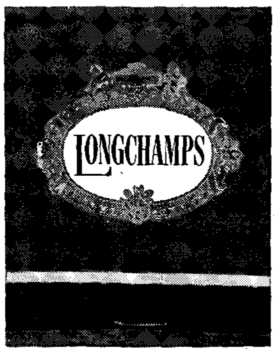
No. 2 in a Series:

EXHIBITED AT
Museum of Modern Art
New York
Art Institute of Chicago
City Art Museum of St. Louis
Museum of Fine Arts
Boston
Virginia Museum of Fine Arts
Philadelphia Museum of Art

PICASSO
The Old Beggar (1903)
An Original Pencil and Ink Drawing
12 1/2 x 5 inches
Price upon request

ACQUAVELLA
Galleries, inc.
119 East 57th Street, New York
Tel. PLaza 3-1296

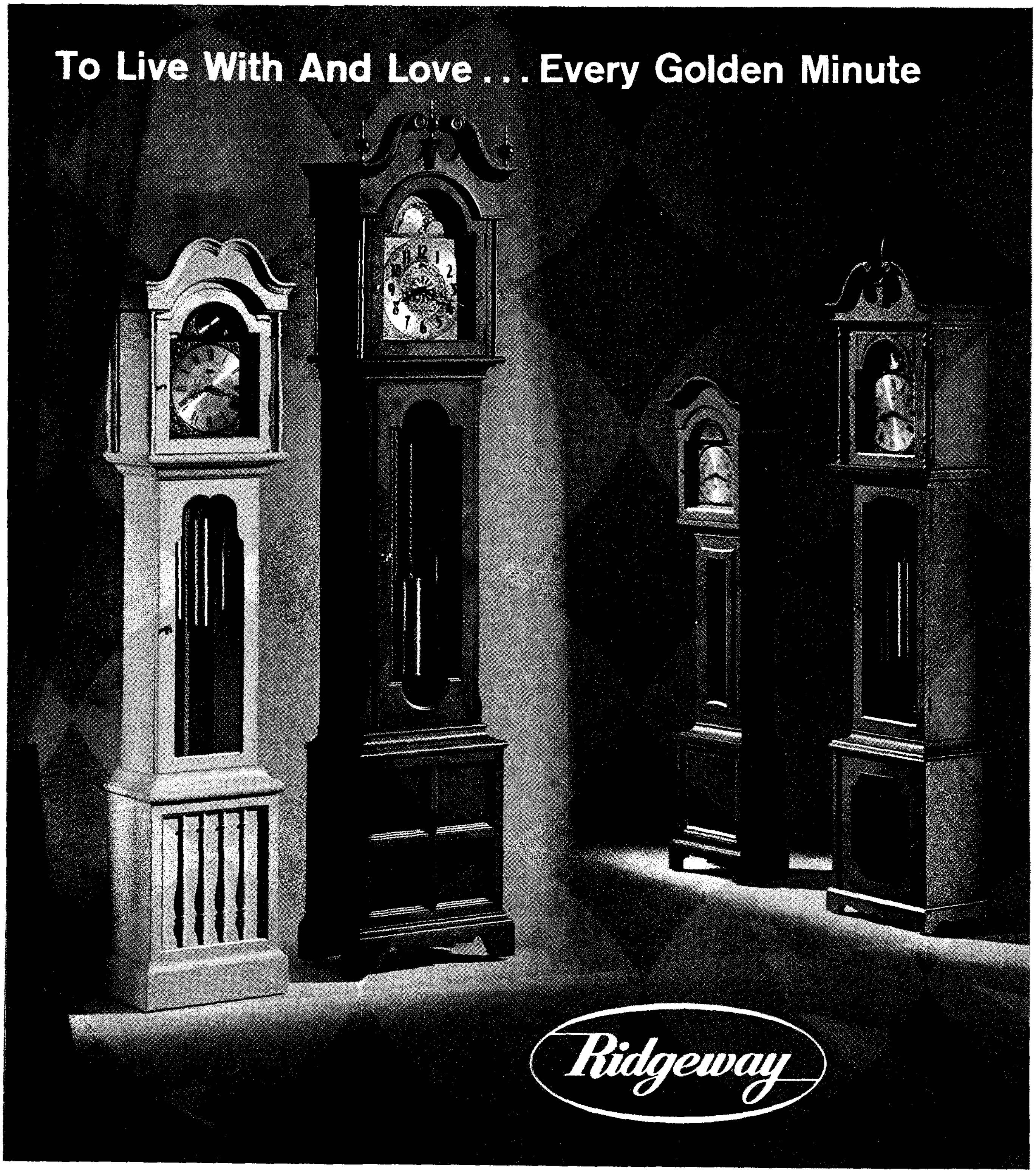
Nine of New York's
great restaurants
are named



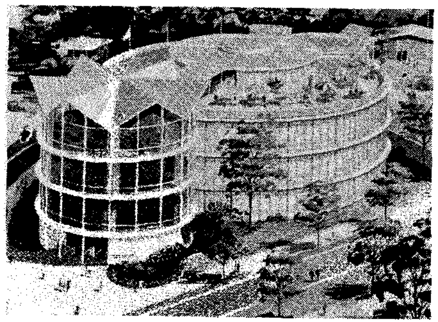
Mrs. Van O_______met
Odol in Paris and
rediscovered it in Akron

THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

Nino's RESTAURANT
CUCINA CLASSICA
Telephone:
BEDFORD VILLAGE
4-3374
4-9840
Rt. 121—BEDFORD VILLAGE, N.Y.
Merritt Pkwy Exit 31 (40 mi. from N.Y.)
Open 12 to 11 P. M. Closed Tuesdays



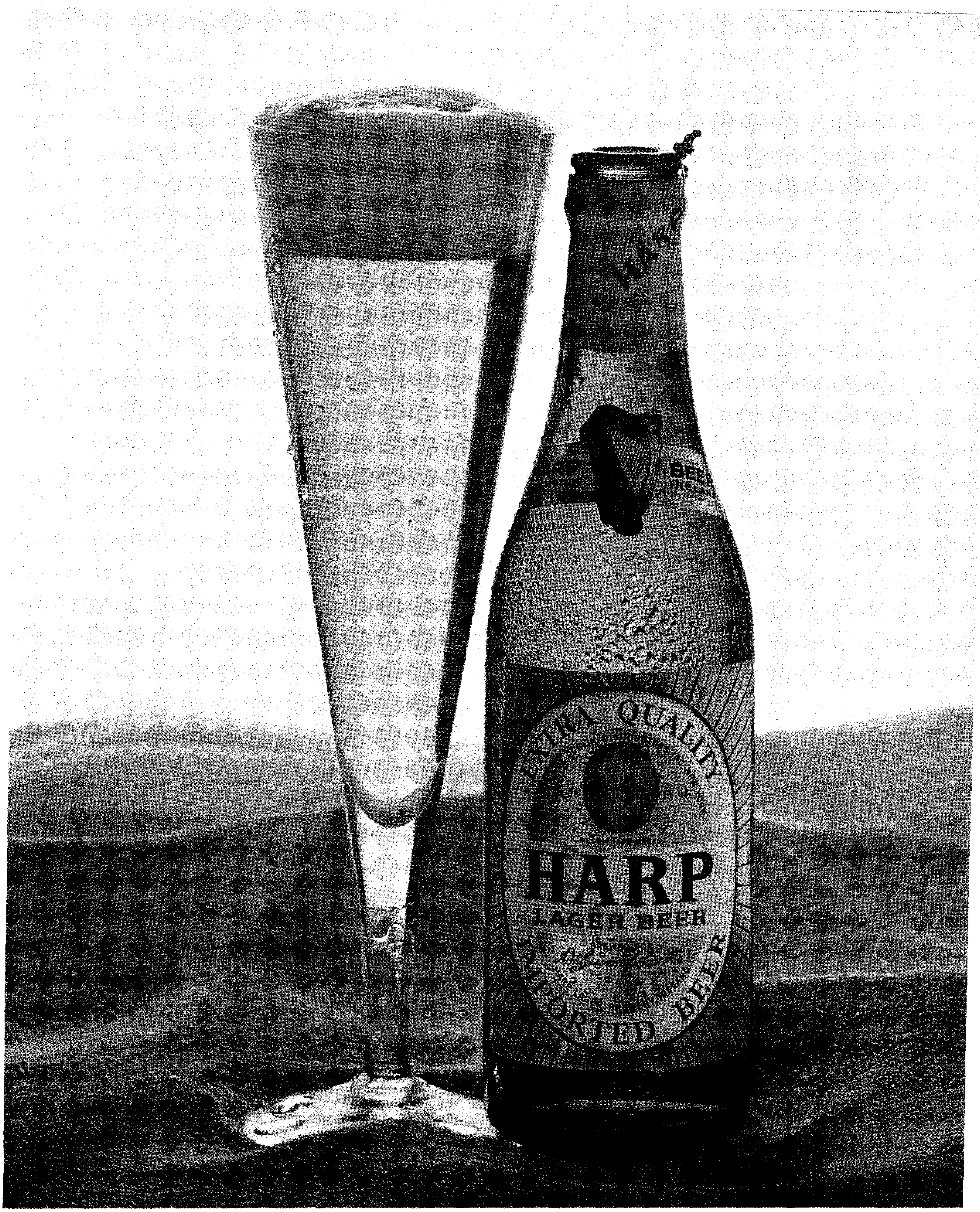
Ridgeway World's Fair Collection. Left to right: "Lady Cornwall," "The Jefferson," "Miss Caroline," "Lady Lexington."



The Pavilion of American Interiors, exhibiting Ridgeway's World's Fair Collection. New York World's Fair.

These are the Ridgeway clocks selected for display in that showcase of decorating, the Pavilion of American Interiors at the New York World's Fair. Today's trend to elegance finds vivid expression in these gracious accent pieces. You choose from 5 muted decorator colors and 6 gorgeous wood tones, to complement any room, any decor. Mellow-voiced chimes fill your home with the serene sounds of time, imported West German movements guard the minutes jealously, with old-world accuracy. Let us send you a colorful catalog of these and other fine Ridgeway clocks, timely tips on decor drama, "The Story of Grandmother Clocks," and other material. Write, enclosing 25¢, to

Ridgeway / Division of Gravely Furniture Company, Inc., Dept. NY, Martinsville, Virginia


HARP
EXTRA QUALITY
HARP
LAGER BEER
IMPORTED BEER
BEER
IRELAND

If it's just something cold and wet you want, drink water.

Harp is too good to waste on a thirst. Too full of flavor. Too full of taste and overtones of taste that linger deep in the throat long after Harp's first golden bubbles burst. Drink it slowly. Enjoy the beer with a twinkle in its taste, the beer that only Ireland could have brewed. Drink Harp to please the palate, to savor the flavor, sipping, not gulping. Let lesser beverages slake the thirst.

IMPORTED BY DUBLIN DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK had been invited to play in the Masters on the shoestring qualification of being an alternate on the Walker Cup team, rose to celebrity almost overnight when he fought a tremendous battle right down to the final hole against Ben Hogan and Sam Snead, the two giants of that day, and finished only one stroke behind them even after taking a 7 on the thirteenth and a 6 on the fifteenth, when he twice gambled for birdies on those par 5s and twice lost. Since the 1964 Masters marked the tenth anniversary of Patton's dramatic emergence from obscurity, I joined his gallery on the third round, hoping he might go off on one of the mad dashes he has become famous for. It wasn't to be. As early as the fourth hole, he was struggling, and not long after that his name disappeared from the scoreboards, which are set up here and there around the course and on which the progress of the ten leaders is posted hole by hole. Still in a tenth-anniversary mood, I set out to see how Hogan, playing some eight twosomes ahead of Patton, was faring. (With a thirty-six-hole total of 148, Hogan had barely survived the halfway cut that limited the field for the final two rounds to the forty-eight lowest scorers; Snead had missed out by four strokes.) I found Hogan—as I seemed to be finding everyone this year—playing the thirteenth hole. He was on the green, squinting down the line of a tricky five-foot putt he needed for a birdie. Since 1961, as you know, Hogan had had grievous putting troubles. Once he was positioned over the ball, he found that he was freezing on the shot, quite unable to take the putter back. His stroke, when he eventually managed to make it, was a jabby little push. The wonder was that, with this heavy black cloud hanging over him, he still managed to play his old flawless stuff from tee to green. At last, this past winter, he suddenly began to putt much better, and at Augusta he looked far more comfortable over the ball than he had in years. There was certainly nothing wrong with the way he proceeded to tap that five-footer into the hole on the thirteenth. This birdie put Hogan three under par for the round. He went on to add three pars and two more birdies for a 67—his lowest round in the Masters since 1953, when he set the record four-round total of 274 in winning the championship. How beautifully he still plays at fifty-one!

I saw most of the second nine of Palmer's third round—a 69, which increased his lead over his closest pursuer, Bruce Devlin, of Australia, to five strokes. There were two moments on

Ah!
AUSTIN-HILL

How to dress without really trying. One beautiful way is in AH's Summer weight, wash-and-wear flannel shorts (Bermuda and Jamaica lengths) in colors cool like chamois, sea foam, sky blue, white and petal pink. The other is in AH's fully-lined Bermuda length Madras shorts (authentic, imported India bleeding). Each is as different as a well-tailored snowflake . . . in sizes 8 to 18. Summer weight flannels about $11. Madras shorts about $12. Both underscored at finer shops or write Austin Hill Ltd., Baltimore 2, Maryland or 1407 Broadway, N. Y. for one nearest you.

THE ENCHANTED PART OF THE FOREST

l'Estérel

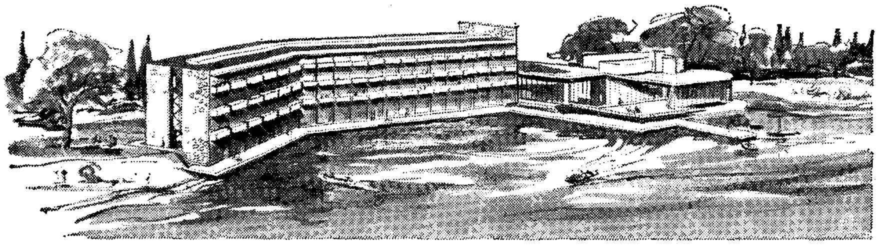
The newest and finest resort hotel in the Laurentian mountain wonderland. Romp or rest in a picture-book setting. Swim indoors or in the lake right under your private balcony.

SAIL • WATER SKI • GOLF
PLAY TENNIS • RIDE HORSEBACK

Modern air-conditioned . . . yet picturesque . . . accommodations with superb French cuisine. And, of course, dancing and entertainment every night. *C'est sensationnel!*

IN A FOREST ESTATE WITH FIVE LAKES,
JUST AN HOUR'S DRIVE NORTH OF MONTREAL

Reservations through your Travel Agent, or write:
Manager, Hotel l'Estérel, Dept. 6410,
Ville d'Estérel, Quebec, Canada.

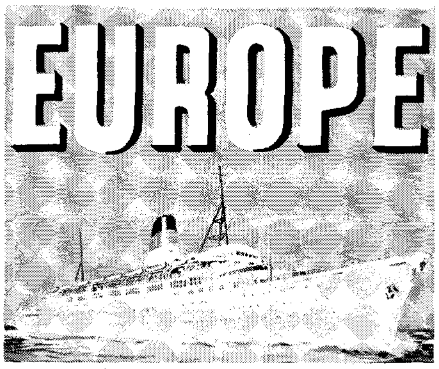


Europe is a sight to see in a Citroen 2 CV...

and all mileage is free!

Citroen has a car for every need, every budget . . . from the economical 2 CV to family-size sedans, wagons and convertibles. If you plan to purchase a car you save even more by taking delivery in Europe and shipping the car home.

Free Brochure *on Overseas Delivery of Citroen Cars direct from factory.*
Write to: CITROEN CARS CORPORATION
In the East: 300 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y. (Dept. NY5)
In the West: 8423 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, Calif. (Dept. NY5)



"OLYMPIA"
FASTEST to GREECE

23,000-ton air conditioned and stabilized luxury liner. From New York and Boston to Lisbon, Naples, Sicily, Piraeus, Cyprus, Haifa.

"ARKADIA" 20,650 tons. Comfortable, congenial, economical! From Montreal to Bremerhaven via Cobh, Le Havre, London and Amsterdam.

See your TRAVEL AGENT

GREEK LINE

New York · Atlanta · Boston · Chicago Cleveland · Detroit · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Montreal · Toronto · Vancouver

that second nine, however, when it looked as if Palmer's swing were beginning to unravel. On the eleventh hole, a formidable par 4, he hit his first really poor shot of the tournament, snap-hooking his 3-iron approach into the bulge of Rae's Creek that guards the green. He got out of the hole with nothing worse than a 5, though, for after absorbing his penalty stroke and dropping a new ball alongside the lateral water hazard, about forty yards from the pin, he ran a lovely chip to the lip of the cup. Then, on the thirteenth, the dogleg par 5, he hooked his tee shot fairly deep into the pine woods. Spectators are not allowed on that side of the hole, but it was quite apparent to old Augusta hands that his only opening through the trees back to the fairway lay behind him, in the direction of the tee. Since he had a comfortable lead in the tournament at this point and could easily have afforded to sacrifice a stroke in the interest of security, all of us expected him to turn around and punch a little safety shot out through that opening and gratefully accept a 6. But Palmer, it appeared, was in no mood to accept a 6. After shuffling around and studying the branches at the top of the trees ahead of him, he switched from a 9-iron to a wedge, settled into his stance, and took a big cut at the ball. I saw it start up, then lost it in the pines, and didn't see it again until it plopped down in the middle of the fairway, some sixty yards nearer the green. He got his 5 on the hole and was so exhilarated by his successful gamble that he rattled off birdies on the next three.

That evening, I was fortunate enough to run into Palmer, and I asked him about that recovery from the woods on the thirteenth. Had he really played a good shot there?

"It was the best shot I hit the entire round," he answered emphatically. "I got that ball almost straight up into the air, which was what I was trying to do. I don't think it touched so much as a twig of the trees."

I asked him why he had ever thought of taking that gamble in the first place, since if it failed to come off it could have cost him not just one stroke but four or five.

"I realized that," he said. "I just felt sure I could make the shot."

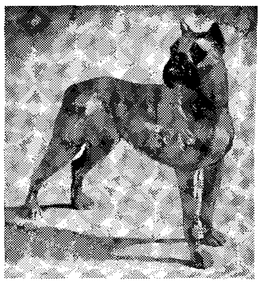
THE fourth day of the Masters is usually a frantic affair. This one was serene. Palmer remained completely in charge all the way. At no time did he lead by less than three strokes. Devlin, who had started the day five strokes off the pace, got within

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO LTD LONDON

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests
IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

PORTRAIT SCULPTURE OF YOUR DOG —from your photos or life



Natural walnut, or painted to show color and markings. Any breed or mixed breed. Any pose. Mounting optional, with silver nameplate or neck chain. Exact prices submitted after study of your photos. Catalog, other wood sculptures 25 cents.

M. E. BRASHER Dept. 4-4, Chickadee Valley (Route 341) Kent 1, Connecticut

IN 50 U.S. STATES & CANADA
FARM VACATIONS

Recommended farms & ranches extend warmest hospitality. Adults $45, Children $30 average. Farm-size meals • Fishing • Riding • Swimming • Bowling • Cow-milking • Hunting. Also, housekeeping cottages. Established 80 pg. Guide gives reservation info, descriptions, photos. Send $1 to:

FARM VACATION SERVICE
Dept. L, 36 E. 57 St., N.Y.C. 10022

FREE 2nd PORTION
FREE HORS D'OEUVRES
FREE CELEBRATION CAKE
FREE PARKING for Dinner Guests,
5:30 P.M. to 6 A.M. daily or All Day Sunday
Hippodrome Garage
43rd St. & 6th Ave.

43rd St., East of B'way
JU 2-3200
Rosoff's
RESTAURANT
Times Square Theatre Landmark
SINCE 1899

three strokes of him by birdieing the first two holes, but almost immediately began to slide back. In midafternoon, Dave Marr, the polished young professional from Texas who was paired with Palmer in the final round, also got that close, when Palmer three-putted the tenth hole—his first three-putt green of the whole tournament. However, as I say, this was not the usual Sunday at the Masters, full of alarums and excursions. For example, where the script almost always calls for the leader to experience peril, or even downright calamity, on the twelfth hole, a treacherous hundred-and-fifty-five-yard par 3 to a green moated by Rae's Creek, Palmer played the hole perfectly (indeed, he played *all* the dangerous water holes perfectly); instead, it was Marr, the challenger, who caught the creek, when he tried to drop his 7-iron shot close to the pin, which was set at the very front of the green. To be truthful, this was the least exciting Masters in years, and, in the final analysis, the fact that it was is a tribute to the incredibly high standard of play that Palmer maintained over the four days. It was a virtuoso performance. While I did not see all of his four rounds, of course, I believe the only really bad shots he hit were those two quick hooks on the third round. Over the seventy-two holes of the tournament, on a course that is always a sturdy test, regardless of how good the weather and the condition of the course may be, Palmer went over par on only six holes, he birdied eighteen holes, and he parred the rest. This is the equivalent of bogeying only every twelfth hole and birdieing every fourth hole, and that is something!

Palmer's four-round total of 276 (69–68–69–70) was the lowest compiled in the Masters since Hogan's 274 eleven years ago, and his ultimate margin of six shots over Marr and Nicklaus, who were tied for second, was only one less than the record margin, set by Cary Middlecoff in 1955. I don't think Palmer was at all interested in records at Augusta, though. His only concern was victory. He wanted that so badly, after his long drought in the big events, that he didn't allow himself to relax his purpose even for a moment, and as a result he didn't need to call upon himself for any last-round heroics, as he had had to in carrying off each of his three earlier Masters championships, in 1958, 1960, and 1962, and as he had also had to in winning the United States Open in 1960. In only one of his previous championship victories, in fact, had he so completely dominated

Smoking and drinking and flirting with men!

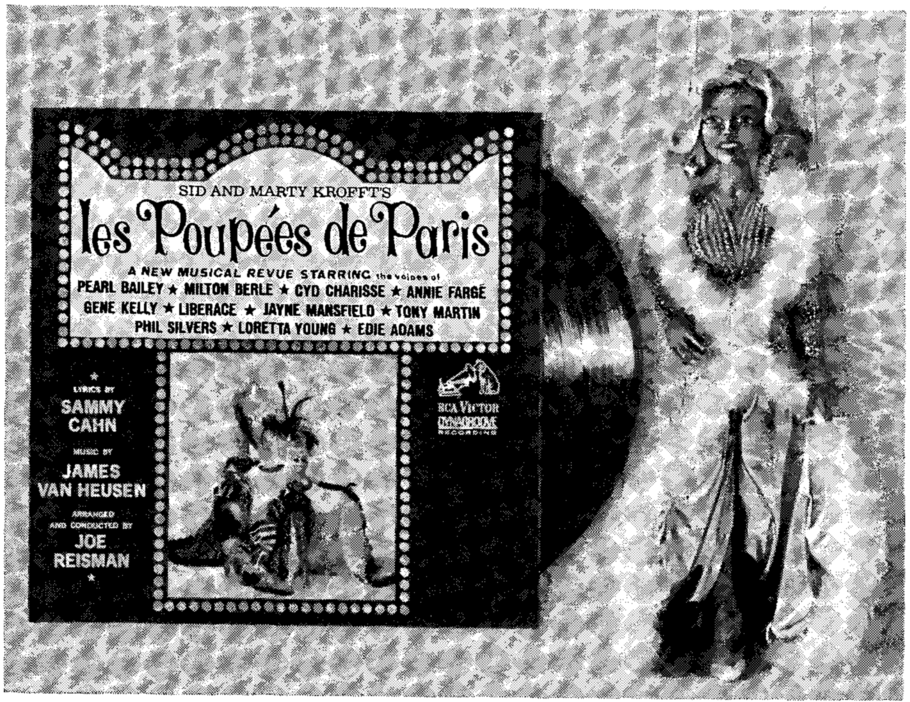
Next thing you know, Eartha Kitt will be singing in The Persian Room from May 20 until June 27.

Why, they say she eats diamonds! And sings French!

What's more, Emil Coleman's Orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals are there. And you know what that means!

I call it shameless. You call for reservations at PL 9-3000.

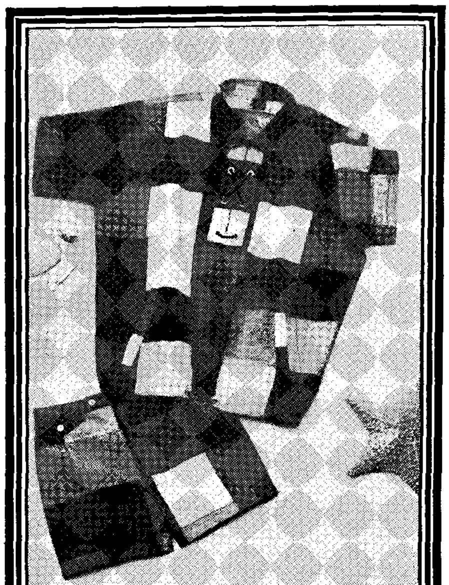
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA


SID AND MARTY KROFFT'S
les Poupées de Paris
A NEW MUSICAL REVUE STARRING the voices of
PEARL BAILEY ★ MILTON BERLE ★ CYD CHARISSE ★ ANNIE FARGE
GENE KELLY ★ LIBERACE ★ JAYNE MANSFIELD ★ TONY MARTIN
PHIL SILVERS ★ LORETTA YOUNG ★ EDIE ADAMS
LYRICS BY SAMMY CAHN
MUSIC BY JAMES VAN HEUSEN
ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY JOE REISMAN
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE RECORDING

THE WORLD'S FAIR SENSATION
—yours to enjoy on RCA Victor

The greatest show on strings — 250 puppets worth! A song and satire extravaganza featuring famous voices like Jayne Mansfield, Phil Silvers and Pearl Bailey, among others. Take them home on this fascinating new RCA Victor Dynagroove album. They're solid fun for family and friends!

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

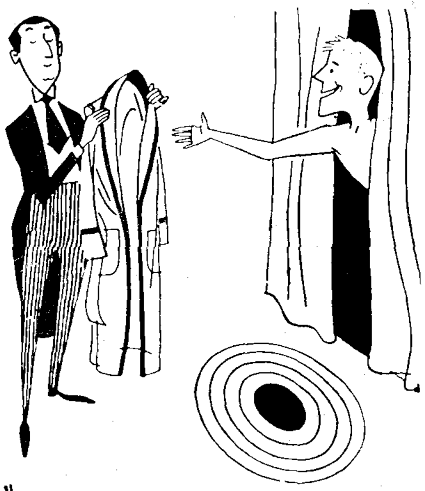


S.F.A.'s NEW BOATING PAIR—PATCH-WORKED IN INDIAN MADRAS

For young men on vacation—these vivid partners, with each Madras cotton square in one-of-a-kind colors. Boating shirt with laced-front placket, drawstring and middy pocket, 14.50. Swim trunks with button-flap pocket, completely lined and tapered, 11.50. Both, S-M-L University Shop.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

***IN WASHINGTON, D.C.**



"Your Bathrobe, Sir..."

Everything's been thought of for your comfort at the Manger Hay-Adams, one of the world's finest hotels . . . from fully-stocked bathroom chests to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury!

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
Manger Hotels
HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N. W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.

the occasion from beginning to end. That was in the 1962 British Open, at Troon, where he led at the halfway mark by two strokes and at the finish by six. Most of the game's veteran observers have up to now rated Palmer's performance at Troon as his best, but I don't think there can be any doubt that his golf en route to his record-breaking fourth victory at Augusta was equally impressive. It was a quite different type of golf, though. At Troon, we saw the dashing young champion at his gung-ho best—belting his drives with his enormous power and attacking on every approach, running into some errors because of these daring tactics but always righting his rounds by the brilliance of his long game and his spectacular putting. At Augusta last month, we saw a much more mature Palmer. His emphasis was on control, and he played well within himself all the way. Off the tee, he was far less interested in striving for extra yardage than in placing the ball in the most advantageous position for his approach to the green. In his iron play, he maintained a judicious balance between boldness and good sense; he was nearly always up to the pin, but on the intelligent, safe side of it. Indeed, I have never seen Palmer put his approaches so close to the pin so consistently. Finally, he never stopped thinking about the tempo he wanted on his swing or the flight he wanted on the ball, and he had both the composure and the energy to execute his shots almost exactly as he planned them. We will have to wait and see, of course, but it may well be that it was at Augusta that Palmer, for all his wondrous earlier achievements, came of age as a golfer.

One thing more. As it turned out, the 1964 Masters was an ideal tournament for following the play of other golfers besides the leader, since Palmer led practically all the way. I haven't yet made my plans for watching next year's Masters, but if I can get my legs in good enough shape by opening day, I'll probably try sprinting the whole eighteen with McLeod and Hutchison.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

I warmly recommend *National Review* to every thinking American. For too long now, the so-called "liberals" have been pretending that they hold a monopoly on intelligence in our country. It just isn't so. We conservatives can make a powerful case for our ideas.—*Barry Goldwater testimonial for the National Review.*

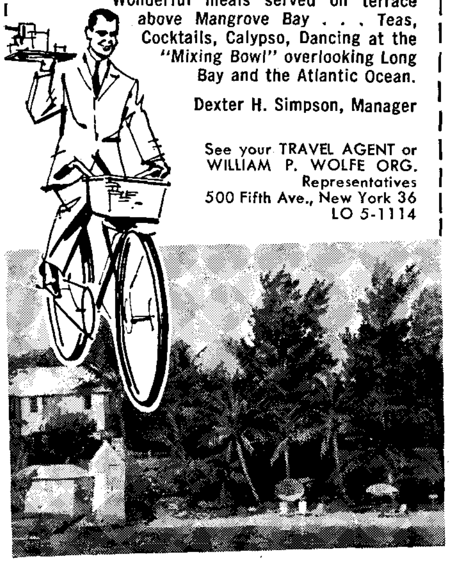
One moment, please, Senator! Are you speaking of the *so-called* "conservatives"?

YOU'LL LOVE THE LIFE AT
Cambridge
BEACHES
SOMERSET, BERMUDA

A delightful palm-fringed resort comprising 32 finely appointed cottages scattered over twenty-five breeze-swept acres of the loveliest part of the Islands. Informal atmosphere. Choice of several private beaches...all water sports . . . golf and tennis nearby.

Wonderful meals served on terrace above Mangrove Bay . . . Teas, Cocktails, Calypso, Dancing at the "Mixing Bowl" overlooking Long Bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

Dexter H. Simpson, Manager



See your TRAVEL AGENT or
WILLIAM P. WOLFE ORG.
Representatives
500 Fifth Ave., New York 36
LO 5-1114

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Stock

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

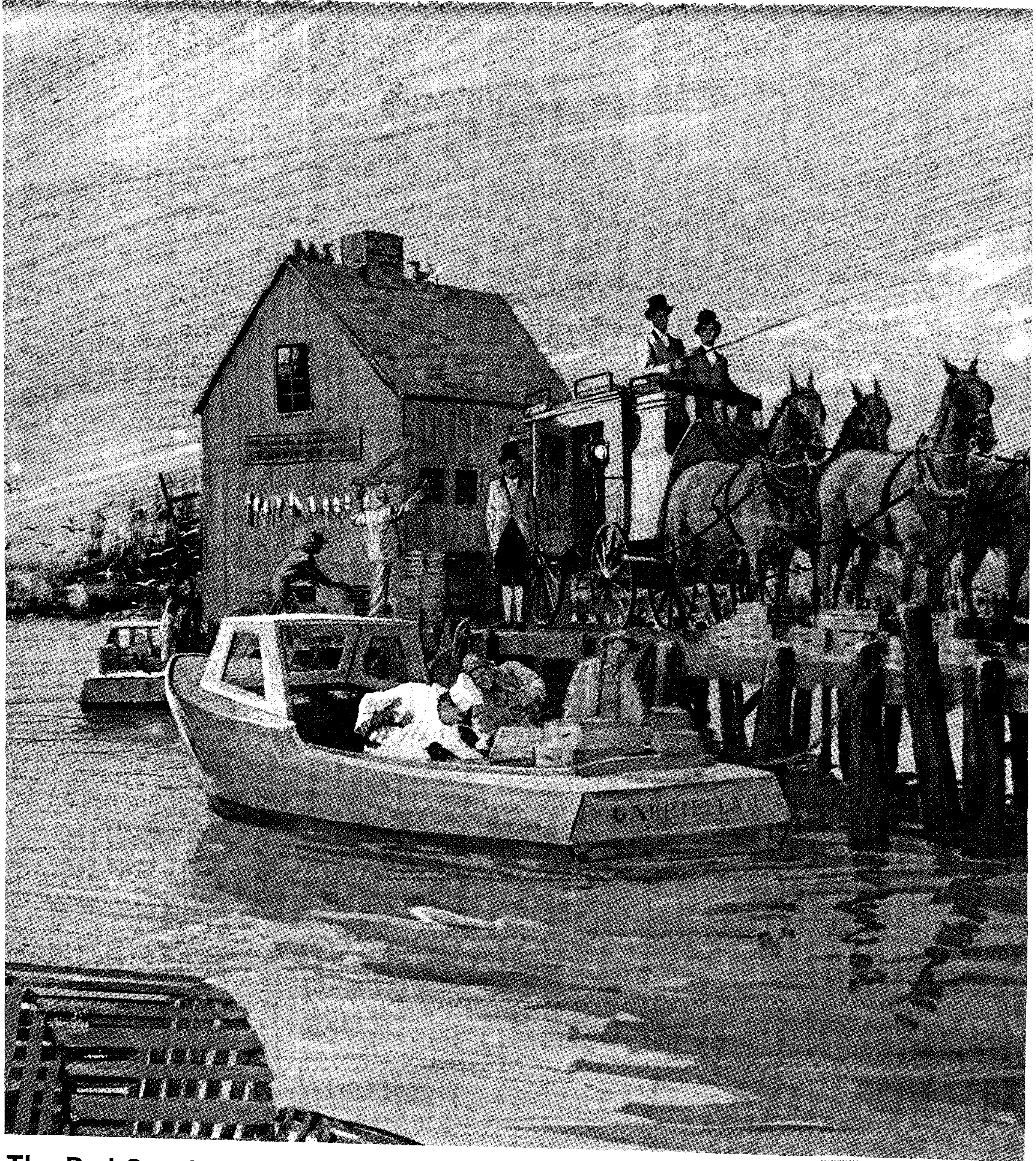
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
YOUR HOSTS:
RENE AND
MAURICE DREYFUS
18 EAST 49 ST. PL 5-7731

Mon. thru Fri.
LUNCHEON 11:30 to 4
DINNER 4 to 9:45 PM
SAT. & SUN. DINNER ONLY
5 to 10 PM

CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
and Non-Housekeeping Cottages

A fine American Plan hotel of distinction on a 65 acre estate overlooking the ocean. Private beach, tennis, golf, cocktail lounge. Summer theatre, shops, fishing nearby.

May 29 to October 12
E. R. McMullen, Jr., Res. Mgr. Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham 3, Mass.



The Red Coach Chef keeps a downeast rendezvous

Finicky is the word for the Red Coach Chef when it comes to choosing lobsters. But, Heaven knows, the man has perfected eight masterly ways to prepare them. Gather some friends, come share our table and learn for yourself why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, Saugus, Hingham, Framingham, Wayland, Middleboro, Hyannis
NEW YORK: New York City, Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. • CONNECTICUT: Darien, Wethersfield
FLORIDA: Miami, Fort Lauderdale

Red Coach Grill

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

GALERIE DE LA REINE, IN DOWNTOWN BRUSSELS.

Whom do you see about shopping in Brussels, theater-going in Paris and sightseeing in Rome?

First, see SABENA, Europe's most helpful airline.

We'll show you just how helpful a big airline can be. Only Sabena jets daily non-stop to Brussels, where business and pleasure in the Common Market countries begin. Only Sabena has Mademoiselle Sabena hostesses and Lady Sabena Clubs throughout Europe to help you and your family with your personal needs. Every Sabena office has English-speaking personnel who know their cities well. They can help you with everything from shopping tips to business trips. Sabena, with 41 years' international airline experience, has more flights from Brussels to more cities than any other airline . . . 68 cities in Europe, Africa, the Middle East. See your Travel Agent or any of Sabena's 31 offices in North America. SABENA: **Europe's most helpful airline.**

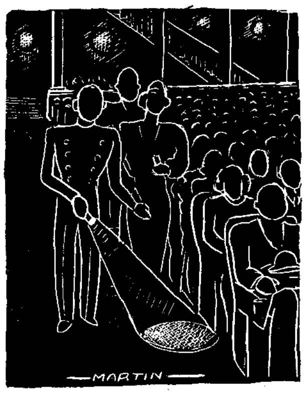
SABENA

BELGIAN ***World*** *AIRLINES*
NORTH AMERICA, EUROPE, AFRICA, MIDDLE EAST.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gravedigging

ONE thing may be said as if in praise but not really in praise of "What a Way to Go!"—it all hangs together. The vigilance of its makers has been such that not a single moment of it departs from the strict standard of sniggering vulgarity set by the title. The picture is a monotonously prolonged gag about sex and death, at which one isn't so much expected to die laughing as to laugh watching other people die, and in which it's assumed that a desirable-looking woman has only to be tarted up in widow's weeds to become a surefire source of yocks. No time is wasted in demonstrating that funerals, in the punning phrase of Shem the Penman, can be fun for all. The laff riot owes its start as much to the titles as to the title (which is itself the tag line of an age-old mortuary blue joke); we make our way through the usual interminable list of credits with the help of a scene in which Shirley MacLaine, in full mourning, proceeds down the pink staircase of an enormous pink mansion, followed by a commensurately vast pink coffin, which, halfway down the stairs, slips from the grasp of the pallbearers and goes bumping brutally into the hall. We in the audience are presumably convulsed by the thought of the physical indignity being done to the corpse within—what could be more comical, I ask you, than that a corpse should undergo injury without suffering pain?—but, not content with this absolute smasheroony, the makers of the picture invite us to double up over the sight of the coffin suddenly taking on a life of its own and scooting so playfully about on the polished floor of the mansion that the pallbearers are hard pressed to bring it to a halt and let the picture proper begin.



Since I was quickly impatient for the picture proper to end, I'm impatient now to set about scolding the perpetrators of it, and of the story I'll say only that it concerns a poor small-town girl whose solitary wish is to love and be loved but who has something in her nature that causes her succession of husbands to die early, violent deaths, leaving her ever better off and ever more miserable. In distributing blame for "What a Way to Go!," I give but a morsel to the producer, Arthur P. Jacobs, and for two reasons: (1) this is his first picture, and he can honorably plead inexperience, and (2) he is a former public-relations man, and I dislike saying anything that might have the effect of driving a fellow human being back into that line of work. I feel less charitable toward the authors of the script, which reads as if it had been written by a ninety-year-old necrophile but is, in fact, the handiwork of Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who have been witty enough on other occasions. To establish how stale their current wit is, let me note that they've chosen to poke what they evidently regard as howling satirical fun at such long since riddled targets as psychoanalysis, non-representational painting, amorous French movies, early American movies, Busby Berkeley dance sequences, and eccentric, Howard Hughes-like tycoons. (The tycoon on display, having retired to the country, is unable at milking time to tell the difference between a cow and a bull, and is hilariously kicked to death.) The director, J. Lee Thompson, with a bravery that might well be mistaken for self-indulgence, treats every old variation on the one gag as if it were spanking new, and the art directors and set decorators have created a total of seventy-eight sets, one or two of them memorable.

As for the cast, I love Miss MacLaine this side idolatry but found little to please me in her performance except an evident delight in getting into her skin, which she often almost does in the course of putting on and taking off costumes only six fewer than the sets. Among her husbands are Robert Mitchum, Dick Van Dyke, Dean Martin, Gene Kelly, and Paul Newman, who makes his obligatory appearance stripped to the waist. An odd trademark for a gifted man.

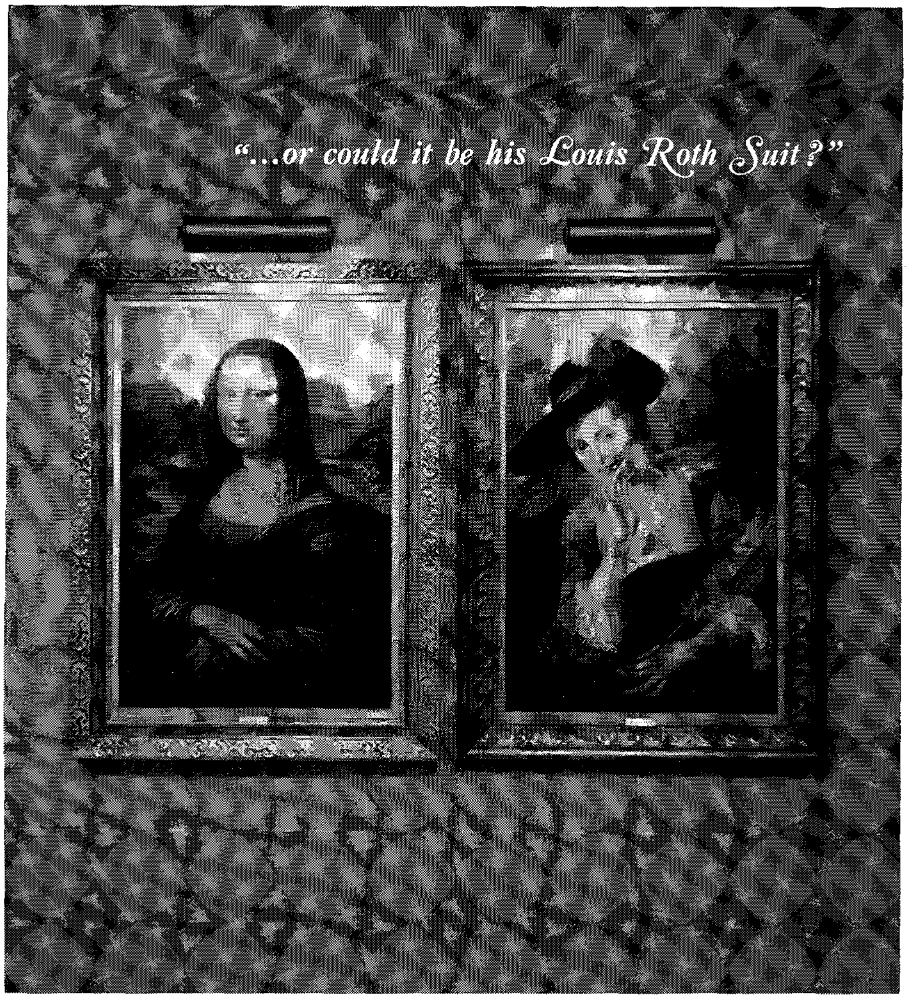
I'VE a radical prejudice against child actors, based on nothing more substantial than the feeling of revulsion that steals over me whenever I have to watch children act. Having heard that the Russian picture "Dimka" was about

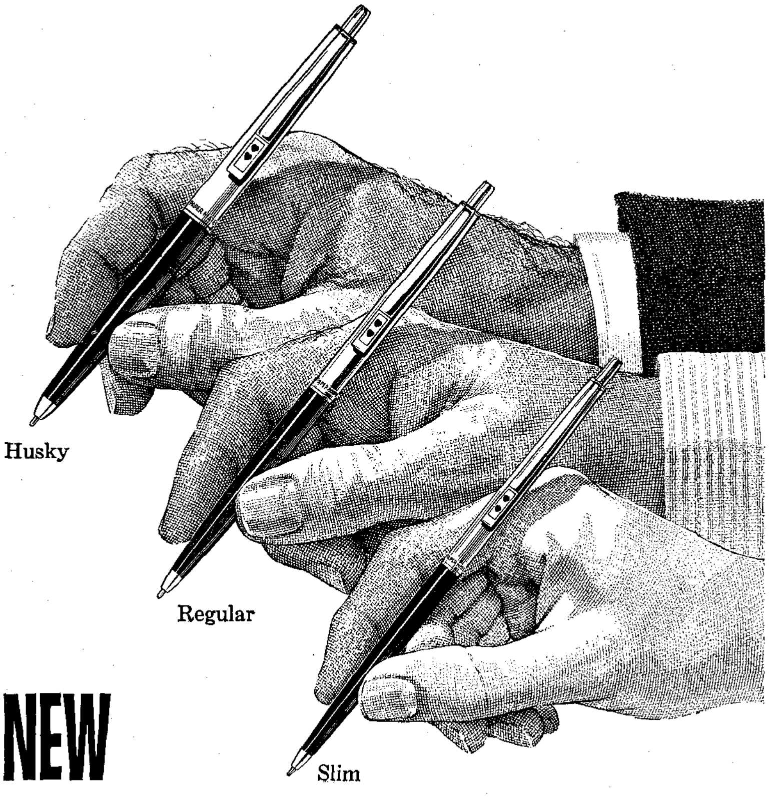
Just for the Country Clothes Shop

Donald Davies of Dublin cuts fine Irish linen into lined shorts, 25.00, and "Paddy" shirt, 18.00—in daffodil, lavender, pink, blue, green (shirt, also in white). Sizes 8 to 18.

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor





THE NEW PAPER:MATE PROFILE TRIO

NOW! PICK THE PEN TO FIT YOUR GRIP! In writing, the *grip* makes the difference! Now Paper Mate brings you three different shaped pens —one designed to fit your grip. *Husky Grip*—a sturdy pen with real heft and weight. *Regular Grip*—the popular pen with weight and grip most people want. *Slim Grip*—a slender pen with a trim look and feel. Each pen, just $1.95.

a tiny tot who wins all hearts with his adorable ways, I thought it best for everyone concerned if I avoided the picture, but since it has been here for seven weeks, and since my apparent dereliction of duty had begun to trouble me, I decided to take a chance on it. Well, "Dimka" is just as bad as I feared—divinity fudge that hasn't quite hardened, and the smacking of lips all round me by old parents who had forgotten what small children are like was horrible to hear.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Home being in Urbana, Green Street has been one of the main traffic patterns used. Then with a right turn north on Sixth, there was Station A, and usually a place to park the car for a few moments in the early morning.

Now, the traffic flows west on Green from Lincoln. But there is no right turn to Station A on Sixth. The street is southbound from University to Armory.

There is a choice of how to get to Station A. It is possible to make a right hand turn north on Wright, maneuver into the left hand lane to make a left hand turn west at Springfield—Healey is Eastbound, thus no left turn there. Once at Springfield and Wright, it is possible to go west for a block, also getting into the lefthand lane of westbound traffic, in order to make a left hand turn at Sixth at Springfield, to go south. Once on Sixth southbound, the rest is easy, just so you're in the lefthand lane.

Or there is an alternative. Always did like the idea of having a choice.

Continue westbound on Green in the right hand lane to Fifth, then make a right hand turn north on Fifth to Healey, then a right hand turn east on Healey to Sixth, making a stop for Sixth—now a stop street between University Avenue and Armory—then a right hand turn south onto Sixth, getting into the left hand lane on Sixth.

After dropping off mail at Station A, there is a half block in which to get into the right hand lane, to make a right hand turn west on Green, and thence to the office.

Someone might suggest parking the car on Green, and walking to Station A.

—*Urbana (Ill.) News-Gazette.*

Walking? What kind of monkeyshine is that?

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," by Bergen and Cornelia Evans*]

Save at a few Eastern preparatory schools, where there is often a conscious effort to use English terms, Americans do not refer to teachers as masters.—*Page 67.*

Save. The word *save* is sometimes used to mean "except." . . . But today this use of the word is so thoroughly artificial that it is meaningless to ask which form of the pronoun is preferred by the best writers and speakers. The word in this sense is unnatural English in any construction.

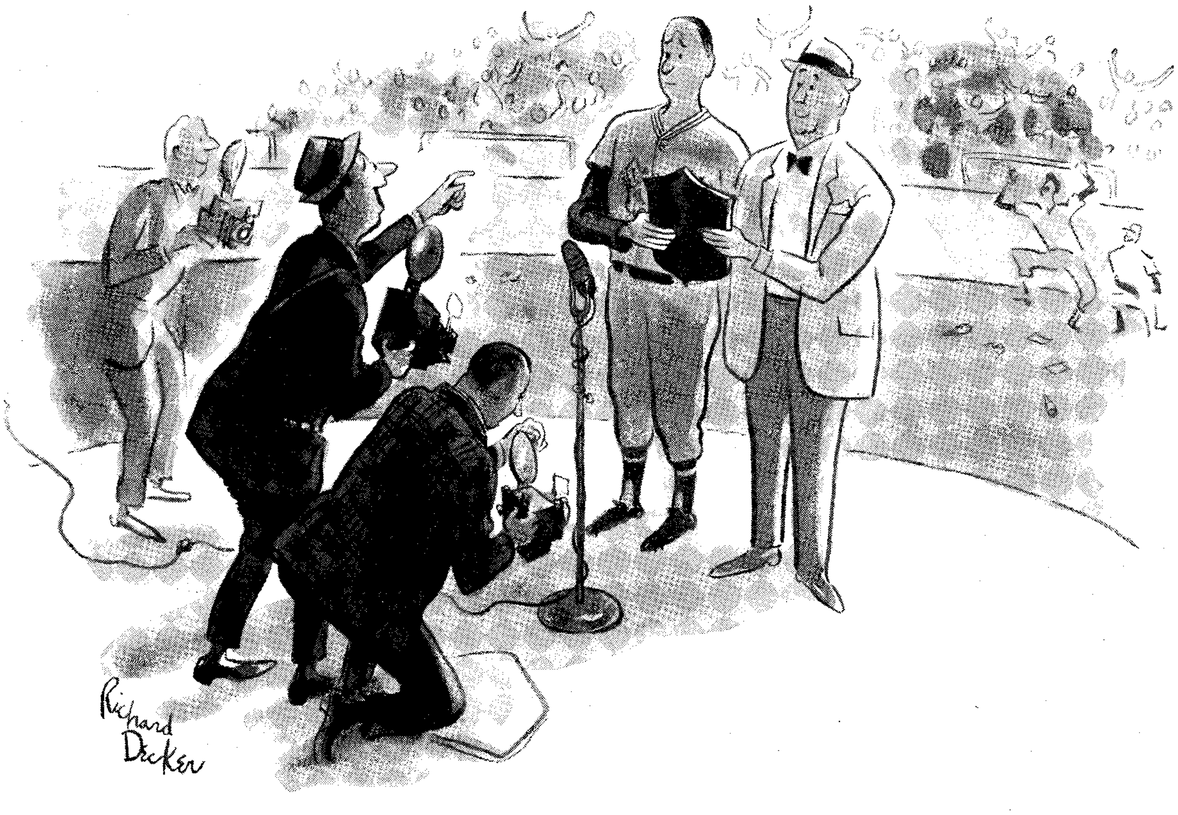
—*Page 433.*

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

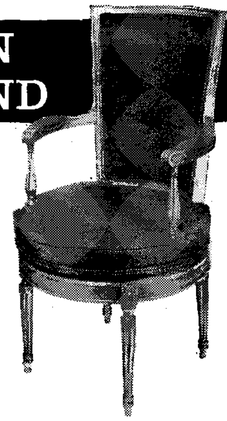
MAY 8

ALL politics seem at the moment topsy-turvy. In Ohio, a man named Kennedy came close to winning a Democratic congressional nomination, partly, it is said, on the strength of the name he proudly bore and traded upon, partly on the strength of his record as a militant, articulate white supremacist. He died while the returns were still coming in. In the Indiana Democratic primary, Governor Wallace, of Alabama, was the favorite of the industrial proletariat of Lake County, who also nominated an integrationist and a Negro physician for coroner of Gary. Senator Goldwater keeps slipping in popular support while gaining Convention delegates. Dr. Gallup's latest soundings show Goldwater favored by fourteen per cent of his party's rank and file, as against Ambassador Lodge's thirty-seven per cent and Richard Nixon's twenty-eight. Harold Stassen was stronger in Indiana than Goldwater is in the entire country. Yet it now seems that Goldwater will go to the Republican Convention only about ninety votes short of the six hundred and fifty-five needed for nomination. If he defeats Governor Rockefeller in California next month, he will be only four short of the magic number, and it will be extremely difficult for the Convention to deny the nomination to a candidate favored by one out of every seven Party voters.

All things considered, Goldwater has been doing extraordinarily well. If he doesn't get the nomination, he will be in a position to decide which of his rivals will get it. However, a conclusion that might be drawn from recent polls, official and unofficial, is that if Goldwater is serious about the Presidency and about his rightist convictions, he really ought to be a Democrat. It is a bit late for him to do anything about this in 1964, but it is something he might be thinking about for 1968 or 1972. His appeal, according to Governor Rockefeller and others who oppose him, is primarily to the "extremists" in the Republican Party. This is said to be even truer of Governor Wallace in the Democratic Party. Yet in Democratic primaries in two large and reasonably representative Northern states—Wisconsin and Indiana—Wallace has attracted more than thirty per cent of the votes. And he may do a good deal better than that in Maryland ten days from now. Apparently, there are many more Democratic than Republican extremists, even if due allowance is made for Republican "crossovers," and, as a matter of record, there are many more Democrats than Republicans. Indeed, one statistician here, extrapolating Wallace's primary showings, the numerical superiority of Democrats to Republicans across the country, and the prevalence of segregationist and states'-rights views in the South, has estimated that there are more Democratic extremists than there are Republicans of all varieties. Among Northern Democrats, Wallace labors under many disadvantages that would not encumber Goldwater if he switched over. Wallace is an Alabama carpetbagger bent on mischief and ready for insurrection, in which he has already had some experience. He breathes rancor, his manner is at once cold and abrasive, and his speech is an assault on the central nervous system. But what he has been advocating up North is just about indistinguishable from what Goldwater has been advocating North, South, East, and West. (Senator Goldwater is not a white supremacist, as Wallace is, but Wallace has not been addressing himself directly to the race question in his Northern appearances.) Where Wallace offends, Goldwater charms. He is innocent of rancor and about as abrasive as a jar of cold cream. He may appeal to extremists, and he may even be one, but he doesn't look or sound like one. If he had chosen the right party to begin with, he would, one imagines, be running a lot stronger than Wallace, whose arrogance and virulence and contempt for the law must put off a lot of voters. Goldwater is modest and gentle, and has never been a sit-in or stand-in demonstrator as Wallace was in Tuscaloosa last year. Goldwater is also much better known than Wallace. As a Democrat, he should be able to hold the extremist thirty to thirty-five per cent of the Party and draw support from other factions. As a states'-rights Democrat, rather than a right-to-work Republican, he might find support in one section of the populace that up to now has shown nothing but hostility toward him—organized labor. Though Wallace has also offended the unions by support-



"Could you choke up and blink back the tears just once more, please?"



TURN AROUND

Louis XVI Revolving Arm Chair from our wonderful collection of chairs

A most unusual revolving chair taken from a rare 18th Century original. Beautiful as an occasional chair and perfect at a desk. Carefully crafted in mellow, warm French fruitwood. Shown here in woven black linen. Other fabrics available. Graceful, handsome and very comfortable . . . and ideal for an executive or professional man who spends long hours at his desk. Height 41" overall. Dia. 24". Height of seat 18"

F.O.B. New York City. Add $15 crating charge beyond normal delivery area. **$268**

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset

30 West 54th St.

Just off New York's Fifth Ave.

A Bing & Bing Hotel

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."

BILL CHAN'S GOLD COIN

994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

ing right-to-work laws, he swept some working-class districts in Gary and Hammond with as much as sixty-five per cent of the vote.

CIVIL-RIGHTS proponents in both parties here are making all kinds of efforts to explain away the Wallace vote. Some, like Senator Humphrey, say that the only important thing about Wallace's candidacy is that it has thus far met with defeat. These people point out that his Wisconsin and Indiana opponents got two-thirds of the Party vote, which, they say with unquestionable accuracy, is a very large margin of victory in any political contest in this country. Others say that the primaries in Wisconsin and Indiana are not to be taken seriously, because in neither case was Wallace running against a serious candidate for the Presidency. Governors Reynolds and Welsh had their names put on the ballot only to oppose Wallace and to make sure that regular Party men will be seated as delegates in Atlantic City in August. In Maryland, week after next, Senator Daniel B. Brewster will provide the opposition for the same reasons. It is said that if President Johnson's name were on the ballot in any of the states in which Wallace is campaigning, the vote for Wallace would be negligible—perhaps ten per cent. (In other words, two-thirds of the extremists would vote for Johnson.) Another argument is that the absence of the President's name or that of any other national figure turns the primaries into referendums on local issues. Thus, in Wisconsin and Indiana it was the performances of the two governors that were being judged, and both governors were vulnerable. Organization Democrats in Indiana say that the Wallace vote was essentially a protest against a new two-per-cent sales tax that Governor Welsh supported. In a television interview two days ago, Senator Brewster managed to discount one-third of the Wallace vote by saying that ten per cent of the voters are permanently aggrieved and can be counted upon in any election to support "any nameless, faceless man" who is represented to them as being in total opposition to established local or national authority. The same day, the President, in his family-style news conference, resorted to the now familiar device of figuring the extremist candidate's percentage of the total Presidential preference vote in both parties and suggesting that this is the true measure of his strength. By this means, the President brought Wallace down to twenty per cent (actually, it would

Not by golf alone need man live at The Equinox. After playing the superlative 6750 yard course your family or foursome may volley on the new tennis courts, cast for mountain trout or swim in the modern pool — all on 1600 acres of country club privacy. Historic New England scenes, a magnificent cuisine, nightly dancing and entertainment, and accommodations designed for dreaming round out your Equinox week or weekend.

New York—200 smooth miles, Boston—148, Albany—58. Commercial airlines to nearby Rutland.

The Equinox

HOUSE and LODGES

MANCHESTER, VERMONT

For details and reservations: Your travel agency or Thomas F. Farley, President and Managing Director

Famous for Broiled English Mutton Chop, Roast Beef, Steak, Sea Food . . . also for unique atmosphere and its celebrated Pipe Club.

Keen's

ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE

72 W. 36, N. Y., WI 7-3636

CLOSED SUNDAYS

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE

The ONE and ONLY **King of the Sea**

and his Royal Family of Fish

YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER

3rd Ave., near 53rd St.

AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

GAY-SMART ADIRONDACK VACATIONS

Everything in recreation, entertainment, good food, accommodations, at a fine ranch resort. Informal, congenial. Reserve now. Lake Luzerne 25, N.Y. Code 518—696-4900.

ONE OF AMERICA'S FINE RANCH RESORTS

HIDDEN VALLEY

be about eighteen), and said he hardly regarded this as an "overwhelming endorsement." If he had combined this approach with that of Senator Brewster on the chronic naysayers, the percentage could have been cut to a rather encouraging eight or ten.

Certain military and geopolitical strategists have from time to time come up with figures on the number of deaths that a society like ours might regard as "acceptable" in the first stages of thermonuclear war. By "acceptable" they mean "endurable." The figures always seem fairly high. As far as is known, the social sciences have not advanced to the point of estimating how much bigotry or how widespread a response to demagogy a free and normally peaceable society can endure. Certainly the figure must be above thirty per cent; conceivably it could be above fifty per cent. Almost on the eve of his downfall ten years ago, Senator McCarthy, according to the polls, was held in good opinion by exactly half the country. But despite the current efforts of the liberals to discount the Wallace showing, the fact is that there are few, if any, of them who have not been astonished and dismayed by his showing. None of them can point to a forecast of anything like so large a vote for him; he himself said he would "rattle the eyeteeth" of the liberals if he got fifteen per cent in Wisconsin, and that was probably an honest estimate of what he expected. Nor, a couple of months back, was anyone explaining that support of a racist in a Presidential primary wouldn't really have much to do with racism, that it would most likely reflect a concern with local issues like sales taxes, or that a large part of it would be attributable to pure cussedness. The fact that the interpretations were not offered in advance of the events does not invalidate them. Some believers in racial equality and brotherhood may have voted for Wallace because they thought he had the better of the argument over the relationship between the federal government and the states. Many, one can be almost certain, would not have voted for him if they had thought his candidacy a real threat to President Johnson's. None of this diminishes the size of the vote that he actually got, or what appears to be its simplest meaning—freely given approval, on a secret ballot, of a man primarily known as a believer in segregation, a doctrine he would carry to the point of denying training in his state university to a single qualified Negro. In many ways, a vote in a primary election has a significance larger

Why does she chew her pearls when you mention

Place Lautrec?

Anticipation. She's thinking of the Quiche Lorraine and the exotic salads we serve daily. You'll enjoy them too, at Place Lautrec, the *intime* French restaurant along the Rue des Gourmets in The New York Hilton. Luncheon specialties from $2.75. Seven-course dinner prix fixe at $8.50. 53rd at Avenue of the Americas. JUdson 6-7000. (Cocktails also served on the Rue des Gourmets Promenade.)

rue Des Gourmets
THE NEW YORK | HILTON
at | Rockefeller Center

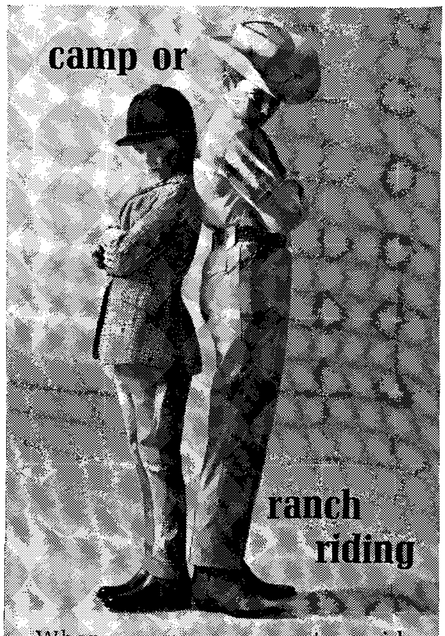
Grand Marnier HAS A WAY WITH LOVERS
...of the world's finest liqueur.

Try the Grand Marnier Sour—without sugar. You will love it. For the pleasure of your company serve Grand Marnier. For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. 35, 730 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 19

than that of a vote in a general election. It is, as the right-wing publicist William F. Buckley, Jr., noted in a celebration of Wallace's showing in Wisconsin, "an act of considerable decisiveness." Except for those who are economically dependent on politics—government employees and their families—voters in primaries are expressing conviction beyond the conventional call of civic virtue. There are high-minded campaigns to get people out to "vote for the party of their choice," but very few to get them to vote *in* their parties.

The President and others may say that a twenty- or thirty-per-cent vote for Wallace is nothing to get alarmed about, nothing to make the teeth rattle. But there would be a deafening rattle of teeth if ever there were a thirty-per-cent vote—or a twenty- or a ten-per-cent vote—for a *Communist* candidate in either a general election or a primary election, or even in the most unreliable straw poll. J. Edgar Hoover would submit an F.B.I. budget at least as large as that of the Defense Department. Congressmen would be trampling one another in the rush to get anti-sedition bills into the legislative hopper. The "issue" that would thus be created would displace all others. There might be slightly less havoc if a spokesman for a *black*-supremacy movement made as much political headway among Negroes as Wallace evidently has among whites, but there would be havoc enough. The most striking thing about the Wallace performance is, of course, the performance itself. But the next most striking thing is that it really hasn't caused much alarm and appears unlikely to have much of an impact on events. This, too, is a surprise. It had been clear for months that the increased militancy of the Negro organizations and the agitation to codify and establish by statute those "rights" that the courts hold are already part of the law (all the current legislation is really aimed at the elimination of civil "wrongs") would breed resistance in the North as well as in the South. Not many people thought in terms of a large primary vote for Governor Wallace, but quite a few supposed that congressmen from Northern cities and suburban districts would get a bit edgy when they learned that many white plumbers didn't look forward to working side by side with Negro plumbers and that homeowners might come down on the wrong side when property values and human values were in conflict. The nonce word for this was "backlash," and it was feared that it would endanger the civil-rights bill



Wherever your youngsters ride, they'll ride comfortably in expertly tailored attire, cut to prevent chafing and saddle sores. The prompt, expert attention given to each order (mail, phone or store visit) is the reason so many camps suggest Miller's for complete outfitting . . . this plus our large selection and sensible prices is the reason *parents* insist on Miller's. Send to Dept. N-2 for your *free* copy of Miller's camp riding folder

MILLER'S 123 E. 24 ST. N.Y.10 • OR 7/0800

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

Single rooms from sixteen dollars.

THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.

In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402 or see your travel agent.

FREE INDOOR PARKING

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N. Y. C.
GR 3-4476

THE SMARTEST TRAVELERS IN THE WORLD DO IT. . . come to Chicago and Carsons great restaurant, the Seven Continents, at O'Hare International Airport. They rave about chef Gallo's breast of chicken Kiev. You can write him for the recipe. Better still, dine at the Seven Continents. Eventually, everyone does.

Carson Pirie Scott & Co

O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

SEVEN CONTINENTS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.

For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine

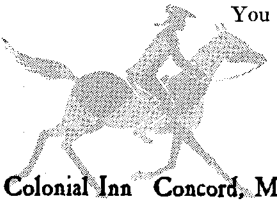
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

IMPERIAL
935 Lexington Ave.
at 69th St. LE 5-4070

GOURMET
157 W. 49th St.
nr. 7th Ave. JU 2-8182

EAST
75 E. 55th St.
at Park Ave. PL 3-4930

WEST
143 W. 49th St.
Hotel Plymouth PL 7-1170



You may not come by horseback but if you do, you're welcome.
Write or call
L. W. Grimes,
innkeeper

Colonial Inn Concord, Mass. EM9-4600

MONSIGNORE
RESTAURANT
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists Open 7 days

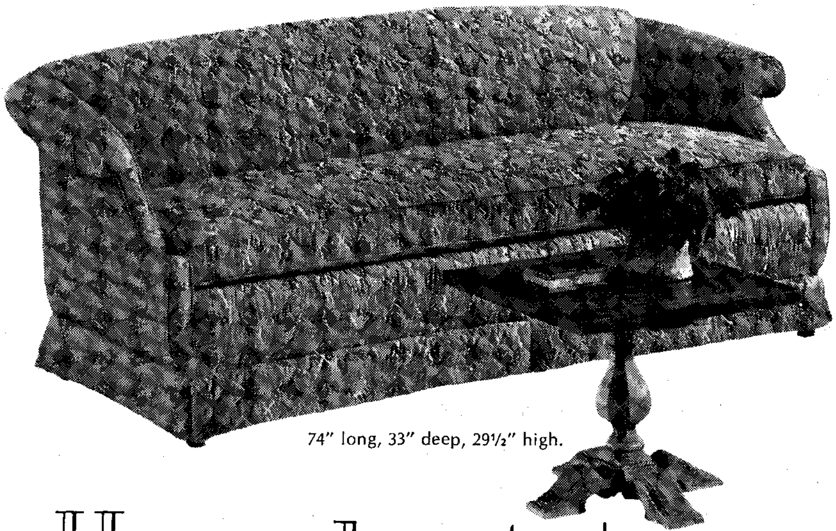
to which President Kennedy gave the highest legislative priority last June. The late President and his brother were so fearful of this backlash that they pleaded with the liberal leadership in Congress not to send to the floor as strong a bill as the one it did eventually propose. On the evidence thus far available, these particular fears were groundless. Most of the expected reactions in time materialized, but a strong bill passed the House with ease and, despite Governor Wallace, is expected to pass the Senate more or less intact. If it should fail in the Senate, it will be not because of the backlash or because of Governor Wallace but because the rules under which the Senate operates make it difficult for even a substantial majority to prevail.

The size of the Wallace vote has shocked and surprised most people here, which may demonstrate how far out of touch with reality Washington may be. On the other hand, the reaction may demonstrate a kind of political sophistication that many thought was lacking in this community. It is a serious problem for any society when disaffection rises to the point where twenty or thirty per cent of the people (there is really not much reason to suppose that bigotry and racial hatred are less widespread in the population as a whole than among Democratic voters) will lend their support to a subversive figure. But there is plenty of evidence that sound policy and prudent leadership can deal with problems of this sort. For reasons that have to do with our whole history and outlook, we would almost certainly become badly unstrung if there were suddenly a sizable Bolshevik movement; our years of isolation and inviolable nationalism have given us a particular horror of movements led by or associated with foreigners. But several free and flourishing societies in Europe have survived long periods when Communist blocs commanded the loyalty of at least as many people as might be inclined to support Governor Wallace. The test is whether a large minority can so unsettle a majority or its leaders as to deflect the majority from its purposes. Thus far, nothing of the sort seems to be happening here. The civil-rights bill is not yet sure of passage, but it is closer to it than anyone thought it would be at the beginning of the year.

THE Wallace vote remains a fact of certain significance, even though it is of uncertain consequence and perhaps of no direct political consequence. It cannot be stripped of all unpleasantness

There's a quality about a home with Henredon

Blissful, deep-down cushioned comfort—plus beautiful lines. That's what you get with this sofa—and with every single one that Henredon makes.

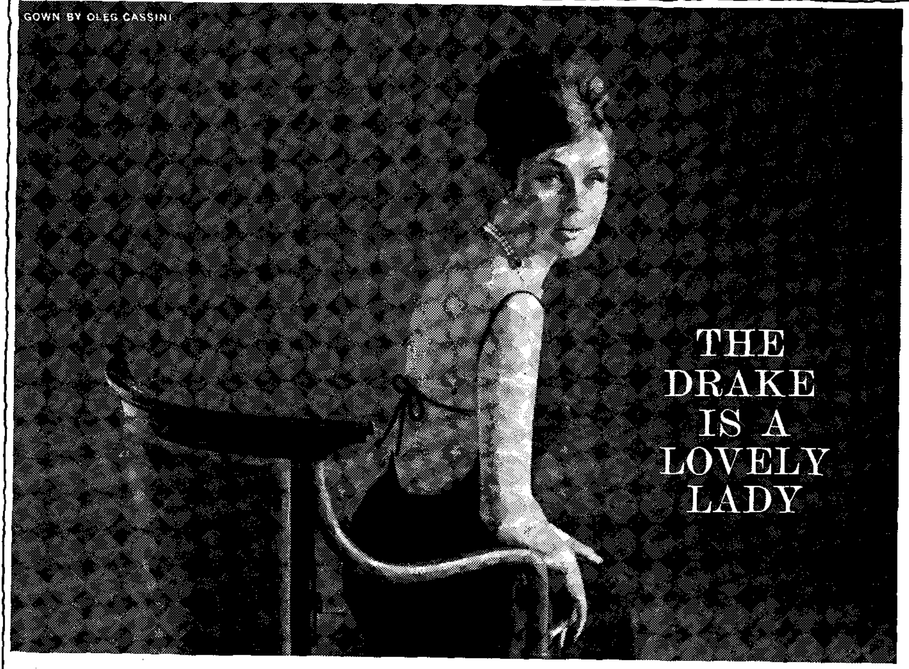


74" long, 33" deep, 29½" high.

Henredon fine furniture

For booklets showing living room, dining room and bedroom collections, send $2.00 to Henredon, Dept. NY5-16, Morganton, North Carolina.

Henredon Furniture has been selected to decorate the Dorothy Draper Dream Home in the Better Living Center at the World's Fair.



GOWN BY OLEG CASSINI

THE DRAKE IS A LOVELY LADY

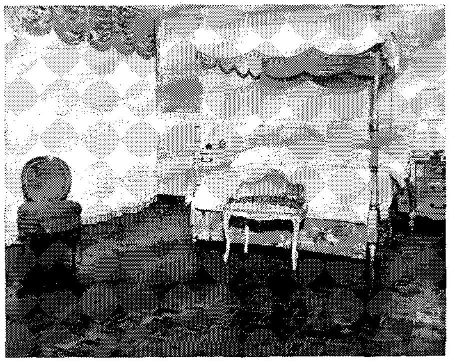
The Drake is elegant...difficult to ignore at first glance...impossible to resist after the briefest encounter...always discussed. Her charms are constantly commended to others. She's quiet, a gracious hostess, and her admirers are bountiful. She has just added a distinctive new wing...200 magnificently decorated rooms and suites for the convenience of her guests. Yes, the Drake is a lovely lady. Once you accept her invitation, you'll visit no one else. Reservation offices in many leading cities...check your telephone directory for the number.

THE HOTEL Drake NEW YORK

HOME OF SHEPHEARD'S

Park Avenue at 56th Street—Max Blouet, V. P. and Gen. Mgr. FORMERLY DIRECTEUR OF THE GEORGE V, PARIS

Choice of the discriminating . . .
. . . now moderately priced!



Basketweave pattern in Saddle River, N.J. Home • Archt: Lucas Bannon

TRULY ELEGANT! GENUINE IMPORTED
Thai-Teak
PARQUETRY FLOORING

NOW! You can install genuine Thai-Teak ("Tectona Grandis") from Thailand at a price that actually competes with domestic flooring! Enjoy the lustrous, lasting sheen . . . the durable, rot-resistant toughness of this truly distinctive flooring . . . and benefit from the amazingly low price! Your decorator can show you a wide assortment of beautifully, decor-correct patterns and designs! Warehouse stock available for immediate installation.

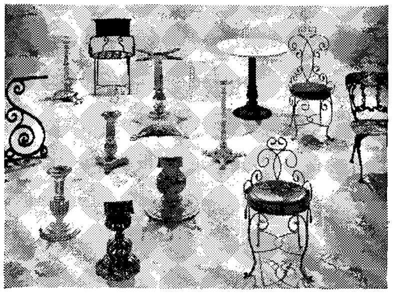
Write now for illustrated folder

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Sole Agents for Thai-Teak Flooring in Strip & Parquetry
1545 W. Passyunk Ave.
Phila. 45, Pa.
DEALER-INQUIRIES INVITED

HGT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR
(in the House of Good Taste)

BRANCUSI

Decorator tables, pedestals, table bases, table legs, wall brackets, bar stools, high style accent chairs. The latest designs of exclusive decorator furniture pieces. Send $1 for cat. #6



Protect your marble table with the finest Marblesheen polish. $2.48 (plus 4% sales tax if in state of California)

☐ **BRANCUSI OF CALIFORNIA** ☐
928 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 69

SEND TODAY FOR COLORFUL BROCHURE
Deer park Lodge
MANITOWISH WATERS, WISCONSIN
In the heart of Wisconsin's beautiful Vilas County
WISCONSIN'S FINEST RESORT
AAA

and made a mere expression of pique, eccentricity, or generalized political frustration. It was a large vote for a man who stands for an ugly doctrine, even if he does not proclaim it in every speech, and it may somehow increase the prospects for racial violence in the months and years ahead. It says something about the nature and force of bigotry *in this period, however,* that the most impressive demonstration of it has been made in a *vote,* on ballots marked by individuals. There is in the North no party of bigotry, and no organized faction in either party. As far as is known, the organized groups outside the parties are feeble and are themselves torn by factionalism. And there is the topsy-turviness of the whole situation, which can lead some people to vote for a segregationist on one line and an integrationist on another, to favor a man because he is named Kennedy and because he is opposed to most of what the name is generally understood to imply. The bigotry exists and is alarming, but it seems a bit short of obsessive. If it can be released and contained in the voting booth, it can be endured, and we can count ourselves lucky. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

At 56, Barbara Stanwyck is beginning to enter into the matuurity of fully-blodsomed womanhood.

You enter the set of her latest picture a d there she sits, loafing between takes, in a screaming-red plaid bloSE AND FADED BLUE JEANS BY Edith Head. *Tenderly she scratches the ears of a* small, fluorescent pink stuffed animal of no partcular genus, absently staring at the whirling, glittery carnival world about her.

Ah, you think. She looks so young, so innocent. Like litttle Margaret O'Brien. With silver hair.

Come off it, Bub.

Miss Stanwyck's no pullet any more, and she'd be the last to deny it. But shes a long way from the moulting season, too.

Somewhere in between is a woman who is 56 and doesn't hite it, who has covered plenty of mileage but doesn't show it,w ohhas had some rough breaks and doesn't crab about it, and who knows the score and doesn't forget it.

One of Hollywood's biggest names for three decades, Miss Stanwyck has surrvived the trek from 1930 to 1964 in fine shape. She looks like a 400-ish woman who might have had her hair silvered at a beauty parolor.

"Missy" Stanwyck has long yzeen a favorite with the press, jublic directorss crew and even costars. She always knows her job and she never keeps anyone waiting

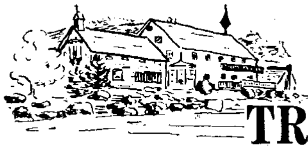
—Dave Smith in the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.

She'll keep *you* waiting next time, Bub.

MISS PEGGY LEE
Production by
Nick Castle

AT THE
ROYAL BOX
nightly at 9:30 and 12:15
except Sundays
DINNER AND SUPPER DANCING
LEE EVANS
and his Orchestra
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK
LIBERACE OPENS ON MAY 25th

Come to the picturesque home of "The Sound of Music"



The TRAPP FAMILY LODGE

Charming old-world atmosphere. Single rooms to 2-room apartment. Authentic Viennese and American cuisine. 3 dining rooms. Tyrolean Bar. Spacious lounges. Coffeehouse and Gift Shop. Outdoor heated pool in woodland setting. For reservations or Brochure please write or phone:

STOWE 4, VERMONT 802 ALpine 3-7545

RESTAURANT
PASSY
Cuisine Classique
28 East 63rd St. • TEmpleton 8-0094
Closed Saturdays Open Sundays

Anybody can snap your child's picture.
Ten years from now you'll be glad it was Josef A. Schneider.
CO 5-1223
119 W. 57.

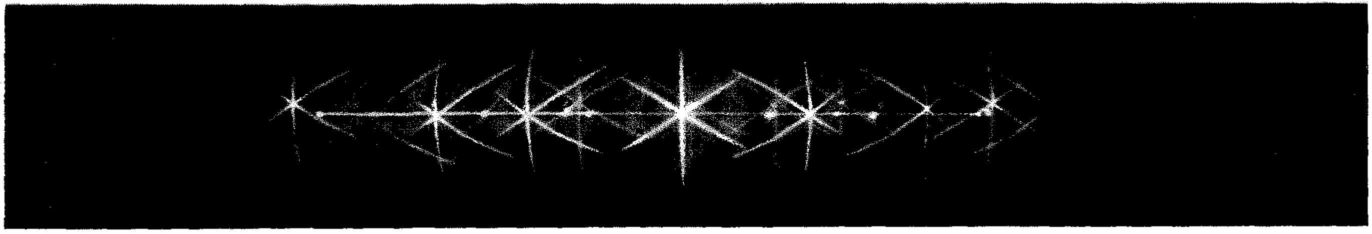
The perfect Martini Gin makes a perfect Gin-and-Tonic

Seagram takes the time to put gin through a slow, costly process that makes it not only extra dry, but also extra smooth.

Extra good, not only in a Martini or Gin and Tonic, but in any gin drink.

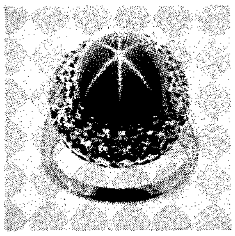
Seagram's
Extra
Dry
TIME
WORKS
WONDERS
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF
Distilled extra dry gin ... extra dry because of Seagram's exclusive and original mellowing process
DISTILLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
DISTILLED DRY GIN
IN THE ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.



Light is the secret of life in a 'Linde' Star

The more the flame of the candle dances, the more the Star dances. A 'Linde' created Star comes alive in the light instantly. Its Starlight motions travel with the light, responding to every source of light. It blazes brilliantly under a bright flame, shimmers softly when lights are low. The most elegant settings have a special enchantment when they hold the color-in-motion of the Star that lives: in lively red, misty blue, shell white, honey black, starting at under $100. You're invited to see the fabulous 'Linde' World's Fair Necklace, on display in the Crystal Palace of Fashion, Better Living Center at the World's Fair. 'Linde' is a registered trademark of UNION CARBIDE



Cluster ring, 'Linde' Star
circled in diamonds, approx. $500 FTI

THE RACE TRACK

Now for the Preakness

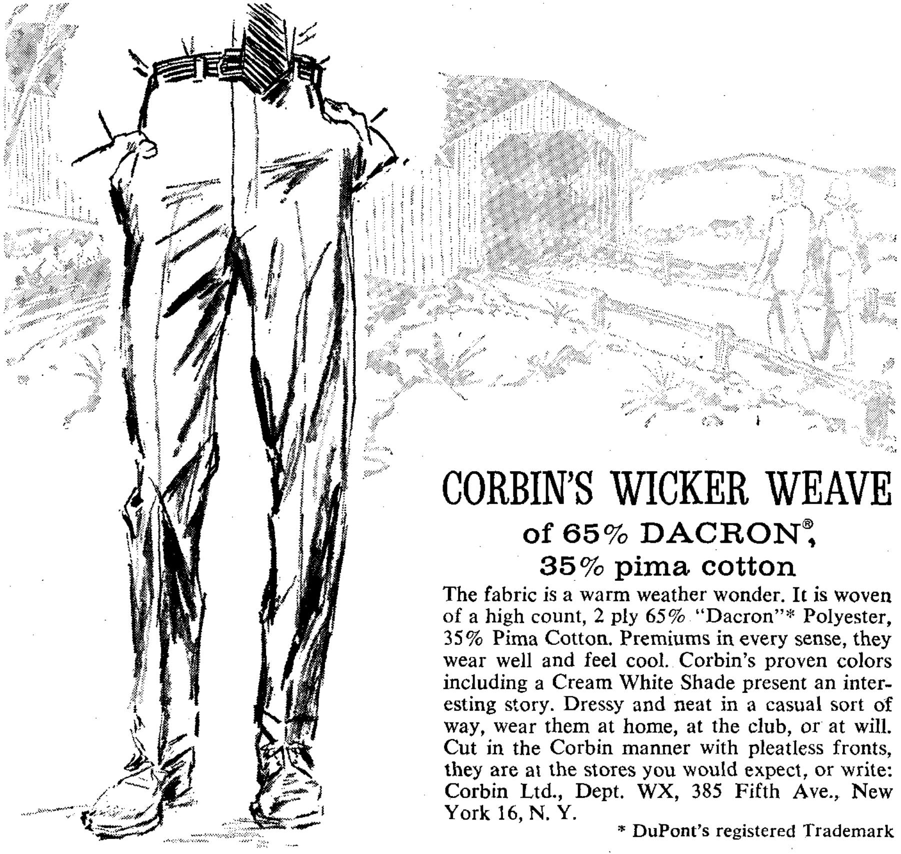
WELL, I still think that Northern Dancer, who won the Kentucky Derby two weeks ago, will win the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico this weekend. As I have suggested before, he has courage, speed, and nimbleness, and, if I may say so, the shorter distance of the race is in his favor. He made the trip from Louisville to Baltimore without incident, and, as this is written, he has been doing well there. Besides, there has been no out-of-the-ordinary performance on the part of any other Preakness candidate that might cause a change of opinion. Last Saturday's Preakness Prep, in which Knightly Manner beat Big Pete, was only an exhibition gallop, and didn't mean a thing. I doubt if there will be more than eight starters—there were only eight last year—and that, too, will be all to the good for the colt from Canada.

If you're famished for information about the others, Hill Rise and The Scoundrel have been training well, and I had a good word on Quadrangle and Roman Brother before they left Belmont for Baltimore. By the way, there have been a couple of jockey changes. Quadrangle, who was ridden by Ussery in the Kentucky Derby, will be handled by Baeza, and Moreno will have the mount on The Scoundrel, replacing Ycaza. So what?

MR. BRICK, who led for a while in the Kentucky Derby—and who, as a matter of fact, has been in front at one stage or another in every one of his starts this season, among them the Wood, the Gotham, and the Flamingo—won the eighty-ninth running of the Withers Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. Under one of Ussery's hustling rides, he disposed of Black Mountain on the far turn and kept on going, passing the post four lengths ahead of National. Alphabet was third, a couple of lengths behind. The time for the mile was 1:35⅗. I'm sorry to say that the Withers, which is one of the older fixtures in the country for three-year-olds, is beginning to show its age. It used to be the stepping stone to the Belmont Stakes, and invariably brought out good horses. In fact, it has counted among its winners some of the

TROUSERED BY **CORBIN**

the man who put natural shoulders on trousers



CORBIN'S WICKER WEAVE

of 65% DACRON®, 35% pima cotton

The fabric is a warm weather wonder. It is woven of a high count, 2 ply 65% "Dacron"* Polyester, 35% Pima Cotton. Premiums in every sense, they wear well and feel cool. Corbin's proven colors including a Cream White Shade present an interesting story. Dressy and neat in a casual sort of way, wear them at home, at the club, or at will. Cut in the Corbin manner with pleatless fronts, they are at the stores you would expect, or write: Corbin Ltd., Dept. WX, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

* DuPont's registered Trademark

WE STILL HAND SEW OUR NECKWEAR

ALL SILK REPPS WOVEN IN ENGLAND

THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS

Reis of New Haven

75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN., 237 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Cafe Pierre

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

ILDA PARKS
Singer-Pianist

STANLEY WORTH
and his orchestra
featuring
DEBBIE BROWN

Dancing
from six to closing

No Cover,
No Minimum
until 10 P.M.

TEMPLETON 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

HOT DOG! It's a foot long. A Feature of our suppers now being served from 3 p.m. to 1 a.m. Also famous omelets, casseroles, Texas chili, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th Street, New York City. TE 8-3531

serendipity 3

it's always an
island festival
at
TRADER VIC'S
7 East 58th St.
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · SUPPER
Open daily including Sunday
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call
ELdorado 5-2600

IN MAINE'S LOVELIEST LAKE AND MOUNTAIN COUNTRY
Mount Kineo
HOTEL
on Moosehead Lake
KINEO MAINE
Louis O. Hilton Manager

Here, in "the last true frontier on the Eastern Seaboard," a luxury hotel on its own 1200-acre resort estate, provides everything you're looking for. The greatest private golf, tennis, swimming pool, boating, lake and stream fishing. Accessible by car, train or plane. June-September.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Rob't. F. Warner, Inc., 630 5th Ave., N.Y.
JUdson 6-4500
also in
Boston, Washington, Chicago, Toronto, London

THE NEW ENGLAND INN
On the Heritage Trail . . .
New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial White Mt. Resort. Free golf, social activities, private pool, many nearby attractions. Prize-winning chef. Picturesque Inn, charming colonial cottages. Ask for folder.
Mal Jennings / INTERVALE 8, N. H.

great ones, including such latter-day heroes as Sir Barton, Man o' War, Zev, Whichone, Jamestown, Johnstown, Count Fleet, and Hill Prince. The last champion on the list was Native Dancer. On form, the thirteen starters this year seem no great shakes. Though Mr. Brick was good as far as he went, I'll be surprised if he runs for the Preakness. Indeed, the only one of the lot that impressed me was Brave Lad, who made up nearly ten lengths in the last quarter, to finish fourth. He may be worth remembering as a possibility for the Belmont Stakes next month.

MORE of the two-year-olds are coming out; there were three races for them the other day at Aqueduct. One was the Youthful, the first stake event on Long Island for the youngsters, and it was won rather easily by Golden Joey, who showed a smart turn of speed, running the five furlongs in 0:57⅗. It was his fourth trip to the winner's circle in six tries. Nevertheless, I was more impressed by the efforts, earlier in the afternoon, of Fooled, a full brother of the old Chicago star named Dunce, and Big Darby, a full brother of Black Beard. They both struck me as race horses in the making.

THE jumpers made their first appearance at the Big A last week, and I must say that they ran fast. They had two gallops over hurdles and one steeplechase, and they set a new course record in each. The reason, needless to say, is that the footing was as hard as could be. Horses going down the backstretch in the hurdles events raised clouds of dust, reminding you of the old Empire City track, which was seldom sprinkled. The Aqueduct Spring Steeplechase was a deplorable shambles, in which seven of the eleven starters fell and three jockeys were hurt. The explanation heard loudest from the aficionados was that the animals were a bit green, because they hadn't been schooled over the course. (If they had been, I'm sure it would have looked like a plowed field.) Now I'll be interested to see how the flat racing goes over the turf course, which is as bare in spots as my front lawn.

—AUDAX MINOR

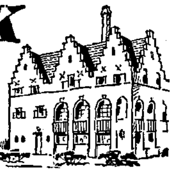
•

American Negro soprano Grace Bumbry has agreed to take part in the first production of Verdi's "Otello" at this year's Salzburg Festival. She will sing the part of Lady Macbeth.—*Austrian Information Service bulletin.*

Loud, we hope.

"HEBE"
Fine reproduction o
famous statue o
Hebe. Beautiful foun
tain figure in lead 46'
high, 15½" diam
base. Piped for hous
water attachment o
pump use. $500.0
F.O.B. N.Y.C. (Ci
culating pump t
order, at extra cost
From the world's mo
distinguished colle
tion of fountain
statuary and gard
ornaments in lead, bronze and stone, on display
Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms.
Write for Cat. C 63 (25¢ coins-stamps.)
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

RIDING Begins Here!
SUMMER SPECIALS!
Authentic English Style
RIDING BOOT
All Ladies' & Girls' Sizes from $19.9
Matching
JODHPUR SHOES from $6.5
Send 50¢ (refunded on first ord
for fascinating new CATALOG
"Everything for Horse & Rider
KAUFFMAN
139-141 EAST 24th STREET, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
Betw. 3rd & Lex. Aves.
Phone 212 MU 4-6060 FREE PARKING



KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
SUNDAYS FROM 5 P.M.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-27

BOOKS

Conversation

THERE is more to writing realistic dialogue than a good ear and a sound memory, and spontaneous conver-ation as recorded by tape or stenog-aphy will seldom sound authentic on he stage or in the novel. (Even in news-apers, in which quoting out of context an create one kind of distortion, quot-g *in* context may create another.) To onvey the spoken word accurately in rint, a novelist must paraphrase. For a me, the dialogue in fiction was more literary" than the speech of fact. tammerers or the inarticulate appeared ss as real characters than as examples something—paragons or caricatures simple virtue; most characters in the vel expressed themselves more co-ntly and gracefully than speakers in e street. In recent years, however, e reverse has become true, and a entieth-century novelist, trying to nscribe real conversation, may limit dialogue to expletives, monosyllables, chés, or even grunts. If the distor-n factor for speech in novels of the t was eloquence, the new distortion tor is aphasia.

In both his novels, first "The Ginger an" and now "A Singular Man" tlantic-Little, Brown), J. P. Don-vy resists a modern convention of tened dialogue and coarsened sensi-ty as earmarks of realism. His char-ers are not Neanderthals in Yale or eenwich Village clothing, and they ress themselves with a certain rococo gance. The hero of "The Ginger n" behaved rudely enough, but in his (often tedious) brawling, drink-and philandering, he had, somehow, air of the false primitive, and as mmentator on his own behavior he flamboyant and amusing. Sebas-Dangerfield was a post-adolescent r-do-well trying to take the world hysical storm; George Smith, the of "A Singular Man," is com-ely at the mercy of the world, and s mild, eccentric, poetic, never dull, often funny. In all his strangeness, ears a resemblance to many char-rs actually at large, and "A Singu-Man" is an attempt to see how h of the eccentric part of life—the ns and lyric flights and capers, no real for seeming literary—a mod-novel can accommodate.

eorge Smith is a victim. His wife, whom he is separated, exploits him financially. He is successful in an enterprise that is never defined, but he is persecuted by threatening letters ("Dear Sir: . . . What are your remaining assets . . . P.S. We will squeeze out what is left of your toothpaste") from a person who mysteriously signs himself "J. J. J." Smith is a formal, fastidious man, who even addresses two of his mistresses as "Miss" Tomson and "Miss" Martin. He talks to himself in the street: "Show people you're in command of the situation by not saying much, don't let them get in close, keep everyone at arm's length, stop smiling kindly." He has been told by his unadmiring wife that "the only time traffic will stop for you, George, is when you're dead." In consequence, he builds himself an enormous, traffic-stopping mausoleum. What Smith wants above all things is that

> . . . someone will look at me, stop, come back, see into my eyes and say I love you.
>
> Without later
> Turning
> Utterly
> Treacherous.

All the characters in "A Singular Man" are, in Donleavy's words, "incorrigibly strange of spirit." Smith himself—who is described as "frondlike"—takes boxing, wrestling, and fencing lessons; he is a kind of paranoid in a time and place where delinquents, drunks, journalists, and the general atmosphere of violence make paranoia seem an evidence of sanity. By his own description "a self-employed slave," Smith owns an applause machine, which roars and cheers him when he feels depressed. His host at a party has an alligator, which snaps at guests from beneath a hydrangea plant in the conservatory. His particular girl friend has a large, vicious dog named Goliath, whom she occasionally telephones just to say "Woof woof, sweetie." Donleavy writes of all these characters with affection, and ascribes to them some of the incongruous mixtures of idiom that often characterize the modern American post-collegiate speaker: Edwardian ("And a most merry Christmas to you Mr. Browning. And would you divide this among the men with my compliments"), comic-strip ("Lungs gasping as Smith cleverly switched to mental power to give the muscles a rest"), legalistic ("On a Wednesday of the 19th ultimo . . . you made an un-

"A brilliant evocation, witty and warm, of an incredible woman who was famous as an actress and all-conquering as a beauty. An engaging re-creation, too, of the plush world of J. P. Morgan's America and Edward VII's England in which she moved and triumphed...Irresistible." —JOHN MASON BROWN

My Aunt MAXINE

THE STORY OF MAXINE ELLIOTT

by Diana Forbes-Robertson · Illus. $7.50

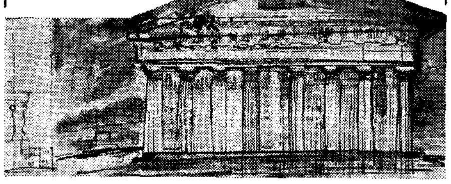
Published by THE VIKING PRESS

Superbly produced as a gift book and collector's item!

For his first writing about Greece since *The Colossus of Maroussi*, Henry Miller found inspiration in the exquisite water-colors, sketches, and pastels of Anne Poor. His evocative text is the perfect lyrical accompaniment to her beautifully reproduced pictures, which include 16 pages of color and 50 black-and-white illustrations. 7½" x 10" $6.95

GREECE

PICTURES BY ANNE POOR
TEXT BY HENRY MILLER



Published by THE VIKING PRESS

"A marvel to contemplate... a treasure." —*Chicago Daily News*

"To anyone with a love of great photography, ancient Egyptian art and/or African history and geography, this impressive book should prove completely delightful."—*Atlanta Journal*

212 pages of photogravure illustrations, 24 in color; maps and index, 9⅜" x 12¾" $17.50

THE NILE

by ELIOT ELISOFON

Introduction by Laurens van der Post

provoked . . . attack upon our client, Mr. Harry Halitoid, which resulted in a knockment into the tracks of the said system where there was a sustainment of considerable head and body injury"), Dizzy Deanesque ("I do you an injustice you don't deserve"), Elizabethan, Lower East Side, and journalistic, and occasionally nonsense syllables:

> "I know you, hey aren't you George Smith. . ."
>
> "Beep."
>
> "Ha you're George Smith all right."
>
> "Beep."
>
> "What do you mean, beep for an old friend. We were prepsters together."
>
> "Beep."
>
> "Now wait a minute George ha ha. I know this is a funny situation."
>
> "Beep."
>
> "Gee George is there something wrong. Are they crowding you. I can take a hint if that's it. What are you saying this beep to me for. If you don't want to recognise me say so."
>
> "Beep. Beep."
>
> "I'm sorry. I didn't know anything about this George. Is it permanent. . . ."

There are all kinds of slapstick-comedy scenes, some very good—as when Smith tries to buy an empty paper bag from a delicatessen, and manages to negotiate the purchase only by "buying the air rights within the said container"—and some not very good at all. There are serious scenes, too, and the author mixes the comic and the serious in strange proportions, delivering in unobtrusive little asides psychological insights that other novelists might extend, repeat, and flog to death for chapters. "A Singular Man" becomes by turns a love story, a melodrama, an unresolved detective story, a soap opera, a vaudeville routine, and a very fine light novel by a stylist who can afford to give considerable rein to his rather quirkish imagination. —RENATA ADLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CHESTNUT TREE, by Evelyn Page (Vanguard). Cheerful and complete detachment fills the air of Miss Page's quiet comedy about a group of people so exclusive that they could never have been seen or heard except in the pages of a novel. The scene is a country inn, elegant and comfortable, perhaps more strait-laced than luxurious, but *very* special, where a few incredibly worthy Philadelphia families have a tradition of spending the whole summer every year. The common characteristics of this group are an innocent complacency, an unquestioning obedience to ceremony, both everyday

Michel-Guillaume St. Jean de Crèvecoeur's

"JOURNEY INTO NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA & THE STATE OF NEW YORK"

This is the first complete English translation of Crèvecoeur's most delightful book. With a charm and insight unrivaled by any writer until Thoreau, Crèvecoeur describes the natural wildlife, frontier settlements, and strange Indian rituals of early America.

"...the most absorbing and important item of...Americana between the Revolution and Civil War, if not in our whole national history."—*Harry Elmer Barnes*

638 pp. $15.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS
Ann Arbor

RICHARD EBERHART

THE Quarry

NEW POEMS

"His unique position among us is to be the poet of the unjaded eye, the unsullen heart."— *Harper's*

$4.75 at all bookstores

OXFORD

Tonight's the night to read

THE NIGHT IS FOR MUSIC

by George Selcamm

A searching novel of a strangely disturbing summer on Cape Cod. $3.95

NORTON

and occasional, and a touching dependence on inherited worth. The story proceeds mildly from episode to episode (a wedding, a young soldier's death in action, a girl's fear of becoming an old maid, a spinster's fear of becoming a pauper) and ends, as it began, in fussy peace. The time is the First World War.

ACCIDENT, by Elizabeth Janeway (Harper & Row). Mrs. Janeway's expert novel begins with an automobile accident involving two college students who are driving back to Princeton after a weekend and doing ninety-seven miles an hour in the hope of making their early-morning classes. The driver of the car, Steven Benedict, is only slightly injured, but his passenger, Saxe Barnwell, is crippled, perhaps for life. The accident shocks Steven and his mother and his wealthy, self-made father into thinking a little about what they have done with their lives, but their thinking is more a search for a surcease from conscience than an attempt to find the questions that will lead to self-knowledge. The story is told in a series of episodes in which each of the main characters and some of the subsidiary characters see the situation from a particular point of view, and it all makes interesting, agreeable reading. The time is the present, and the greater part of the action takes place in New York.

MORE ROMAN TALES, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). The thirty-one stories included here are brief and, as stories, inconsequential, but the point of view shown in them is lively, ironic, and humane, and the various narrators—all Romans of the working class—have friendly voices that are diverting to listen to. The time in every instance is the present, more or less, and the scene is everyday Rome.

GENERAL

FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND: LITERARY REMINISCENCES, 1917-40, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). "I am content to be forgotten as soon as I am dead," Mr. Swinnerton admirably concludes this concluding volume of his memoirs. "The fate has befallen better writers than myself; and I doubt if any other octogenarian will meet his inevitable doom with greater equanimity." There is no posing here, for equanimity—the equanimity not of smugness but of balance and good sense and a sleepless awareness of the ab-

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

It seems all the nicest people drink
Old Hickory
OLD HICKORY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
OLD HICKORY
Straight BOURBON Whisky
Premium Quality
SIX YEARS OLD
OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

gown by Trigère

OLD HICKORY

America's Most Magnificent Bourbon

SUBSCRIPTION

ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

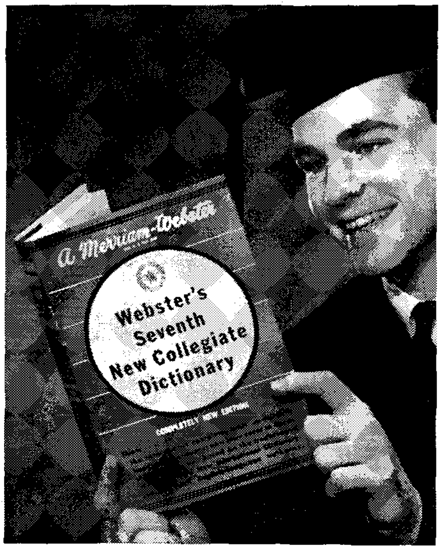
NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

______

(Please include postal zone number)

Give today's high school graduate this key to success in college...


A Merriam-Webster
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary
COMPLETELY NEW EDITION

GIVE WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE

The new college dictionary that assures accuracy, authority through a massive program of English language research.

WORDS ARE THE KEY to success.

If you want to help today's high school graduate succeed in college or in that first job, give the new Merriam-Webster . . . required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere.

This modern handy-size Merriam-Webster has 20,000 new words and meanings . . . 130,000 entries.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate is based on a massive program of English-language research: the only one that assures accuracy, authority, completeness based on 10 million records of educated language usage.

For graduation, give Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary. Only $5.75 — indexed $6.75 — deluxe bindings to $15 — at department, book, stationery stores. ©G. & C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Massachusetts 01101.

To be sure you're right — insist on

A Merriam-Webster
REG U S PAT OFF.
Since 1847
the trusted and authoritative name in dictionaries

surd—is implicit in every recollection (of Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Walpole, Tomlinson, Lawrence, Eliot, Sinclair Lewis, Katherine Mansfield, Willa Cather, John Maynard Keynes, George Moore, Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell) and in every opinion ("I think . . . the stomachs of the highbrows occasionally sink as they contemplate their own works") with which he enlivens his book. And, to judge from a letter he wrote to Walpole in 1918, his composure is a gift of long standing: "Do you know who's here? Confusing greatness with sales, and sales with virtues, and virtues with vices, and vices with greatness, and greatness with sentimentality, and sentimentality with sales, and sales with God? Why, your old pal Gilbert Frankau. He tells me that he and I are Artists."

POWER AT THE PENTAGON, by Jack Raymond (Harper & Row). This account of the growth of our military establishment is very good. The relevant facts are in order and in shape, and though it deals with a more than five-sided subject—and every side touchy—it is self-possessed. The story of how we developed from a country whose army in 1938 ranked eighteenth among nations into the first (or, at worst, second) military power in the world is interesting, partly because of the lively people in it. (General Marshall, here, as in every book on recent military history, looks great.) To the anxious question of whether we should fear the growth of the military-industrial complex, Mr. Raymond's answer is not an unqualified yes or no: "All the traditional arguments against military dominance must be broadened to make them arguments against bureaucratic dominance."

BARREN VICTORIES: VERSAILLES TO SUEZ, by Basil Collier (Doubleday). A reputable English military historian blames the United States and her leaders—especially Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and John Foster Dulles—for everything that has gone wrong with the world in modern times. Mr. Collier's point of view shows an odd conjunction of the Tory (which he probably is) and the Marxist (which he probably isn't); he says that the United States, as a nation of rebels and radicals, destroyed that noble edifice, the British Empire, and he also believes that our capitalists fixed our foreign policy so they could steal English

A MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN TOOLS by Eric Sloane

Here, charmingly recorded in words and sketches by Eric Sloane, are the tools of a bygone day, the richness of the world of wood of our forefathers. A fascinating collection of Early American lore. *Lavishly illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches. Just published. $6.50.*

a MUSEUM of Early American TOOLS by ERIC SLOANE

Now at all bookstores.
FUNK & WAGNALLS
360 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10017

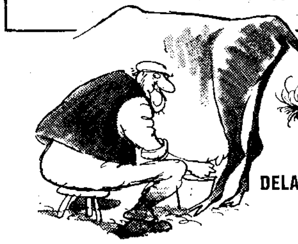
Now — lighter in weight • Flexible binding to fit your pocket • Tips for the budgeteer • And more information than ever . . .

Fielding's
TRAVEL GUID
TO EUROPE: 1964 Editio
$6.9

The Temple Fieldings' Selective Shopping Guide to Europe 1964 Edition $1.95

IT'S SMART TO GO FIELDING!
SLOANE-MORROW

Adam Lambsbreath
who had good reason to prefer cows to the people down at
COLD COMFORT FARM
a novel by Stella Gibbons, with illustrations by Saxon.
"Should do much to bring back the lost art of great satire."
—Sumner Locke Eliot

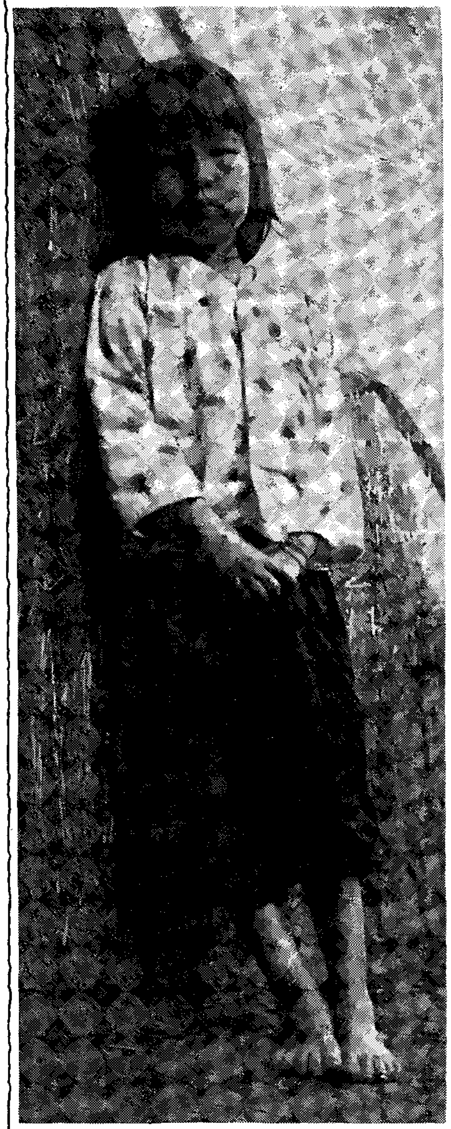


$4.50
DELACORTE PRESS

markets. It's not clear what Collier wants us to do, but his book is a fine example of the consolatory, or we-were-stabbed-in-the-back, interpretation of history.

BLUEPRINT FOR LIFE, by Julius Fast (St. Martin's). In many ways, genetics is the most exciting of the sciences, and Mr. Fast's book is an exceptionally lucid popular introduction to the field. He covers a good deal of the ground from Mendel's classic experiments with the breeding of sweet peas to the solving of the "genetic code." Anyone who tackles the book should realize that the subject is not easy, but if it is read step by step, a few pages at a time, it can be mastered. The rewards are great, for one comes to understand not only the basic features of the hereditary mechanism but also something of what modern genetics portends for the future.

'HE POLITICS OF HYSTERIA, by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff (Harper & Row). A sequel to "The New Politics," published by the same authors in 1961. The earlier volume was essentially polemic—a brilliant statement of the authors' conviction that the Cold War had become, as they say in this volume, an "irrelevant and symbolic conflict," and that the United States ought to refashion its policies in such a way as to take account of the several splits in the Communist world and a number of other realities that were being obscured by a moralistic and theological approach to world affairs. In this volume, the subtitle of which is "The Sources of Twentieth-Century Conflict," they seek the historical origins of the tendencies they deplore. They find them with what at times seems like a suspicious ease. For all its power and glory, they maintain, Western civilzation is flawed by an obsession with deology and by a compulsion to proselytize. The sin of the West is that t wants to Westernize the world; the in of the world is that it wants to be Westernized. The authors make all his sound highly plausible, and lamntable in the extreme. After a bit, hough, the reader wonders how nuch historical generalization a frail bstraction like "the West" can real- bear, and whether a term like "ideogy" can be so construed that just ne part of humanity may be said to e responsible for the flowering of all humanity's evils. In any case, the thors' analysis of contemporary litical reality is a most stimulating ne, and it can rest on several foun-



she has a right to live

TRAN THI TINH, VIETNAMESE, AGE 12. Father killed in Communist ambush. Mother left with four children. Youngest born after father's death. Mother still unable to work. Family lives in mud hut 10 x 10 feet. One bed and crude shelves. Tinh cannot afford to go to school. Stays home and cares for infant. All children hungry. Mother desperate. Situation acute. Help urgent.

You or your group can become a Foster Parent of a needy child. You will be sent the case history and photo of your "adopted" child and letters from the child himself. Correspondence is translated by PLAN. The child knows who you are. At once he is touched by love and a sense of belonging. Your pledge provides new clothing, blankets, education and medical care, as well as a cash grant of $8.00 every month. Each child receives full measure of material aid from your contribution. Distribution of goods is supervised by PLAN staff and is insured against loss in every country where PLAN operates. **Help in the responsible way. "Adopt" a child through Foster Parents' Plan. Let some child love you.**

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, nonsectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. **We eagerly offer our financial statement on request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.** PLAN helps children in Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia and Ecuador.

© 1964 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010 - Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
C. D. Jackson
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Art Linkletter
Garry Moore
Edward R. Murrow
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower
Loretta Young

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. NY-5-64
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex............., age............, nationality..................

I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year).

Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).

I enclose herewith my first payment $..................

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $..................

Name..................

Address..................

City.................. Zone.......... State..................

Date.................. Contributions are Income Tax deductible.

Main Course

"There are people," said the late Spanish philosopher Jose Ortega y Gasset, "who so arrange their lives that they feed themselves only on side dishes." And who—except perhaps a vegetarian—wants to live on string beans and carrots when he might be enjoying lobster and filet mignon?

Of course, Ortega y Gasset was using *side dishes* metaphorically—but that doesn't make the idea any more attractive. Who, after all, would choose mere subsistence when a degree of comfort might be his?

And yet, strangely enough, there are many people who might be better off than they are if they would do something about it—if they would take their surplus funds, for example, and put them to work in good common stocks.

Not that investing is a quick or foolproof way of making money. There's a risk of loss, of course, as well as a possibility of gain. But don't most worthwhile things involve some risk-taking? And isn't the possibility of a higher standard of living worth some risk?

If it seems to you that you've had too many side dishes and not enough main courses and if you think you'd like to risk some of your surplus funds in the hope of possible reward, ask for a copy of our booklet called *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds."* It's available—free—from any of our offices.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

dations other than the one they have laid in this book, which is, at the very least, the work of serious, learned, eloquent men who may be wrong but who could be right.

HOD-CARRIER: NOTES OF A LABORER ON AN UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL, by Gerald W. Johnson (Morrow). A collection of fine essays about contemporary America. One notion runs through them all: the United States is growing and changing—it is the unfinished cathedral of Mr. Johnson's title. That may seem obvious, after the author has stated it, but Johnson's pieces, which put the idea to work, remind us that we frequently and mistakenly talk as if the American present were all there was ever going to be. The whole book is good, and the essay on the population explosion is as sensible as any so far on that touchy topic.

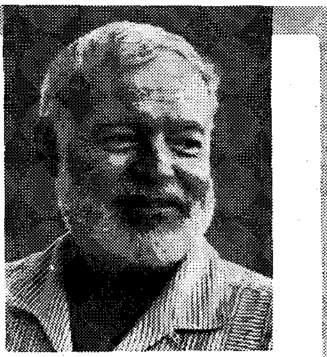
GAUGUIN, by Henri Perruchot, translated from the French by Humphrey Hare (World). It is probably just about time for a new book on Gauguin. This is almost the one needed. It tries hard, certainly, and it would be difficult to think of another one-volume work that has gone in so heavily for research; the minuteness of the documentation is best attested to by the fact that the gross burden of the ship on which Gauguin first sailed as an apprentice mariner, on December 7, 1865, has been checked against the maritime-registry records of that long-ago time and corrected from twelve hundred tons, as Gauguin himself carelessly wrote, to six hundred and fifty-four tons. But emphasis on this kind of triviality becomes in the end mere finickingness; Gauguin's last, tired, tormented years, for instance, are accompanied by a kind of balance-sheet detailing, down to the centime, the income he had from 1895 through 1900, when Ambroise Vollard guaranteed his support. However, the facts have a certain usefulness, and there are seventy illustrations, a good half of them contemporary photographs of considerable nostalgic value.

•

A MOTHER IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

[Muriel Bowen in the Tatler]

The girls, Bridget (16), Louise (13) and Sarah (11), have chosen the colour schemes for their own rooms. They have inherited their mother's good taste. I liked the wallpapers and curtains in matching prints. Also that impossible-to-miss "Beatle Door" done all over with foot-high pictures of the Beatles—in colour!



ERNEST
HEMINGWAY
Sketches
of the author's
life in Paris
in the Twenties
A MOVEABLE
FEAST
$4.95 at all bookstores
SCRIBNERS

What does a man do when his wife invites his *petite amie* to move in?

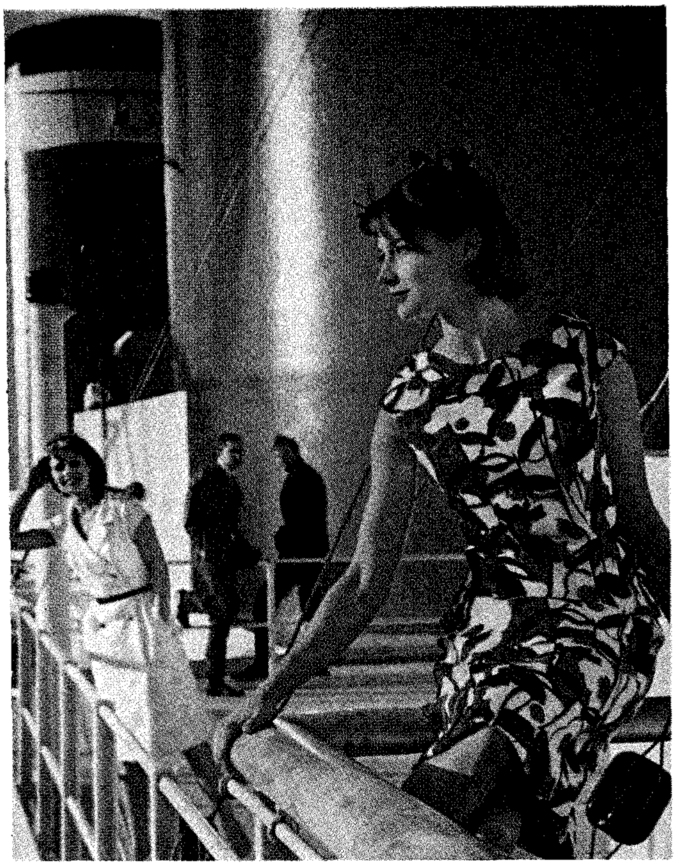
It happens in the new novel by
P. H. NEWBY
The Barbary Light
"A rare author . . . an excellent new novel."—*Time*
$3.95 / LIPPINCOTT

HARPSICHORD
Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit $100. Free brochure. Write:
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

SAIL IN THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

ENJOY 5 SPARKLING DAYS ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP TO EUROPE

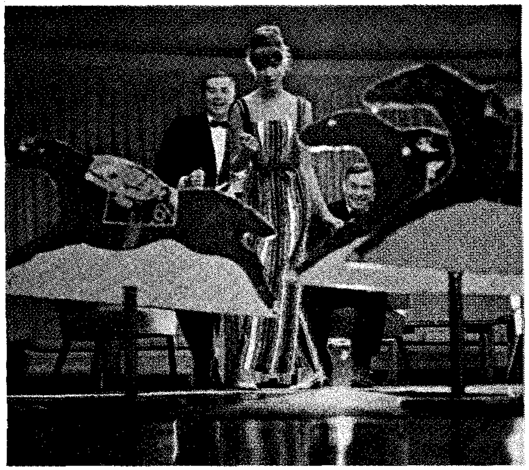


ys on the luxurious s.s. United States are a delightful blend of relaxation d gay activity spiced with fresh invigorating sea air.

Superb—the setting, the service, the champagne and caviar! Delicacies from six continents are part of the menu on s.s. United States.

Chic Enid A. Haupt, Seventeen editor, is a regular passenger.

So is Thomas J. Deegan, Chairman New York World's Fair 1964-5.



orse races... Meyer Davis rhythms add to the PM fun.

UNITED STATES

The spacious decks seem made for moonlight gatherings.

Fashions by Adele Simpson.

If you enjoy the easy elegance of life in places like Palm Beach or Newport you'll enjoy crossing to Europe on the s.s. United States. Here, too, life is leisurely, luxurious and gay.

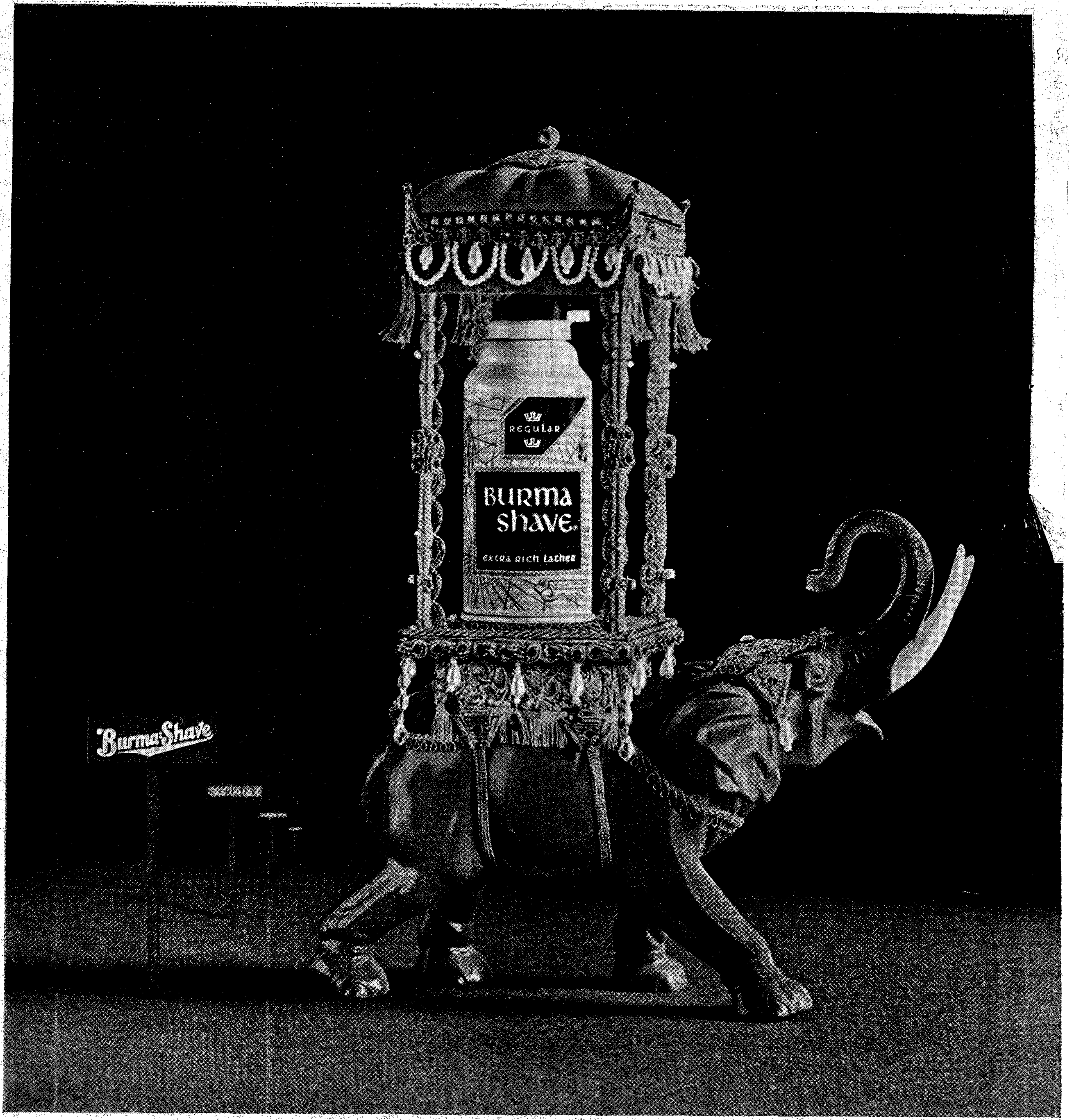
For five short days you'll play and relax on the spacious decks, dine on delicacies from the world over, dance to the sparkling rhythms of the Meyer Davis band. And you'll be pampered with flawless service every minute of the day. If you're headed for Europe, there is no more luxurious way to travel. We call it sailing in the "Star Spangled Manner." If time is not a problem try the s.s. America. It gives you two more star-spangled days at sea.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Fares are lowest in the Thrift Season with an additional 10% reduction on round trips, even if one way is by air.

S.S. UNITED STATES
S.S. AMERICA

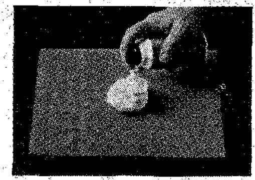
UNITED STATES LINES

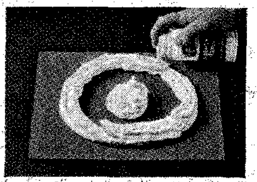

REGULAR
BURMA SHAVE
EXTRA RICH LATHER
Burma-Shave

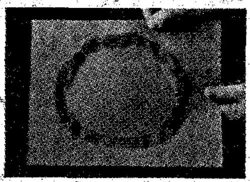
whatever happened to Burma Shave?

it got Rich!

New *rich* Burma Shave *soaks rings around other lathers.* Burma releases its wetness faster—the first step in soaking for smooth shaves. For stainless blades, or any blades—get new Burma Shave®! Regular or menthol.


A leading laboratory put other brands of lather on blotters...


...then circled each with new rich Burma Shave. Minutes later, they...


...turned over the blotters. Burma had soaked rings around the others!

BURMA BEY
BURMA BEY

Try New Burma Bey After-Shave Lotion, too! A dash of adventure in every drop!

© 1964, Burma-Vita Co.